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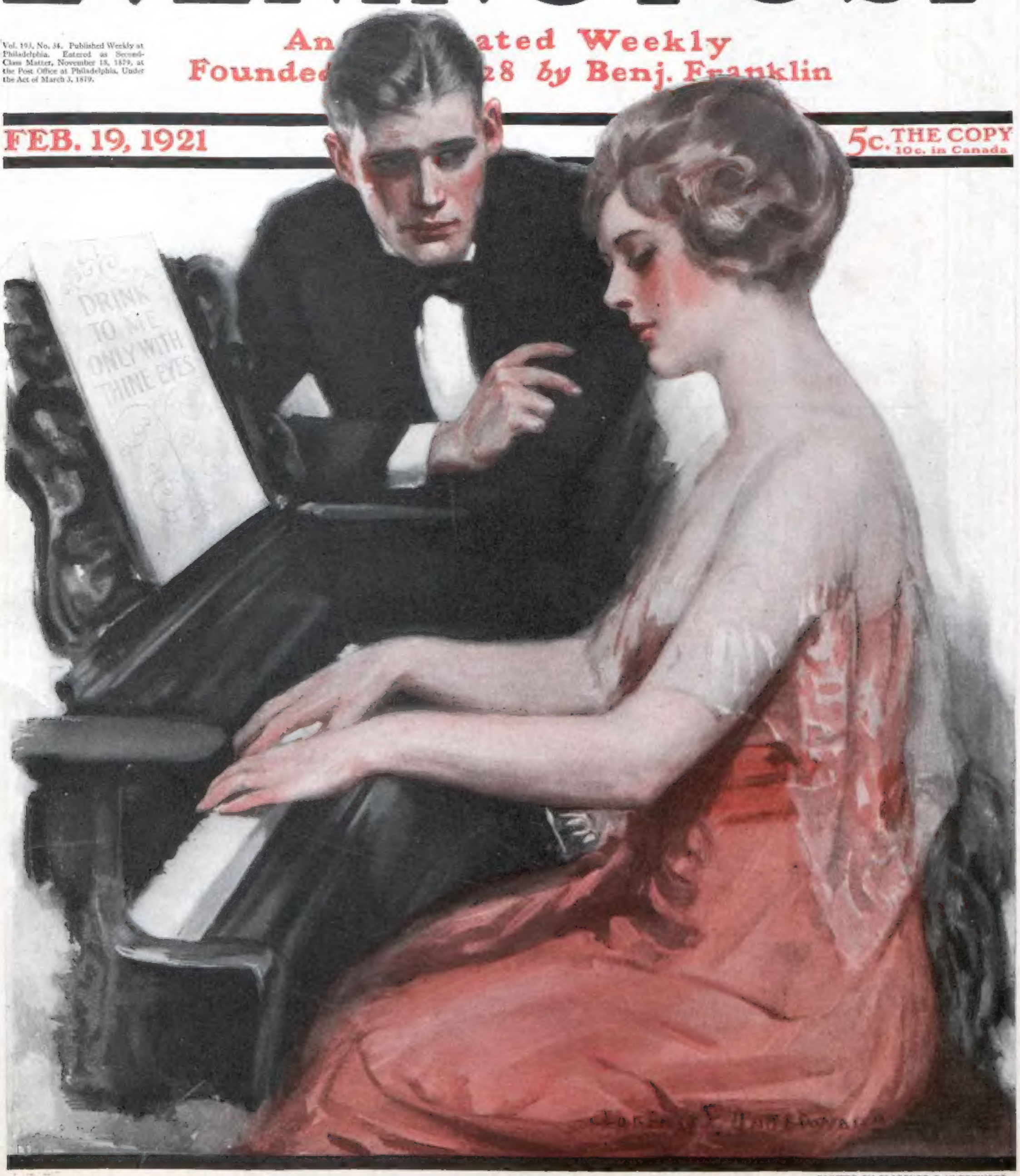
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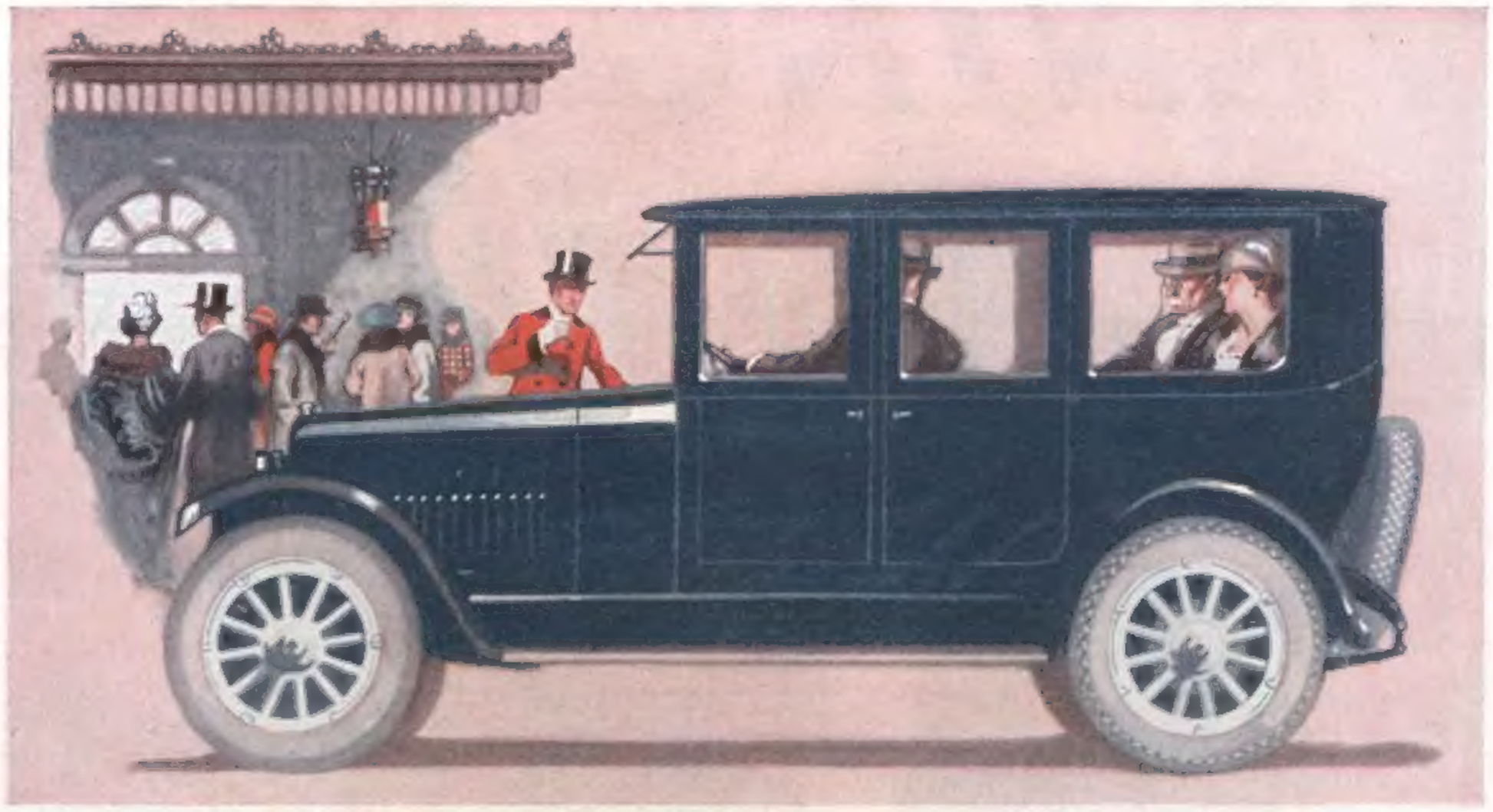
Beginning OLD-TIMER – By HAL G. EVARTS



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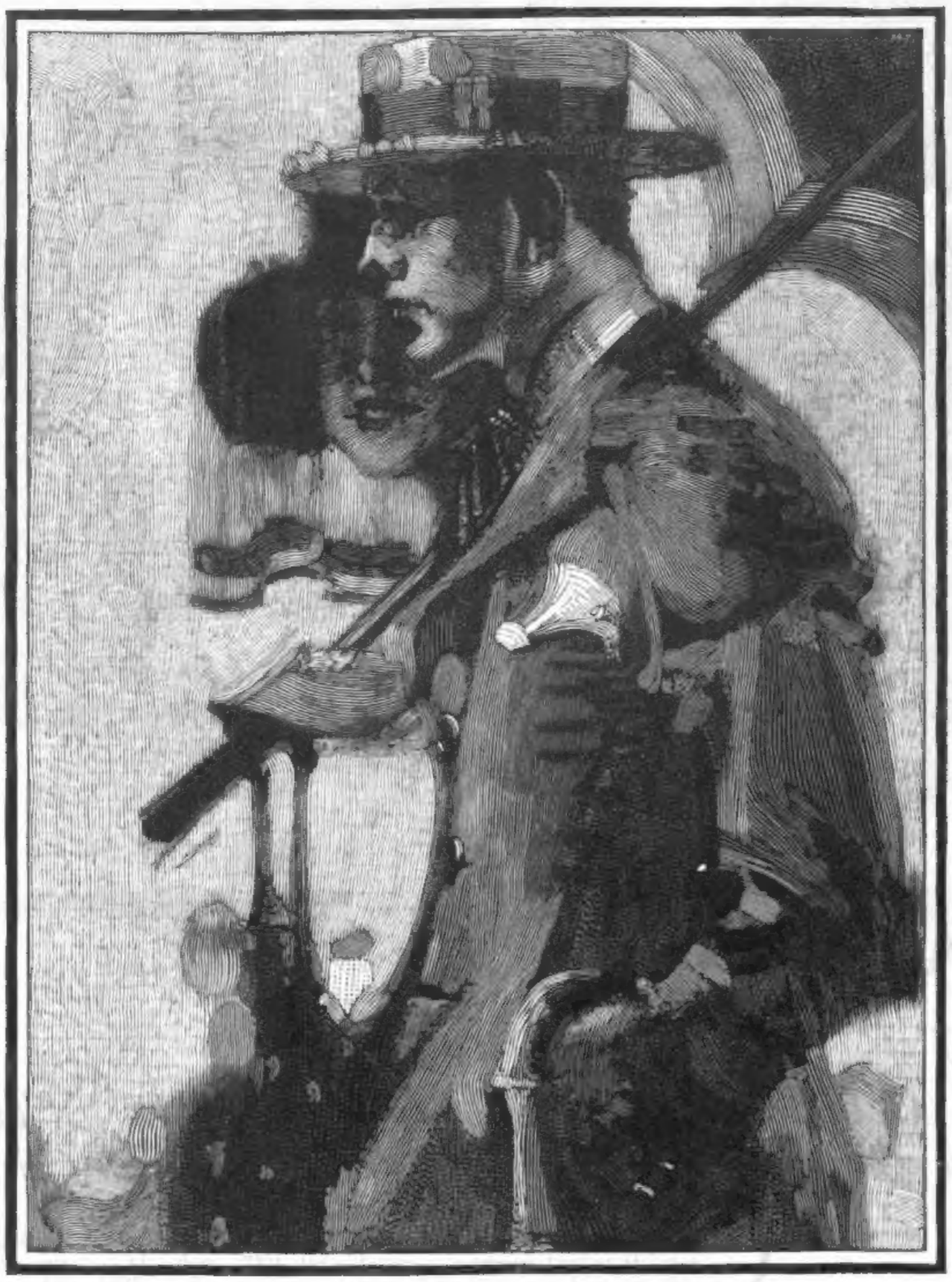

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OLD-TIMER

By HAL G. EVARTS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

THE cook fires from five thousand lodges spread their thin film of smoke above the broad valley of the Musselshell. Upstream, straggling irregularly along the base of the hills that flanked the far side of the bottoms, the tepees which sheltered all that was left of the mighty tribe of Crows showed in miniature through the clear air of the hill country. A like distance downstream, appearing as but a tiny toy encampment, even streets and regularly spaced tents marked the temporary abode of the soldiery. A half mile back from one shore a thousand mounted warriors, the pick of a fighting nation, injected into the picture an element of constant motion and clashing hues as the fretful war ponies milled and shifted, the glittering lances and gaudy headdress of their riders weaving ever new and colorful patterns against the green background of the hills.

Small detachments swooped in aimless charges, to the accompaniment of brandished rifles and quavering yelps, evidencing a lack of restraint in sharp contrast to the stolid quiet that prevailed throughout the formation stationed well back from the opposite shore, a field battery and two troops of cavalry drawn up in orderly array.

A slight mound reared above the surrounding bottoms, the pivotal point of the whole wild scene, and here the dress uniforms of the officers bade for supremacy of grandeur against the savage finery of Indian chiefs and marked the spot where solemn conference held sway.

General McClain had ably stated the cause of the whites. The keynote of his speech had revolved round the pressing necessity for development, and he had glowingly depicted the inestimable benefits to be derived from the white man's method of developing the natural resources of the country.

The conference had been long and the sun hung low in the west as Red Cloud, war chief of the mighty Crows, rose to make final reply for his people. He stood long with folded arms.

"Development!" he began at last. "The white chief speaks of development. So, in my youth, spoke the men of the three great companies." The aged chieftain delved into the misty past and touched upon the halcyon day of the fur trade, when the beaver swarmed in untold millions on the tributaries of the Arkansas and the Platte, upon that day when the three great companies—the American, the Rocky Mountain and the Hudson Bay—had struggled for control of that vast beyond which lay to the westward of the Big River and fought for complete supremacy of the Indian trade; upon the time when the emissaries of rival interests and the head men of the roving bands of free trappers had promised great wealth to his people through the rapid development of the fur trade.

"Where are the beaver?" he demanded. "Show them to me, you who come with fresh promises. The whack of the beaver's tail upon the water once sounded in every night camp of the Crows for a thousand miles each way. Now the lakes are silent. The beaver is gone from the streams and the fur trade died with its promises, from lack of pelts to satisfy its greed.

"Red Cloud has looked long upon the working of this word with two meanings. The Indian has come to know development as a wonderful promise of future glory which beckons to his people as the phantom lake of the desert lures the thirsty, always just ahead but forever beyond reach. The white man knows it as an excuse, softened by great words, as the sunset beautifies the badlands. Under its cover he does much that is wonderful, working for his favorite god, this Development before whom he bows.

"But in his haste to reach the shores of the phantom lake he destroys much that he might better leave, and which he never can replace. As Red Cloud has looked upon it so will the children of the white chief live to see it.

"Once Manitou looked down upon plains made dark with buffalo; now his nostrils are poisoned by the reek of a million carcasses stripped of their pelts and left to rot under the sun. As the otter and the beaver are gone from the streams, so will the buffalo and the antelope be swept from the plains, the deer from the valleys and the bull elk from the hills; even the last bighorn among the highest peaks will be sacrificed to the greedy god, Development!"

The ancient chieftain of the Crows gazed off to the east, as if the gathering shadows held a vision for his eyes alone to read. He swept an arm in the direction of his gaze.

"Once Manitou Looked Down Upon Plains Made Dark With Buffalo"

"There is the yesterday of the Indian," he said. Turning, he executed a similar sweep to the west. "And there the to-morrow of the whites. Red Cloud has seen it written. What the white man asks he will have. It will always be so. The old days are gone. They have followed the beaver, to return no more."

In view of the fact that one of the oldest translations in the world, record of man's thoughts transcribed on stone, reads thus: "The good old days are gone forever," the sentiment was not original with the aged war chief of the Crows; but he knew not that his observation was as old as the spoken word, that the lament for the good day that had passed had been the portion of each generation since that time when Adam was excluded from the garden. He spoke only what he felt and of what he knew.

Red Cloud wheeled abruptly and, followed by his fellow chiefs, turned his back upon those who represented the new order of things, and set his face toward the shifting mass of mounted warriors which typified all that remained of the old.

II

TWO horsemen topped the ridge and stopped to look back at the scene spread out below them. A slender many-colored line twisted for miles across the winding hills on the far slopes of the Musselshell, a flashing serpent writhing interminably across the green. An hour before sunup the Crows had struck their tepees and started on the back trail for their ancestral home in the Big Horns. The sweet clear notes of a bugle, long drawn and sustained, floated up from the bottoms. The soldiers were breaking camp. The sun flared forth and touched the horsemen on the high ground while the valley of the Musselshell was still shrouded in the gray of early morning shadows.

The patriarch of the hide hunters found nothing inspiring in the scene. With seventy-odd years of experience behind him he viewed most things before him with but casual concern. This indifference was not shared by his companion, who, notwithstanding his studied simulation of casualness in all things—a trait which marked the manner of his elder associates—was alert with all the natural interest of his seventeen summers for whatever the new day might fling across his path.

Perhaps, as he turned in his saddle to look back upon the twisting line which marked the homeward trail of the Crows, the soldiers breaking camp in the bottoms while the last notes of the bugle drifted to his ears, he partly visioned the immensity of the future toward which all this tended; a vague, half-formed picture of the end which every present circumstance, however slight, would have a hand in shaping. He groped for an answer as to the bearing this parting of the ways to-day would have upon the vast to-morrow, and suddenly the boy wondered what part he himself would play in shaping it. What mark would he leave?

It did not come to him couched in definite thought; rather it was an emotion, an expansion roused by the dying strains of the bugle and translated into vague longing for great things; rare moments which come to exalt the lives of all ambitious young. The impressions coincident to such moments, vivid and therefore ineradicable, leave their certain imprint.

In the light of an earlier and contrasting impression, ingrained by reiteration upon the plastic tablets of his infancy to an extent which left it ever near the surface of his consciousness, it was but natural that Mart Woodson should experience a recurrence of that thought and be proud that he had been born what he was—a native American.

It occurred to him in no such trite thought group, nor even as a patriotic realization of nativity, but rather in the more personal sense of what it meant to him. All before him and to either side for as far as his eye could reach was his, belonged to him as a birthright. It was his estate. He was master of himself and free to shape his own destiny as he willed. And it was in this sense that it came to him more than any actual consciousness of nationality.

That he should dwell appreciatively upon those things, so readily accepted by others as a matter of course, was the result of childhood tales absorbed from the grandparents who had raised him. Always their speech had harked back to the home of their youth, and the boy had gathered that there the land was granted in broad tracts for the enjoyment of the privileged few; that the great mass was but a tenant existing through the sufferance of others, its collective life largely predetermined by circumstances over which it had small control. This picture of limitations compared with the wide scope of his own world had worked to build up in him an appreciation of the fact that he was free to map out his own course as he chose. He could select his own path and travel it with no limitations but those imposed by the bounds of his own ability—which is really what it means to have been born an American.

He turned to his companion, and found old Tom North gazing abstractedly in the opposite direction from the scene which had so inspired the youth. The great moment passed; the eager questioning light died out of the blue eyes, and he headed his horse across country toward where the outfit was camped. But as he rode he missed no detail of what transpired along his route, everything viewed through the eyes of youth. He had been raised among the hardwood hills; maple and hickory, walnut and oak, miles and miles of standing timber stretching endlessly away on all sides of his boyhood home. The preceding year he had drifted west to hunt out of Dodge, and so had come to know and love the short-grass plains. Now the rolling foothills of the sage country had fastened upon him with even stronger grip; and even while he felt the succeeding spells exerted by new frontiers his mind traveled ahead to the great unexplored, to that land of rumored marvels about which, of late, many tales had been afloat.

It was said that the three great river systems of the country were fed by the snows which fell in one rugged mass of peaks and valleys, the high country for which each tribe had a name but which was known to all as the Land of Many Rivers. Somewhere up in there lay the country of the fabled Two Ocean Water, the stream which split and drained both ways. He turned to old Tom North.

"Do you believe it?" he asked. "What they said about the land where the water runs three ways?"

"It may be, son," the old hide hunter assented. "It's maybe so. I've always heard it said; but the whites don't believe. I've been all ways from it myself, and there's many a river comes pouring down from there—and them rivers runs three ways. I'm telling you, son, just what I've seen myself. Some day I'll maybe trail one to its head, and when I do I'm thinking that right close somewheres will be the tip prongs of the other two."

Their route teemed with life, a land of meat in plenty, an inexhaustible supply. On all sides the sage hens swarmed in untold thousands. In the heads of the gulches where the snow lay longest in the spring the dark green of gooseberry, currant and wild rose stood out from the silvery blue-gray of the sage, and here the big chickens of the foothills congregated in immense flocks to feed. Some few took wing as they approached, only to pitch down after a short flight; but the most of them merely moved aside to let the horses pass.

Three coyotes prowled through a vast dog town while the villagers barked from ten thousand mounds and the little owls bobbed with false cordiality. Antelope ranged on every hand, some feeding in twos and threes, some in droves of hundreds. Every broad bottom and every grassy slope, every sidehill and each rocky bench held its quota of the pronghorn tribe.

They rode out along the rim of a shallow box cañon and below them, among the stunted cedars on the floor of it, a band of forty mule deer grazed within easy gunshot. A string of big gray buffalo wolves, gaunt and grim, stood on the sky line of a low divide and gazed bleakly down upon the ascending horsemen before vanishing down the opposite slope.

The two men pulled up to breathe their horses at the top of a steep pitch and from where they sat they could command an immense stretch of country. Below and to the left of them it opened out into rolling lowlands, broad flats and valleys intersected by shallow wastes and barely perceptible waves of ground. The boy pointed and North inclined his head, having already seen the thing himself.

A fresh drift of buffalo moved up from the south. Great dark blotches showed against the green of the range and between these the countless specks grazed slowly ahead. Stationary masses indicated where thousands had bedded down. Some of these spread fanwise as the two men looked on, expanding till the dark blots dispersed and gradually merged with the scattered feeders. At other points this maneuver was reversed, the dark moving points converging on a common line and forming into a compact mass as those that had fed to repletion grouped for travel. There were half-mile breaks in the herd, but throughout the whole irregular throng there was a steady forward drift into the north. Extending to the horizon, the vast horde surged on over a twenty-mile front.

The two hide hunters rode down the slope to meet it, and long before the vanguard of the herd was within gunshot Mart Woodson had unslung the heavy rifle suspended beneath his thigh by rawhide thongs. There was a sudden acceleration of the forward drift and the earth vibrated to the rumble of half a million hoofs. Up from the south rolled the billowing roar of black powder and the boy knew that some other of his outfit had cut into the herd and fired the first shot of the kill. The one report was multiplied by scores and the thunder of hoofs increased.

A single buffalo topped the low rise of ground before them. The boy shot from the saddle and the ancient bull went down with the crash of the big Sharps, his broad skull drilled through. As he pitched to his knees a black line swept over the crest. North fired into it, Woodson shot again, and the mass split, to stream by on either side.

Woodson rode with it, shooting the shaggy monsters down from the saddle. Always as one drove passed him there were fresh arrivals from the south to replace those gone before. Bands of frightened antelope dashed past at twice the speed of their heavier plains mates. The bison came at times in scattered bands, again in massed droves of thousands, and for three hours without a break the vast horde streamed past; a hundred thousand tons of red meat on the hoof, a quarter million sides of leather for the taking. And above the jar and rumble of the hoofs there sounded the deadly roll of the buffalo guns.

Then the drive had passed. Woodson looked back over the trail of the run. The green range was dotted with dark specks as before, but these were still. He made out a dozen riders, the men from his own outfit, moving among the slain. He rode across a low ridge and joined Tom North.

"Eight hundred head or thereabouts," the hide hunter estimated. "Three days' skinning for all hands—if the weather holds cool. More than half will sour on us, likely, if it turns off hot. You start slitting 'em out while I bring the wagons up."

The boy opened the hide of one animal and moved to the next, merely slitting the pelt and laying back the edges an inch from the meat, to be peeled off later by teams when the wagons should arrive. Off across the flats he could see other men similarly engaged; and as he toiled he heard the dull roar of the buffalo guns far off to the north as another hide outfit got in its deadly work on the herd.

III

THE spring hunt was over. Mart Woodson viewed the scene about him and found it good. Ten white-topped schooners and a dozen heavy trail wagons were drawn up in a circle round the camp. At a little distance the horses grazed under guard. Massive piles of dried hides, folded once each way, were stacked as so much wood, and for a hundred yards round the camp the last thousand hides were staked flat on the ground to cure.

A stale strong taint pervaded the whole air for a hundred miles each way, the rank odor of carcasses drying under the white glare of the sun. On every flat bench and in every bottom the bodies of the slain lay bunched in scores where the animals had been snaked to central spots by horses, their hoofs snubbed to stakes sledged deep through the prairie sod, and their hides stripped off by means of chain hooks and teams. Between these valleys of the dead, scattered far and wide, ugly blots marred the range, the bloated remains of buffalo with the pelts left on. A portion of each kill had soured before the hides could be peeled, unavoidable loss when occasional days of fierce heat had varied the usual cool crisp run of spring. These bloated ones spoke of wasted ammunition freighted across great distances.

That night the boy lay in his blankets and gazed up at the stars, his body weary from a strenuous day of fleshing pelts, but his mind alert to the good days that were his to shape as he might see fit. It had been a great hunt. Seventeen thousand hides had been harvested for division among a dozen men—a two months' kill. And this was but one small spot, a pin prick in the whole. From the Staked Plain to Abilene, from the Arkansas to the Platte and from Old Fort Laramie to the Musselshell this was going on. Throughout a million square miles one hide outfit had rarely been beyond the sound of the guns as another made its kill.

The rasp of a nighthawk floated down to him from above. The coyote chorus exulted in the night, the weird quavers rising from ten thousand throats as the little yellow wolves led their pups from the dens and prowled the scene of slaughter to voice leering thanks for easy meat. Occasionally the aching wail of a buffalo gray split through all other sounds of the night, commanding a vast hush till some other of the big gray hunters answered.

Woodson's mind was concerned with what he had best do next, the concern rising not from any possible lack of future occupation but from the untold variety of attractive alternatives crowding his thoughts. Hide hunting was remunerative and to his liking. He might drift southeast from his present stand and run cows upon the range that was free to all. The fever for yellow metal had gripped the country and a swarm of prospectors scoured the western hills for gold. He might join their ranks and wrest a fortune from the ground. Back in the hardwood hills where he had lived there were trees for the taking, millions of them for whoever would wield an ax. As he had traveled westward he had rarely been beyond sound of some sawmill's whirring rasp. Truly this land in which he lived was a land of plenty almost past belief.

A voice spoke from close at hand, murmuring softly as if to avoid reaching a single ear of all that sleeping camp, the voice of his chief, carrying a note of lament which the boy found difficult to associate with the old hide hunter. Could it be that his casual stare, his seeming indifference to all that transpired, was but a mask assumed to cover some deep hurt? His words had expressed the exact opposite of the thought that obsessed the mind of the boy; for the meaning of plenty, once the line of actual necessity is crossed, is but relative according to the viewpoint of the one who pronounces upon it.

"The old days are gone," Tom North had said; "gone for good and all."

He too had known the great days of the fur trade. Millions had been gleaned yearly from the streams. Then, without warning, the beaver had disappeared. It was freely predicted that a few years would suffice to restore their old numbers, that soon the streams would once more swarm with fur. North had seen the time when a man

might easily average a score of valuable pelts for each round of his traps; and now, for a moment in the night, he allowed himself to brood upon the fact that he was reduced to peeling the heavy skins from the buffalo for a dollar a hide.

"This killing ought to stop," North said. "It ought to be checked up some."

The boy had heard this expressed before; infrequently, it is true, but coming from North it seemed unreal.

"Why should we stop?" he asked. "Are we not free men? Is not all this ours to draw from as we choose? It brings money into the country—the sale of these hides. A free country for free men."

"My own argument of a few years past," North said. "Way back I saw the time when they took two hundred thousand beaver pelts a year from the Adirondack hills alone. Take the country as a whole and there was fifty million dollars' worth of beaver shipped each year. There was talk of restricting the catch so they could hold them at that figure. We trappers raised the cry of 'A free country for free men.' We made extra hard drives for fur, the traders backing us up, and for a time there was eighty million dollars coming in each year instead of fifty. Then it was over. The fur trade died."

"But the beaver will soon come back," Woodson urged. "Men who have seen those days claim that they will."

North grunted his disbelief, and for long minutes he was silent. The boy shifted uneasily in his blankets.

"Once we're through here we'll make a start for up there beyond," North stated at last. "I'd like to have a look at it."

Woodson had no need to inquire as to what particular country the old hide hunter had reference to. The two men had frequently discussed the fabled wonders of that land so recently made famous by Jim Bridger's impossible tales.

"We could swing west from here and move in from the north," the old man said. "Or again we might quarter southeast and work up from the south. There's a range of peaks that walls it in on the east and which men say can't be crossed. After freighting the hides it's likely the south trail will be our best."

Woodson was content with this first intimation that, once the hides were sold, his chief would set forth with him for the mythical country where the water flowed three ways.

At daylight of a crisp morning early in September the old man and the young, mounted and each with a led pack horse, rode from their night camp on the Roaring Fork of the Green, which they had reached after many days on the trail.

"This is one of the three," North said. "This water drains through the big cañon down Arizona way. I've looked down into the gorge myself. From there it runs into that neck of the sea that splits up into California from the south. I stood there in Forty-nine, so I'm telling you what I know."

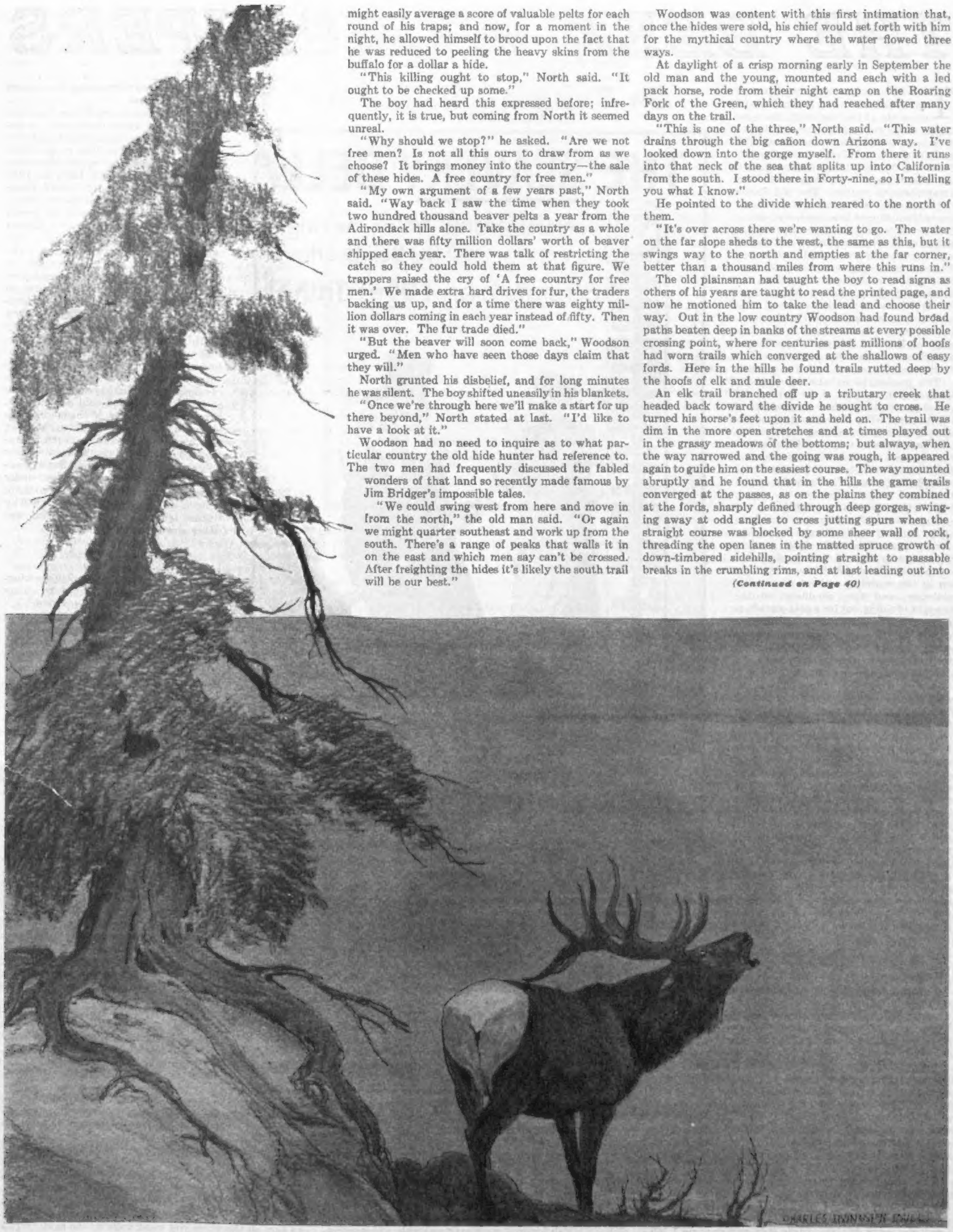
He pointed to the divide which reared to the north of them.

"It's over across there we're wanting to go. The water on the far slope sheds to the west, the same as this, but it swings way to the north and empties at the far corner, better than a thousand miles from where this runs in."

The old plainsman had taught the boy to read signs as others of his years are taught to read the printed page, and now he motioned him to take the lead and choose their way. Out in the low country Woodson had found broad paths beaten deep in banks of the streams at every possible crossing point, where for centuries past millions of hoofs had worn trails which converged at the shallows of easy fords. Here in the hills he found trails rutted deep by the hoofs of elk and mule deer.

An elk trail branched off up a tributary creek that headed back toward the divide he sought to cross. He turned his horse's feet upon it and held on. The trail was dim in the more open stretches and at times played out in the grassy meadows of the bottoms; but always, when the way narrowed and the going was rough, it appeared again to guide him on the easiest course. The way mounted abruptly and he found that in the hills the game trails converged at the passes, as on the plains they combined at the fords, sharply defined through deep gorges, swinging away at odd angles to cross jutting spurs when the straight course was blocked by some sheer wall of rock, threading the open lanes in the matted spruce growth of down-timbered sidehills, pointing straight to passable breaks in the crumbling rims, and at last leading out into

(Continued on Page 40)



A Mighty Herd Bull on the Shores of the Lake Thrust Forth His Head and Sent His Clarion Challenge Pealing Across the Hills

THE BEER WORSHIPERS

By Kenneth L. Roberts

THE Briton of to-day is the descendant of Saxons and of Northmen who came out of the north with the most highly developed capacity for malt liquors ever seen outside of tank-car circles. The early chronicles of England are all splattered with beer nights and keg parties and ale assemblies of a most generous and comprehensive nature. The old Saxon fighters looked with contempt and loathing on the molly coddle whose early training had not fitted him to drain a two-quart flagon of ale without pausing for breath; and the genuine hearty feeder of ancient England invariably sucked up at least four gallons of home-brew between the bringing in of the roast ox and the final fist fight between the dinner guests. The enormous amounts absorbed by the members of every class of society in the early days of England has sometimes caused scientists to venture the opinion that their bodies must have been accordion-plaited.

This passionate addiction to alcoholic beverages on the part of the Britons did not stop with the earliest representatives of the race. The Normans, that aggregation of knights, soldiers and pirates who have become very popular as ancestors in spite of their offensive personal habits, came over from France and conquered the Saxons. The Saxons absorbed them and taught them how to absorb beer, which they did as though to the manner born. The Norman barons in their baronial halls drank themselves purple in the face each night, quaffing the nutbrown ale until their quaffers were completely submerged. They couldn't get up in the morning without a stoup of malmsey, and they shuddered at the thought of riding out for a pleasant afternoon of robbery and arson unless they were fortified with a two-quart nip or stirrup cup of spiced wine. Whenever they tarried for a moment to tighten a saddle girth or to hew off the head of a serf whose looks they didn't like, all the adjacent residents came running out with buckets of mulled ale for the barons and their gallant retainers. Everybody was ready to drop everything and settle down to several hours of steady drinking at a moment's notice. Kings and clowns, barons and bakers, archbishops and actors and archers, princesses and publicans and prelates and potboys drank whatever they could get whenever they could get it, so long as it possessed an alcoholic content. Water as a beverage was viewed with marked abhorrence. The Lord Chief Justice of England in the reign of King Henry VI states that "the inhabitants of England drink no water except at certain times, on a religious score and by way of penance." In other words, one of the most severe punishments which an Englishman could inflict on himself, short of death or mutilation, was water drinking.

This Poster and the Two on the Opposite Page Were Used Widely in England

A Wet Little Island

DOWN through the centuries, from Hengist and Horsa to Haig & Haig, the Britons and their drink have been as inseparable as Damon and Pythias or Abelard and Héloïse. They have believed that strong men need strong fare. They have eaten great masses of heavy, soggy, boiled foods and washed them down with a veritable Johnstown Flood of beer and ale and stout and bitter and stronger beverages. History fails to tell us where the Saxon chieftains and the Norman barons obtained the apparently inexhaustible supply of beer and ale with which they saturated themselves each day; but it is safe to say that all of them maintained commodious breweries on their premises—so that in case of siege their beer wouldn't be cut off. It was always believed that a two-fisted Briton might as well be deprived of his legs and his eyesight as of his beer.

The example which these early Britons set to succeeding generations was not wasted. To-day there are 3148 breweries in the United Kingdom; and in the year 1919, during which alcoholic beverages could be sold for only a few hours every day, the sturdy Britons lapped up 1,163,000,000 gallons of beer, or 9,304,000,000 one-pint glasses.

When one plunges boldly into the mystic realm of statistics and bandies these overwhelming figures about in the manner peculiar to statisticians, one begins to realize that the early Saxons and Normans, determined and hardened drinkers though they may have been, couldn't hold a sponge to their present-day descendants. If converted into rain, for example, there would be enough moisture in these nine billion glasses of beer to provide a five-week rainfall for the entire Sahara Desert. If mixed with water and run through a one-inch hose and directed against the planet Mars there would be enough liquid to fill all the Martian canals with one per cent beer. With more than nine billion glasses of beer consumed by the British people in one year's time, the person who nicknamed England a "tight little island" is entitled to commend himself highly for his conservatism in using the word "tight."

In England and Wales alone there are 84,000 public houses, or pubs, as they are affectionately called by the English. In addition to the pubs there are over 22,000 places which have off licenses. At a pub anybody can get whatever sort of liquor he wants, and pour it down his throat or in his hair or into a bucket, depending on how he feels at the moment of purchase. At an off license, however, he can buy it only to take away with him and drink around the corner or up an alley or in the privacy of his own chambers. Besides the pubs and the off licenses there are, in England and Wales alone, over 8000 clubs in which kindred souls may assemble and accumulate skinfuls of alcoholic beverages in emulation of their gay and carefree progenitors, the Saxons and the Normans.

Thus, in England and Wales, there are 114,000 places where drinks can be obtained. Every seventh shop throughout England and Wales is a drink shop. There is one drink shop for every fifty-seven dwelling houses. During the year 1919 the sturdy citizens of the United Kingdom spent for drink alone the enormous sum of £386,000,000, or, with the pound sterling at par, $1,878,469,000. During the year ending March 31, 1920, the estimated expenditure on intoxicants in the United Kingdom was £410,000,000, or almost $2,000,000,000 if the pound sterling is figured at par. It is expected to run above $2,500,000,000 during the present year; which is a large slice of money for the people of any nation to toss away lightly. It would be a large slice if England were an excessively wealthy nation. Just at present England is a nation burdened with a war debt that makes the most willing taxpayer lie awake late at night bathed in a cold perspiration. Everyone agrees that if England wishes to regain her prewar position she must save and produce. Yet not even an ancient Saxon, drowsing under his dinner table, with suds on his long flaxen mustache and an overdose of green beer under his belt, would be so muddled as to think that the expenditure of $2,500,000,000 by Britons for drink in one year's time was either economical or productive.

Hatracks for All

FOR many years the English workingman has been spoken of by many sorts of observers as "sodden with drink." The Scotchman who rolls out on the streets of Glasgow of a Saturday evening and gets himself lit up, as the saying goes, like an ocean liner, refers pityingly to his English beer-drinking brother as "sodden with drink." Journalists, temperance workers, army surgeons, Scotch-whisky manufacturers, big employers of labor—have repeatedly applied the phrase "sodden with drink" to the English laborer. The English resent the phrase. Even the English temperance workers are inclined to think that the English aren't so sodden as the Scotch. A Scotchman and an Englishman will argue for hours as to whether the Scotch or the English are the more sodden; and a listener is almost inevitably forced to the conclusion that all Scotchmen and all Englishmen are drunk all the time—a conclusion which is entirely erroneous. Yet England boasts 1000 breweries and 80,000 pubs and a population which spends billions of dollars each year on billions of glasses of beer. The English may not be sodden with drink; but a comfortable percentage of them are constantly surrounded by a distinctly beery atmosphere and possess beer breaths of such virility that coats and hats might almost be hung on them.

I fell into conversation one day with a solicitor from the flourishing city of Reading, and the subject of prohibition came up between us, as it always does nowadays between an Englishman and an American. He was a total abstainer, but the idea that England might ever go prohibition struck him as highly ludicrous. He had presided at a number of workingmen's meetings, he said, and he knew from observation the violent attachment which existed between an English workingman and his beer.

"Why," said he, "the English laborer worships his beer. He worships it, I tell you!"

Then he told me a story about an English laborer who was standing in the bar of a pub dallying with a beaker of suds. A friend, in the hope of provoking a fight, came to him and indicated a third laborer.

"'Arry, there," explained the friend, "'as been carryin' on wiv yer wife."

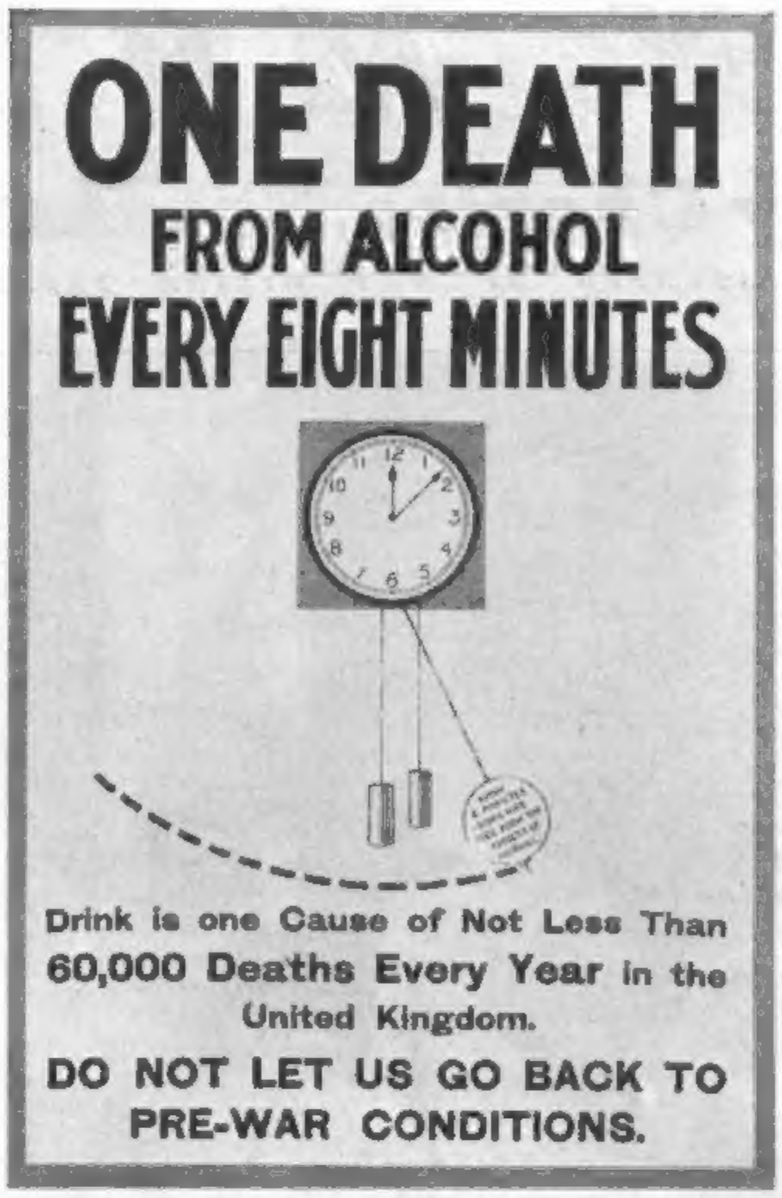
The first laborer frowned heavily. "'E 'as, 'as 'e, the bloomin' tike!" said he darkly. "I'll drink 'is beer!"

This teetotaler from Reading assured me that in England you could do anything you wanted with beer. "You can buy all the votes you want with it," he said. "The English laborer worships it! He worships it!"

These are, of course, strong words. There are many British labor leaders and labor unions that have declared themselves strongly in favor of local option and temperance measures, and that would no more think of worshiping beer than they would of worshiping an antique egg. But every day, in every one of England's 80,000 pubs, one can find many a man—and many a woman, too, for that matter—whose overwhelming admiration for beer is the nearest thing to worship that they will ever know.

Naturally enough, the beer sopping in which Englishmen indulge so freely is very gratifying to the individuals who manufacture the beer and the individuals who sell it; but it is deeply annoying to several classes of people, prominent among whom are those who believe that a nation is morally weakened by drink and those who believe that a nation is economically handicapped by a heavy consumption of alcoholic beverages. In England, as in every country in the world, there have been large numbers of temperance advocates in evidence for many years; but their strength, up to the past few years, has not been such as to cause the brewers and the distillers and the publicans to toss restlessly on their mattresses.

The war, however, put a different complexion on the temperance movement or the prohibition movement or whatever you may wish to call the movement which is making the liquor trade of England moan sepulchrally in its sleep. In place of its pale, anæmic complexion the temperance movement suddenly developed a rich, healthy, rosy complexion. Instead of moving slowly and painfully, with creaking joints and many a pause for breath, it began to leap hither and yon with all the briskness of an Alpine chamois. This new lease of life was due, firstly, to the war spirit, which made Englishmen face facts which they ordinarily refused to face; secondly, to prohibition in America and to the fear that prohibition would so increase America's efficiency that England would be unable to compete with her; and thirdly, to the elections in Scotland in November, 1920—elections at which, for the first time in history, voters resident in the British Isles were able to cast a vote on the question of whether or not the districts in which they lived should be wet or only damp. In Scotland—a hard-liquor country with whose alcoholic affairs I shall deal in a future article—the people voted on local option for the first time in 1920.


ONE DEATH
FROM ALCOHOL
EVERY EIGHT MINUTES
Drink is one Cause of Not Less Than
60,000 Deaths Every Year in the
United Kingdom.
DO NOT LET US GO BACK TO
PRE-WAR CONDITIONS.

Two Hundred Social Layers

IN ENGLAND voters not only never have had the opportunity of expressing their desires in regard to liquor, but they are having trouble in persuading Parliament to pass a bill that will give them the right to vote on this question in two or five or seven or an indefinite number of years. The temperance societies and the prohibition societies in England are not fighting for prohibition, or for anything which even resembles prohibition from an American viewpoint, but for the passage of a bill that will permit a man to vote on whether or not public houses shall continue to sell alcoholic beverages in the district in which he lives.

The English public-house system, I believe, is not generally understood in America. It is a quaint and intriguing system and must be explained before the arguments of the temperance workers and the liquor advocates are introduced. Class distinction is inextricably mixed up with it, just as it is mixed up with so many things in England. Americans—to stumble from the subject for a moment—are greatly bewildered by class distinctions when they go to England for a brief visit; but Americans who have lived in England for a year or so claim that they can distinguish between the different English classes at a glance, just as some English claim to be able to do. In my rude, boorish, American way, I question the accuracy of this statement.

Mr. H. G. Wells has said that there are more than two hundred classes to English society. Some of the delicate distinctions between different English classes are such as to give many persons a slow, shooting pain at the base of the brain. There is a distinction, for example, between a graduate of Oxford University and a graduate of London University. The latter belongs to a lower class than the former. There is a distinction between an Episcopalian, or Church of England, clergyman, and a Baptist or Congregationalist or Presbyterian minister. The Episcopalian belongs to a higher class than the Nonconformist ministers. Workingmen are divided by rigid class distinctions. Certain trades are classed far higher than other trades. The barrister, who argues a case for a client, is in a much higher class than the solicitor, who approaches the barrister for the client and persuades him to accept the case. If a member of the so-called upper classes undertakes to sell stoves or cheeses or canned goods he falls from the class which he originally occupied to a lower class. If, however, he chooses to sell automobiles, stocks and bonds, or land, he remains in his original class and is not lowered. Those three pursuits are exempt from the stigma which attaches to trading in all other commodities. I question, however, whether an American, or an Englishman, or Little Bright Eyes the Indian Control, or any other agency known to man can tell at a glance that one man belongs to a certain class because he sells stock in the Hotair Oil Company of Rumania, and that another man belongs to a lower class because he sells steel safes.

That, however, is quibbling. There are certain broad, well-defined classes in England which, generally speaking, can be recognized at a glance by an Englishman. He has an uncanny faculty of knowing at once whether—as a middle-class Englishman put it to me—he should be polite or rude or merely decent to the persons with whom he comes in contact. I pressed this Englishman for further information.

The House of Many Bars

"WELL, look here," said he, "suppose a chap comes in here dressed like a blooming juke." He meant duke, but he said juke. "What I mean, you might have trouble in knowing whether he was a juke or a butler or a clerk or what not, what?" I acknowledged that such was indeed the case. "What I mean," he went on triumphantly, "you wouldn't know until you had talked with him because you're a blooming American; but I'd know as soon as I clapped eyes on him; and directly I'd done so I'd say politely 'Beg pardon, but is there anything I can do, sir?' or I'd say roughly 'Sit down over there and wait your turn'; depending on whether he was one of the upper classes or one of the servant class. I'd know at once."

This man was a little of a snob, but not so much of a snob as he'd appear in the eyes of the average American. There is class distinction in England and the distinction is recognized and acquiesced in by every class. The lower the classes the more rigid the distinctions. I have heard it said that there are only two sorts of people who can mingle without embarrassment with every class of English society, from the top to the bottom; one is an English duke; the other is an agreeable American. As regards the duke and the American, there is no envy and no jealousy. They are at their ease with all classes, and since they are not suspected of snobbishness or pride all classes are at ease with them. But let a member of the English middle or lower classes get out of his class, and he's as uncomfortable and ill at ease as a cat in a shower bath.

The English public house therefore is constructed in such a manner that an Englishman of any class that frequents one can buy himself a beaker of so-called nut-brown ale with the minimum of mental anguish.

Instead of containing one bar, as was the case with that practically defunct American institution, the saloon, the English pub contains a whole flock of bars, carefully divided from one another by high, sturdy partitions, and entered by separate doors.

The height of elegance and luxury in pub circles is the saloon lounge, which is a bar with carpets on the floor, glittering mirrors on the walls, and around the walls leather or plush covered divans on which the weary beer drinker may seat himself with his dish of hops in sybaritic luxury. Next below the saloon lounge is the saloon bar, which is a smaller edition of the lounge, and furnished with the same rich elegance. The same class of people enter the saloon bar that enter the saloon lounge; and some of the poorer pubs in the cities dispense entirely with the saloon lounge and all the heavy British opulence that goes with it. Every pub, however, has its saloon bar; and to that saloon bar

(Continued on Page 73)

MONEY MATTERS

By Charles Brackett

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

THE only incredible thing about this story is Diana's aberration—I use the term in its more interesting sense of a deviation from a right and normal course—but that is no reason to doubt it. Diana's aberration is comprehensible as any other disease; can, indeed, be traced to its germ, watched develop as conditions favored it and finally seen to assail the whole ordered structure of her temperament. This story is its chart.

Diana was exposed to it on the evening of December 17, 1918, at eight o'clock, to be exact, in the upper corridor of her Cousin Caroline's house in Cincinnati, Ohio. Downstairs there were bright lights in tinkling chandeliers, the frivolous turmoil of crowded guests, a measured breeze of music. Diana's sister, Gerty, stood at the head of the stairs, poised to give a signal when Diana appeared.

The corridor itself was dim, the gas being turned low in the bronze wall brackets. When the door of Cousin Caroline's room, where Diana had been dressing, opened, the light from the fire inside fell on the curves of carved rosewood and the gilt morning-glories around the frame of the portrait of Cousin Caroline as a little girl.

Diana came from the firelit room, Mammy Lucinda, who had been her nurse, carrying her train. She breathed softly and held her bouquet so that it could not stain her brocade. She had hardly crossed the threshold when she stopped suddenly. In the door of the room across the corridor stood Rufe Thayer. He was in horizon blue—French aviation—and he looked worn and glorious, like a hero by Leyendecker. He had arrived in town two hours before, and old Uncle Jerry, Cousin Caroline's butler, had let him up the back stairs for old times' sake—and ten dollars. He caught Diana's hand.

"Di!" he said.

The opening of the door had notified Gerty of Diana's approach, and she had given her signal. The music changed to a familiar, imperious rhythm.

"It's the wedding march," Diana prompted herself, trying to start on.

Rufe didn't release her hand.

"I don't give a damn!" he told her. "I want you to know I've always loved you, and always will—till death stops our being kept apart."

"Di!" Gerty called from the stairs. "Are you going to be late for the first time in your life? Have I got to go down disguised as 2 Bradley Sisters 2 and marry Nat by proxy? I doubt if he'd like it."

Rufe pressed Diana's hand to his lips. She took it from him, plunged it into her bouquet and left him standing with jasmine caught in his fingers and fallen at his feet. It is typical of Diana that while she waited on the landing for Gerty to get her ten steps in advance she arranged the remainder of her flowers so that the rent didn't show.

She then proceeded to walk down an aisle of rose trees, and go through the marriage ceremony as rehearsed, with Nat Haskell, the richest man of her acquaintance, with whom, until that evening, she had considered herself quite adequately in love.

That evening she gave her emotions toward him no consideration whatever. She was in a state of mind above self-analysis, a kind of hashish ecstasy produced by supreme flattery. The germ of her aberration had fallen on the weakest tissue of her temperament—her vanity.

"Oh, Stop Talking Money to Me! I Hate It!" Diana Said With a Gesture Like Lady Macbeth's in Laying Aside Her Crown. "Can't You See That It Means Nothing to Me?"

Her first words to Nat as they completed their passage of the room and stood for an instant alone were, "Rufe Thayer's back."

"He got in on that six-ten," Nat answered. "You look slick."

Nat Haskell was as literal as the first page of the primer, and he had fallen in love with Diana not only because she was the most beautiful girl he knew, but because he had discovered that she spoke the language in which he was printed.

The discovery was not so obvious as one might think. Diana had a good memory, a mimetic gift, and Gerty, who was a wit and her manual of conversation. With the aid of these three she became a dazzling creature when there were men about—all laughter and allurement.

Nat, however, was only rendered uncomfortable by that spurious brilliance, which was really Nature pursuing her primitive purpose. He was a reasoning creature, a phenomenon Nature was not considering when she arranged her lures.

Rufe, on the contrary, was exactly the sort Nature had in mind. When Diana at a dinner party looked up from the entrée and said, with a look of charming shyness as though she knew it was impolite but found her own drollery irrepressible, "Rufe, if the bravest are the tenderest this animal must have been caught cowering under a buttercup," Rufe would simply sink a little farther into his infatuation and go and tell it to Gerty, who had originated it at family luncheon the day before. Gerty was safe, as Diana knew she'd say "We're a bright family," and leave it at that.

Nat wanted someone he wouldn't have to exert himself to understand. When Diana pirated Gerty's description of Emily Vane as "a girl who always said the proper thing to the proper old lady and the improper thing to the proper old gentleman," it made him uncomfortable, and he tried to forget that Diana was like one of his mother's little Parian marble Graces, only colored like all the gay flowers of a garden; and remember that he liked facts with his cereal.

The war, that giant in the service of the Cyprian, arranged things for Nat. In 1915 Rufe Thayer followed his seventeenth rejection with a despairing flight to France. In 1917 Gerty went to a position in the War College in Washington and Diana to a Red Cross canteen in Indianapolis. It can be truthfully stated that Diana's conversation did not burn the buns she served with its fulminations. Diana took her work in the canteen as seriously as she did her clothes, and rhetoric provides no simile so indicative of passionate concentration.

Nat was training at Fort Benjamin Harrison. He got into the habit of dropping into the canteen. He hated his job and he was doing it well. The same thing was true of Di. Each was part of the other's past, a past incalculably dear those days.

Gradually it came to Nat that Diana's remarks were all of the Ann-has-a-cat, the-cat-can-run school, which left his mind without the unpleasant giddiness produced upon it by anything resembling a flight of fancy. In his eyes that realization clothed Diana with the last perfection. He proposed and was accepted—in words of one syllable.

Rufe had been overseas two years by then, writing Diana illegible letters wherein he made fun of himself, his adventures and even his love for her. Diana would send them on to Gerty, and generally make use of Gerty's comments on the postals with which she answered them.

"What a flamingo the man is!" Gerty would write. "He's the whole third act of a melodrama, the love interest and the comedy relief and the duel on the stairs. I feel as though I'd been reading a scribble from D'Artagnan, and I'm sure it was as hard to decipher."

"Flamingo," Diana would pen her post card, "your letter was like a scribble from D'Artagnan—at least as hard to decipher. Horribly busy canteening—Di."

Rufe, receiving it in French barracks, would cry to his incredulous soul, "And she's the most beautiful thing in the world—in the world!"

Then came the incident of Diana's marriage and the important happening in the corridor outside Cousin Caroline's room.

"Don't look so suicidal!" Gerty said to Rufe that night after supper when she saw him alone. "You couldn't have afforded her."

"That doesn't strike me as a cause for rejoicing," Rufe returned.

"To have provided a thrill instead of a long disappointment. That's a very selfish point of view."

"Passion is a very selfish business."

That was a little ridiculous, and she laughed.

Rufe joined her, but only to the extent of a begrudged smile.

"You're a mercenary thing," he informed her. "Research has shown that occasionally people are happy though poor."

"You must remember that 'Money matters' is the motto of the Bradley sisters," she retorted.

"It may matter a lot," he rejoined, "but she'd never have married Nat if I hadn't been away."

"That is the sort of remark," she informed him, "for which wedding guests have their mouths washed out with soap and water."

"Are you going to stay on here?" he asked, to change the subject.

She shook her head.

"I'm going to New York," she said. "Admiring friends have told me I should be able to do something with my pen."

"Great! Going to be in the Village?"

"Waverley Place," she admitted.

"I'm going to be on Sheridan Square myself. We'll be neighbors. As a promising young man ruined by the war I'm taking up free-lance work. I'd never have had the nerve if the world still expected me to be a success."

Gerty was called away to get Di's final instructions as to what clothes should be sent on in case Di telegraphed. Rufe had gone when she reappeared.

Late that night, when Gerty should have been asleep but wasn't, because her mind was working too hard and she felt alone in the world without Di and convinced that she'd never see Rufe Thayer, now Di was married, she wrote something on the back of an envelope which did her good. She was too respectful of letters to call it a poem, and she tore it to guilty bits next morning and burned the blotter which had dried it. This is how it ran:

I cannot tell you because it would make you laugh,
So I am telling it here,
In this quiet room,
To this white sheet of paper,
I love you,
And I should like to die for you,
If no one need ever know.

To be of any use this chart of Diana's aberration must show the condition which permitted the development of its germ. It was already apparent when Gerty went to visit Diana the following October.

During the previous April Nat and Diana had been called from Italy, where their honeymoon was drawing to an end in a conscientious examination of the hill towns, by the death of Nat's father. He had been an acquisitive, kindly, shrewd old man, who began life with an ambition to make his pile and no specification as to that pile's size. Besides his factories in Cincinnati he had a chain of moving-picture theaters in the South, a hotel in Arkansas, lumber interests in Canada, bank stock practically everywhere—a great, generous vine of an estate which crawled over the country as a strawberry root does over a sunny patch of field.

Nat had inherited his mind from a mother who until the day of her death had never made a miscalculation of a penny in the accounts of the Ladies' Aid Society or the City Hospital or the Daughters or the Dorcas Society, of all of which organizations she had been treasurer for years. To Nat the sumptuous disorder of his father's estate was simply appalling. It must be straightened out, and to do so thoroughly—the only way Nat knew—meant months of travel and tedious meetings in impossible places and indigestible meals in insupportable hotels.

It was decided that Diana had best not accompany him, so the big residence was closed and she installed herself in an apartment house, where there was a restaurant, so that she needn't bother about meals; and where she could be quite comfortable with Lizzie, her maid, and an old butler who had served Nat's mother for years.

When Gerty descended from the train for that initial visit Diana wasn't on the platform. Gerty was making her way toward the taxi office when a ceremonious young man in uniform insinuated himself on her consciousness.

"Miss Bradley?" he asked.

"Yes," Gerty said, realizing that he must be Diana's chauffeur. "Is there anything the matter with Mrs. Haskell?"

He took Gerty's bag.

"Mrs. Haskell is waiting in the car," he said, and led the way.

Gerty saw Diana's blue eyes peering over a stole of summer ermine through the glass of a great, swollen limousine. She jumped in and threw her arms about her sister with an excited "Di, you scared me to death! Why weren't you inside?"

"Nat doesn't like me to be in a crowd," Diana explained when the embrace was over.

"It's marvelous to see you," Gerty declared; "but you look different. What have you been doing to yourself?"

"I've had my eyebrows plucked," Diana explained. "They always should have been."

They had been reduced to the consistency of a Number Two Hundred thread, but the process hadn't injured Diana's beauty more than a shade, so Gerty pretended that she liked it.

During the drive home Diana announced that she had a dress allowance of fifteen thousand a year—she and Gerty had been accustomed to live on something under five—and that she had had her finger nails glassed.

"I'm going to have my face peeled to-morrow," she ended her recital.

"But you haven't a line!" Gerty protested feebly.

"There's no use waiting until you're an old hag," Diana enunciated, "before you take precautions. There's an awfully good man doing it here now."

She then spoke with wistfulness of a place in Paris where one could have lashes set about the eyes, painlessly because of three anaesthetizations; and another in Rome where blushes are tattooed into the cheek, more convenient and somehow more authentic than rouge, which incidentally Diana employed only on the most infrequent occasions.

They drew up before a bay-treed apartment house, and Diana ushered Gerty in. Diana's apartment was like the Long Island of any number of successful comedies. It was somewhat Italian, and somewhat French, and very largely Irene Castle.

"As soon as you're ready," Diana said, "we're going to the country club. Lily Lee is giving a tea for you."

Lily was a girl they'd known from childhood.

"Good Lord!" Gerty indicated her lack of enthusiasm. "Is she still running after you?"

Lily had worshiped Diana from the year she came out with the callow ardor of a schoolgirl crush. Gerty had always thought she was funny, and had managed to take most of the poison out of her adulation with antiseptic laughter.

"She's improved a lot," Diana said. "I'd forgotten you didn't like her. Hurry up!"

When they arrived at the country club the tea room was full of women. Gerty recognized them as the portion of her acquaintance which had sifted into what the Cincinnati papers referred to as the smart set. Gerty suspected that they rather relished the appellation.

Lily Lee sat on the middle of her spine in a deep chair.

"Hello, Di darling!" she called from her seat. "Hello, Gert! Have you grown to be as naughty as everyone else on the Square?"

Lily had always been determined to show that she knew the world.

"Just about," Gerty answered.

Lily hadn't changed, she concluded. If Diana thought she had it was because, with Gerty in New York, she had

"I Want You to Know I've Always Loved You, and Always Will—Till Death Stops Our Being Kept Apart"

come to think Lily's heroine worship a very comprehensible form of religion

"Thank God, you're here to stay with Diana," Lily went on. "Di might as well be married to an able-bodied seaman of the second class as to Nat Haskell."

"Oh, Lily!" Diana said deprecatingly. "He won't be kept away after a little while—you know that."

Her remark lacked the withering emphasis Gerty would have employed. Suddenly Gerty became aware that Diana was not the person who had chattered about her activities on the way from the station. She was someone very frail and cloistered and vaguely unhappy.

"Di," Gerty thought, "has been writing herself a star rôle as the beautiful victim of a loveless marriage."

She had seen ladies with little to do indulge in that sort of thing before; assume any pose which would make them more romantic figures in the unimportant eyes of some little circle whose admiration they had come to crave. It was annoying, but she didn't think it in the least important. Diana had too much sense really to deceive herself.

They stayed at the country club two hours. The conversation centered on the decadence of the débutantes and recipes for home brew. Notes on banting were compared with deep interest to all. The potato-and-milk diet had its passionate exponents; yeast commanded a large following. Diana, who had about as much reason to fear rotundity as a Lombardy poplar, advocated baths in a preparation which she knew to be Epsom salts, but preferred to buy under its trade name, lest there be some virtue in its label and price.

Gerty noticed that everyone listened when Diana expressed her views, as they did not listen to the others. It was the interest accorded to success, and Gerty realized that it must be pleasing.

"Don't you think Lily's improved?" Diana asked on their way home.

Her sister avoided a direct answer.

"I don't think any of those women are your *galère*," she said. "There are millions of more interesting people here; but I admit you're having a circus."

Diana was still the Diana of her circle.

"Do you think so?" she asked, lifting faint eyebrows a little wearily and smiling a wan smile. "Gerty, sometimes I go down the street in my great car with my furs about me and peer out at the little shop girls meeting their sweethearts and envy them—yes, envy them."

It was a vignette which had run into several editions with Lily Lee.

"Di, you're perfect!" was all it drew from Gerty.

"What are you grinning at?" Diana demanded.

"When you're talking to me," Gerty begged her, "please remember that I know the reason you don't go with Nat Haskell and let him show you off to business associates from Kansas City to Quebec. It's because you're too blamed lazy."

"You don't know, Gerty," Diana said in a voice like a broken petal dropping to a pool. "That's all, you don't know. Nat doesn't want me with him. I'm to stay at home and have his servants wait on me and be a—doll."

"Oh, Putt!" Gerty said. "If you choose to sit here and mope don't expect me to shed any tears over your grouch."

"What a horrid thing to say!" was Diana's comment.

Gerty thought she'd carried the direct method as far as wisdom justified. She switched the conversation to an account of Rufe Thayer's interview with an infuriated prima donna, and had interested Diana almost out of her self-dramatization by dinnertime.

Diana ate very little at dinner, and Gerty found herself nibbling self-consciously. It does not whet the appetite to know that every morsel brought to one's table is either a starchy food or an albuminous food and not only capable of, but maliciously addicted to, infinite expansion.

On the next afternoon they went to Diana's specialist, and Gerty sat in an outer room during the operation. Diana was very brave. When she got to the car, however, she said she thought she would ride about the park to get hold of herself.

Gerty was determined not to be silly.

"You hadn't any reason in the world to have it done," she announced severely; "but you were plucky about it." She kept her arm around her sister for the rest of the ride.

When they arrived at the apartment Nat was there. Someone had broken an appointment, so he'd managed to get home for the week-end. Seeing Diana and Nat together confirmed Gerty's feeling that there was really nothing wrong.

Nat was a little abstracted, because he was trying to work out in his mind how large dividends a graphite mine he owned should pay after proper provision for overhead expenses and a sinking fund for upkeep, but his fundamental adoration was apparent in every gesture. As for Diana his abstraction did not interfere with the indulgent aloofness which was her contribution to their relation.

The only remark Gerty overheard which could be taken as a basis for Diana's claim of being too agonizingly sheltered from the world was his query, "Everyone taking care of you all right, Dianer?"

Her conclusions about them added self-reproach to her horror when early next morning she was awakened by Nat's voice, intense with anguish, "Good God, Dianer! Wake up!"

"It was true!" Gerty had time to think as she slipped into her kimono and sped down the hall. "Diana has killed herself! And I didn't believe her!"

Just then Diana screamed. Gerty flung open the door. Diana stood in front of a mirror, uttering piercing cries. She was light mahogany color. Her ride in the wind so soon after the peeling had been her undoing.

It was a terrible day. Nat threatened to horsewhip the specialist. It rendered him more helpless than he would otherwise have been, and he shed salt tears on the beefsteak in which he swaddled Diana's face. Diana lay and moaned. Lily Lee appeared, had screaming hysterics, rushed out and apparently employed the technic of a cheer leader in disseminating the news. Great, dolorous bouquets crowded the apartment. Nat forgot the graphite mine in the compilation of an advertisement offering fifty thousand dollars for a remedy. Gerty read the articles on skin grafting in the Encyclopædia Britannica—not very consolatory, since she couldn't feel Diana would care to have her face look like the back of a Saint Bernard.

Before nightfall Diana's beauty began to reassert itself—rose and white, and flawless. It was inextinguishable. It was a secret of the clay whereof she was formed. Everyone breathed again, and Lily Lee decided to have her face peeled. She came to see Diana before her ordeal.

"I wish you'd tell her you were going to get a pet skunk," Gerty said when she'd gone. "She'd run out and touch up an old cat before the words were out of your mouth."

"I can't see what Di sees in her," Nat agreed, "darned if I can."

"She's one of the best friends I have in the world," Diana defended her weakness, "and she's always here."

"Well, it's your funeral," Nat said. "You have to stand her."

"It's something to have a person you can count on," Diana asseverated; then turning to Gerty, "You don't even write me; neither does Rufe Thayer."

That was innocent or it was deft. It is impossible to say which. Certainly Diana knew Gerty always made every effort to promote her happiness. Just as certainly she must have been aware she couldn't have obtained what resulted by a direct request. The odds are against innocence.

In any case neither that remark nor anything else put Gerty on her guard.

"You keep me posted if everything is going all right with Di," Nat said to her before he left. "I wouldn't know if I was bulling around like the devil."

"I'll warn you if anything turns up, Nat," Gerty assured him. "Nothing will. You've been a wonder to Di, and she knows it."

She would have spoken differently had she suspected that Diana would reach the point she arrived at two days after she and Nat had gone. Both of them had treated Diana very much like a human being while they were with her. It had been all right while they were about and she could feel the very real affection beneath their casualness. When they had gone, however, Diana felt the need of the stimulus of admiration on which she had been feeding these last months. Lily usually provided it more lavishly than any of her circle. As Lily was still in bed, Diana went to call on her.

She tiptoed into Lily's room with an Italian bowl heaped full of roses and ageratum. She was wearing gray, and the picture was masterly.

"Well, I'm deserted again," she said with a little brave smile when Lily had exhausted her gratitude.

"Nat wouldn't leave me like that if he were married to me," Lily told her.

"Oh, you'd feel about it just as I do!" Diana said with a very understanding expression. "It's what one has to expect—it's business. I realize that it's for the best."

"I should think he could find plenty to do here," Lily hazarded.

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"I Brought Him Back to You, Dearie," She Said, "But Don't Mind Your Pretty Manners With Thankin' Me"

Can America Trade With the Soviets?—By Leo Pasvolsky

THERE is scarcely a question of international affairs that attracts more interest or arouses more discussion at the present time than the question of the possibilities of trade with Soviet Russia. Those who urge the advisability of entering into trade relations with the Soviet Government, irrespective of the latter's political aims and work, lay an emphasis on this question that is truly unprecedented. In their presentation practically every phase of the economic difficulties through which the world has been passing since the end of the war is bound up with the question of the Russian trade. And this they claim not only for Western Europe, which before the war received the vast bulk of Russia's foreign trade, but even for the United States, which was almost a negligible factor in the situation.

The proponents of trade with Soviet Russia declare with an air of firm conviction and authority that such problems as unemployment and even the cost of living in the United States, as well as in Western Europe, have a direct relation to the question of trade with Soviet Russia. According to them unemployment will practically disappear and the cost of living will be materially reduced once trade relations are established with the soviets. This claim is based primarily upon the assertion that Soviet Russia, after the disorganization of the past years, stands in pressing need of large imports; while, because of her recent economic isolation, she has large accumulations of materials available for export. Thus all that is needed for the establishment of extensive trade relations is a number of purely technical arrangements on an international scale.

Russia No Longer Isolated

THE opponents of trade with Soviet Russia consider that the basis of the argument brought forth by the advocates of trade relations is correct only in its first part: Russia is disorganized and she does need enormous amounts of imports. But the opponents of trade consider the second part of the argument entirely erroneous. They deny that Russia has any accumulations of materials for export; they believe, consequently, that she has nothing at present with which to make payment in her foreign-trade arrangements. Moreover, they point to the fact that Russia's foreign trade never played a very important part in the world-exchange economy, except for Germany, and that the question of the Russian trade cannot possibly have anything like the decisive and all-important rôle in the present-day economic situation of the world that is assigned to it by the advocates of trade relations.

The two groups also differ on the political implications of the problem. The advocates of trade relations declare it possible to conduct trade negotiations and actually to enter into extensive trade relations with Soviet Russia without according official recognition to the Soviet Government. The opponents of trade relations believe that the drive for trade, now being so strenuously made by the soviet régime in Russia and by its agents and sympathizers in other countries, has, primarily, political rather than economic significance, and that it is more concerned with the question of the recognition of the Soviet Government than with the actual exchange of goods or with other considerations of an economic nature.

What are the facts in the matter? Leaving aside the various moral considerations urged on both sides, let us examine the purely economic and political aspects of the problem. Ostensibly it is a business proposition: What is there in it, and what is there back of it?

According to the Yearbook of the Russian Ministry of Finance for 1915, during the year 1913, which was the last normal year of Russia's foreign trade, Russia exported goods to the value of 1,520,135,000 rubles. The country which received the largest amount of these exported goods was Germany, with 453,584,000 rubles; then followed Great Britain, Holland, France, Italy and the other European countries. The value of goods exported to the United States during that year was 14,155,000 rubles. Russia's total imports during that year were to the value of 1,374,034,000 rubles. Here even a greater amount relatively fell to Germany's share; the value of goods brought by her into Russia was 652,208,000 rubles. The imports from the United States were to the amount of 79,093,000 rubles.

During the war, with the German trade cut off and the ports of the Baltic and the Black Sea closed, Russia's exports decreased very considerably, while her imports increased very largely, mostly through the importation of war materials. During the years 1918 and 1919—that is, the first period of the soviet régime—whatever trade there was from and to Russia was carried on by territories under the control of the anti-Bolshevist forces; Soviet Russia was cut off from the seaports practically all that time and took no part in this trade intercourse. In the spring of 1920, after the defeat of the anti-Bolshevist movements in the various parts of Russia and the conclusion of peace with Esthonia and Latvia, by virtue of which the ports of the Baltic became available for trade operations of Soviet Russia, the territory under the control of the soviet régime began to trade with the outside world. We shall presently take up in detail these operations of the Soviet Government. But before we come to that we must look at the problems which arose immediately after trade relations with the world became possible for the soviet régime.

There are two things that we must note at the outset. The first is that, as far as the statistics of Russia's foreign trade indicate, no country, with the exception of Germany, is vitally affected by the condition of Russian export, although it no doubt plays an important part in the internal economy of a number of European countries. The second important thing is that Soviet Russia is no longer isolated from the rest of the world; this isolation was the result of the eventualities of the civil war, which gave the port facilities into the hands of the anti-soviet movements, and it disappeared with the end of the civil war. Therefore the phrase "resumption of trade relations," so often used in this connection, is not accurate. The question is not of resuming trade relations with Soviet Russia; such relations already exist. It is rather the question of establishing these relations on an extensive scale. And in this several vitally important considerations are involved.

In the first place the forms of trade intercourse between Soviet Russia, as a state organized on communistic principles, and the other countries of the world, organized on a capitalistic plan, are rather difficult to determine. In discussing this question a soviet expert on foreign trade, in an article published in The Economic Life, the official daily economic publication of the Soviet Government, for November 7, 1920, notes three possible forms. Russia may remain entirely isolated and rely on her own resources; this would be a mutual boycott. But this form would be disastrous, for, while both sides would suffer, "the capitalistic countries would feel this much less than would Russia, since the influence of the situation would be distributed over the whole world." With this statement the soviet expert disposes of the argument made by the advocates of immediate trade with Soviet Russia to the effect that this trade is a matter of life and death for the rest of the world. Again, it is possible to maintain the boycott officially, but to weaken it by means of contraband trade But this would not be effective enough, since such trade could never be extensive. Finally, there remains open legal trade, which, according to our authority, is the only feasible thing.

Here, however, the following difficulty is encountered: The expert whom we are quoting considers that it would be quite impossible to permit private buyers from abroad to go into Russia and purchase goods from the persons who have them for sale. For, says he, "the appearance of private-capitalistic buyers would immediately break up the process of gradually drawing into the system of state economy those individual enterprises which still remain in their original condition; it would stimulate powerfully the system of 'spekulyatsia'—clandestine, profiteering trade—now gradually disappearing; disturb the system of governmental distribution of products; destroy the influence of the state over the system of individual farming all this, of course, on the supposition that free purchase would be accompanied by free importation and sale of products, which appears inevitable."

Trade Between Governments Only

BESIDES these there are also considerations of a political nature, which are presented as follows: "The Soviet system is not, as yet, sufficiently implanted in the consciousness of the peasant masses for us to permit tens of thousands of foreign counter-revolutionary agents freedom of locomotion on the Russian territory."

Here again the soviet expert disposes of a very important argument often used by advocates of trade relations namely, that once the Russian frontiers are thrown open to merchants and salesmen from all over the world, that fact alone will hasten the downfall of the soviet régime. The Soviet Government does not intend to permit anything of the sort to happen. It proposes a different scheme: All export operations are to be carried on by the state itself, by its governmental agencies. Then there would be no occasion for foreign buyers to go into Russia. The Soviet Government itself would act as the buying agent. It would purchase articles of export in the country and deliver them to the ports, whence the trading operations with the other countries would begin.

But how would the Soviet Government carry on its purchasing operations abroad? An ideal system, from the point of view of the soviet experts, would be for the agents of the Soviet Government to go to the capitalistic countries and make purchases from private individuals and firms. They consider, however, that the governments of these countries, for similar political reasons, would no more permit agents of the Soviet Government to inundate their countries than the Soviet Government is inclined to permit private buyers from abroad to trade in Russia. Hence the only kind of operations on an extensive scale that appears feasible to the foreign-trade experts of the soviet régime is a system of dealings among governments.

Here we have the crux of the whole matter, and the soviet leaders are frank enough to admit it. A. Rykov, the president of the Supreme Council of National Economy, the institution that has charge of the whole system of nationalized industry, writing in The Economic Life of September 18, 1920, puts the matter bluntly in the following words: "Trade with Soviet Russia under the present

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SAWMILLER'S JOB

By Henry Payson Dowst

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

Sawmiller Looked Up. There Was Not the Slightest Evidence That Any One of the Gentlemen Comprehended More Than Faintly the Significance of the Picture

IT TOOK Mark Sawmiller more than ten years to learn from experience that a man is a chump to go on working for mediocrities. First, there was Billings & Willings, the dry-goods house. Billings & Willings just naturally petered out from malnutrition and lack of enterprise. What Sawmiller learned during the time he wrote their advertising was mainly what not to do if you want your publicity to pay.

And then he got a job with Feldtman, the real-estate agent. Feldtman wasn't even honest, to say nothing of his other faults. While in Feldtman's employ Sawmiller learned the use of the superlative, the stunt and the fat-face headline. He became an adept at what Feldtman called hurry-up stuff. Sawmiller's copy brought the business. But Feldtman went out into the scrub-pine zone on Long Island and pulled off a development project so full of legal holes that the advertising man couldn't swallow it, so he quit and went with Duplex Ignition.

Duplex Ignition was all right in theory but short of capital. It was a case of scramble every week to meet the pay roll, and the sordid persons who sold brass and copper and machined parts were inconsiderate enough to demand payment for their merchandise. Duplex Ignition wabbled through three years of precarious business life and collapsed, sinking without trace. Sawmiller was left adrift without even a bit of floating wreckage to cling to. After a while he was washed ashore under the shelter of a manufacturer of electrical supplies who advertised mainly in technical papers, using the original outfit of battered electrotypes made from woodcuts with which they had started a couple of decades before.

It wasn't an inspiring job. Mark had talent—so said Clare. She was always cheering up her husband by insisting that he really amounted to something. Mark didn't know whether he believed her or not. Lately he had been growing more and more doubtful.

You can't much blame a chap who is doing the best he can to raise a wife and family on forty a week if he fails to respond altogether buoyantly even to the most improved methods for resuscitating morale. Clare Sawmiller possessed expert qualifications as a first aid to the despondent. It cheered you up just to look at her. But the accepted formulas failed to counteract the effects of an inundation of faultfinding when Mark came dejectedly home after old Jake Oxby had been bawling him out. Bawling out the help was old Jake's specialty.

"And, anyhow, we do carry those heavy-duty knife switches in stock," complained Mark. "Just because they aren't in that old, out-of-date catalogue of ours, Jake thought we'd discontinued making 'em—all he knows about our business. Went out in the stock room and found fifteen or twenty. Then he got mad because he's had four or five calls for 'em lately and written saying we didn't have 'em. Fine sales manager! Doesn't know he's alive!"

"Some day you'll have a good job," persisted Clare, "with a decent house at a dandy salary. I just know it."

"Your faith is touching," Mark returned. "What would I do with such a decent job, even if I could get one? I'm a has-been at thirty-two. Fate has shunted me off on a disused siding. All I can expect is to stand and rust."

"Pooh!" said Clare. "You should be more choosy about your jobs. Next time get with a prosperous concern."

"Who am I to choose? If I got fired to-morrow I'd have to take the first thing that offered. Couldn't afford to loaf a month or two looking for a place that suited my notions. Now could I?"

"Maybe you could better afford to do that than jump into something without any deliberation at all."

"Maybe. Anyhow, I'm going to hang on where I am for a while. Pays to be a bit timid these times."

Clare sighed.

She wished she dared say she didn't believe it. But with Mark in the dumps she shrank from urging him to quit Binney Supplies, despite its lack of promise. A slender pay check was better than none.

"Something will turn up, old dear," she insisted. "Let's not worry. Things might be heaps worse."

"H'm! They might. I hope they don't become so."

They didn't. Mark came home one night with a new light in his eye, a buoyancy in his step Clare had been missing for many months. She didn't ask what had happened, but fairly held her breath until he saw fit to impart the news. Half teasingly he withheld it until dinner was nearly over. He joked with young Mark, aged seven, and made comic faces at Susie, the baby, until she became hysterical with laughter.

Finally he remarked with studied carelessness, "Well, folks, I'm leaving Binney this week."

In a flash Clare Sawmiller reviewed the last few years of her life. She remembered other announcements of this sort. They had always been made with a show of triumph, and she had received them excitedly, sharing Mark's enthusiasm at the prospect of advancement, increased responsibility, bigger opportunity, more money. Now she met the news without agitation. It left her curiously cold. This surprised her greatly, because she was the personification of optimism; and she had predicted substantial betterment in the Sawmiller fortunes early and late. Could it be that she hadn't believed it herself? Didn't she possess the faith in Mark's ability which she had been professing so stanchly? It was with something of an effort that she summoned a congratulatory smile.

"I thought you had something on your mind," she said. "I'm so glad, honey boy. I hope it means a better place."

"It certainly does. Guess where."

"Oh, dear, I don't know. Some agency? Milloner's? You said you wished ——"

"No, it's not an agency job. It's better. You'd never guess—it's too good. I'm going with Zodiac."

Clare's eyes widened with surprise. Zodiac! Zodiac Electric! It couldn't be true!

"Why, Mark, you don't mean—with Zodiac? Oh, Mark, dear!"

She got up and ran round the table to kiss Sawmiller. The children looked on wonderingly.

"Congratulations! Oh, a thousand, thousand congratulations, Mark! With Zodiac! Why —— Well, aren't you ashamed, you old pessimist? Haven't I been telling you all along? Haven't I? Didn't I say things would come out all right for you? Zodiac Electric! Isn't it wonderful!"

She kissed her husband again and returned a bit tremulously to her place. The pendulum of her reactions swung again. She was all afire with the significance of this thing.

"Mark, tell me, how did it happen?"

"That's just it. 'Happen' is exactly the word. The darnedest piece of bull luck in the world."

"How you talk! It wasn't luck. Those things don't go by luck. You deserve it."

"Don't either—well, not exactly. Old Oxby told Greer about me. Greer's on the Central Station Gazette—trade paper. Came in soliciting our business while I was out at lunch. I know him—he likes me, but he hates Oxby. I've always treated him like a human being, though we haven't handed him much business.

"Here's where the luck comes in. Oxby started to pan me. Now a good roasting from your superior isn't much calculated to help you. But, as I say, Greer hasn't any use for Oxby. So he went on and drew him out, and in spite of himself, Oxby made out a pretty good case for me. Said I knew a lot about trade journals, but —— Said I could write if I wanted to, but —— Said I understood making up bulletins, but —— Said I had quite a smattering of technical knowledge, but ——

"Well, do you see how it worked? Greer discounted all the buts and added up the rest. Then he telephoned me to

drop into the McAlpin on my way uptown. When I met him he told me I was a plumb fool to go on working for that old crab. Blamed if he'd stand him! I asked him what I was to do if I didn't want to stand it. Go fall off a dock or something?

"He said, 'Why don't you go with Zodiac?'

"I jumped a foot. Told him he was crazy. What chance would an unknown dub like me have with Zodiac? He said right away I had as good a chance as anyone—better, in fact, because he happened to know Fox was leaving and they hadn't filled his place. He'd only served notice this afternoon, on account of something his doctor told him. Greer happened in just then, and Maltby, Zodiac's advertising manager, asked him offhand if he knew of a man. Greer is sort of a cagy bird who never says no or yes until he's sure. Told Maltby he thought he could get him a man. You see, it helps Greer immensely with Maltby to be able to do him a favor like that; and if he can land an assistant with Zodiac it gives him a friend on the inside. Helps like a breakfast when you're competing for every line of advertising you sell.

"So that's how it happened. Maltby's in a jam anyhow, and Fox's getting out made it worse; so of course he was glad to get someone without any delay. All bull luck, honey, but we don't kick at that, do we?"

"But it wasn't luck, dearie boy. If you hadn't had the experience and the ability Mr. Greer couldn't have recommended you. How much do they pay?"

"Sixty-five. I know I'm not worth quite that, but ——"

"Mark Sawmiller, you make me furious! Do I have to go on selling you to yourself year in and year out, building up your morale by main strength? Aren't you ever going to get over this habit of running yourself down—oh, my land! Will you look at that child! Every drop down the front of her dress, and not another bit in the house. Junior, you take the pitcher and trot round to the grocer for a pint of milk—that's a good boy."

II

SAWMILLER simply couldn't believe he'd landed with the great—the supergreat—Zodiac Electric Company. It was one of those impossible things that just don't happen. One day the victim of old Jake Oxby's evil temper and unreason, the next assistant in the advertising department of one of the world's biggest motor concerns.

It may not be generally known that Zodiac makes a great proportion of motors of certain types used by civilized peoples throughout the world. Of course the name is familiar everywhere, and the product almost as thoroughly distributed as the very inertia it is designed to overcome. I don't know how many motors, large and small, Zodiac turns out annually, or how many people are employed in making them, but I do know the figures would be so immense I should hardly comprehend their significance if I had them on paper before me. As for the Zodiac concern itself, its reputation, its achievements in the electrical-power field, its standing in the eyes of the great public it serves—these things are to form the pattern of our tale, and Mark Sawmiller the—but I'm getting ahead of myself

Mark couldn't seem to break the obsession that he was somehow unworthy of the job Fate had dropped him into He had been associated with mediocrity and failure too long. They had seemingly woven themselves into his character. Now he was hooked up with success. He didn't know how to take it.

Quietly, almost furtively, he slid into his duties. They were not especially easy. To Mark, in his dubious frame of mind, they seemed to present obstacles which he must overcome, dragons to be slain. Not that he went at them in any half-hearted fashion—quite the contrary. It wasn't that he lacked initiative. He was merely suspicious of the luck which could deprive him of an opportunity just as easily as it could place one within his grasp.

A dog that has been whipped and kicked will cringe if you lift your hand to stroke your chin. Mark was that way. Outwardly he was cheerful, alert, efficient. Inwardly he seemed always to carry his tail between his legs. He felt like scuttling for cover if any of the company officials came into the advertising department.

He couldn't down that feeling that his job flattered him. He'd been over the bumps, and now quite inexplicably he found himself up among the singers. He was a Zodiac man. He would have liked to swell out his chest and display a reasonable amount of vanity about it, but he didn't dare. Every time he caught himself in a complacent mood he rapped three times on wood.

Of course the whipped-dog attitude didn't show, and it gradually gave place to something more in line with Mark's self-respect—a kind of humble gratitude that fortune had been so kind to him, that he was making a fair living, that he was—the fact didn't lose its wonder—part and parcel of the world-famous Zodiac organization. Sometimes, sitting at his desk in the office or going over work taken home, the realization came upon him that the things he wrote—because he was told to write them; paid to write them—went out in type to deliver the message of Zodiac quality and Zodiac usefulness and Zodiac universality to all the earth. He told himself that all the company stood for, all it signified in industry and in science, flowed along his fingers and came to life at his pen point. It was at such times that he would reach for the nearest wooden surface with his hardened knuckles.

"Think They'd Give a Hoot if You or I Quit? I Guess Not! We'd Never be Missed"

"Gee, Sawmiller, what the devil are you always doing that for?" demanded a fellow laborer in the Zodiac publicity vineyard. "Trying to S O S the spirits? If you get a tumble let me in on it, will you?"

Sawmiller grinned sheepishly.

"Only a nervous habit, I guess"

"Well, I didn't know. Thought it might be some superstition. I know guys that knock wood when they brag about dodgin' the flu or never havin' been in a railroad wreck; but you ain't doing any bragging."

"'S that so? How would you know what's going on inside my bean? Maybe I was patting myself on the back mentally"

"Maybe. Don't know what you'd be patting yourself on the back for. A job in this mill sure doesn't give you any excuse"

'No? Seems to me a pretty good place. I'm satisfied Just hope they'll keep me on, that's all."

"Feel that way, do you? Well, let me tell you, you're a distinguished minority, old kid. Any time they fire me it won't hurt my feelings a bit. Cog in a wheel. Damn big wheel—damn small cog."

"Yet the wheel would be incomplete without you, Sam."

"Would it? Now is that so? Would it? How long would it? Think these birds believe that? Think they'd give a hoot if you or I quit? I guess not! We'd never be missed. Plenty to fill our places. Just so much material, same as brass, copper, mica, molybdenum. They should worry!"

This, to Mark, sounded like blasphemy. He had built up within himself a tremendous loyalty to Zodiac. This loyalty was based, first, on respect for what the company represented. Zodiac was too great to be criticized. Any concern that did such things for the world was all right. Instead of an employee, Mark was a devotee. He was an acolyte at the shrine of the great electrical goddess of power, a lay brother serving in the temple. It was unbelievable that anyone on Zodiac's pay roll should voice that heresy.

"Aw, Sam, you don't mean that. Say, this concern is all right, Sam. Best place I ever worked."

"You must have had some punk jobs, then."

Sam turned to his work in disgust.

Some weeks later Mark missed Sam. Upon inquiry he learned that his coworker had got a job with Southeastern Railway Supplies. He was told Sam was getting considerably more than Zodiac had paid him. Well, that might be all right for Sam. If a fellow is discontented, disgruntled, best thing he can do is to make a change. Southeastern Railway Supplies wasn't another Zodiac by a long shot. Mark told himself he would hardly think even a substantial raise would compensate him for leaving Zodiac.

One day Maltby called Mark over to his desk.

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"They'd Listen to You if You Ever Said Anything," She Went On. "Why Don't You Assert Yourself?"

YOUR NERVES AND YOUR JOB

'Suppose that this here vessel," says the sniper, with a groan,
'Should lose her bearin's, run away and bump upon a stone
Suppose she'd shiver and go down, when save ourselves we couldn't!"
The mate replies,
"Oh, blow me eyes!
Suppose agin, she shouldn't."
Wallace Irwin

By Stanley M. Rinehart, M. D.

TWO men work in the same office in positions of trust and similar responsibilities. In order to distinguish them one from the other, and also as indexes of their mental characteristics, we shall call them Weeks and Wells. They are both hard and conscientious workers, but in other respects they differ widely.

Wells takes everything—petty details as well as important matters requiring decision and judgment—as part of the day's work. Nothing ruffles him. He goes home at night reasonably tired but having the pleasant consciousness of a day well spent.

Weeks, on the other hand, is known as a fusser. The least untoward incident is likely to throw him off his balance. There are days when even the ordinary routine upsets him, and on these occasions he is given to forebodings concerning the business, his own future, and in fact any subject that comes uppermost in his mind. At the end of office hours he is nervous and irritable. Many things have gone wrong with him, and most of them he charges to the incompetency of others. When he gets home Mrs. Weeks expects him to be irritable and faultfinding, because it is his usual mental state. He has had to curb his feelings to a certain extent all day, but now he can explode. Indeed on rare occasions when he does not, when he is at least passive if not actually agreeable, she wonders vaguely what is wrong and whether he is ill. She is as apprehensive as Mrs. Wells would be if her husband were to storm and fuss as Weeks does in his ordinary moods.

Emotional and Unemotional Types

WHAT is the difference, or rather, what are the differences between these two types of men? They differ in temperament surely. But temperament means merely the manner in which one reacts to external things and to subjective sensations. By some it is called "nerves," which is even less enlightening. It does not imply that any particular nerve or group of nerves is diseased, nor that there is anything wrong with the brain or spinal cord. There are many kinds of disease affecting the brain and the nerves which one may have and yet not be nervous.

On the other hand almost any physical indisposition may cause nervousness, from serious disease to toothache or a tight shoe. There is such a close interrelation between the mind and the body that little can be said about either without including the other. Disease of the body affects the emotions, and exaggerated emotions in turn may produce a disordered physical state. One cannot be entirely happy if he has indigestion, and great unhappiness retards both digestion and assimilation. But the same degree of sickness will affect different persons differently. One will be merely less exuberant, less buoyant than usual. Another's whole outlook upon life will be changed; he will become almost impossible to his friends. The difference is personal; it lies in the different attitude to one's emotions, whether he controls them or is dominated by them.

Some fussers seem to get along fairly well in business. Indeed a certain percentage of them live longer than those who, because of a great inward driving force, always push themselves to the limit of endurance. Weeks, for instance, may outlast Wells, because he indulges his whims. He takes holidays quite often and considers himself delicate. Precautions hedge him about much like the quills upon the fretful porcupine.

He may live longer, but the chances are that he will not. Violent emotions use up energy. One cannot give way to frequent fits of rage without wasting strength that might otherwise be better employed. Also they lessen efficiency, because an unhappy temperament interferes with that fine adjustment to one's surroundings that makes a smooth-running machine. On his bad days Weeks throws the whole office force out of gear and comes home exhausted, but with enough misdirected energy left to disrupt his entire household.

There is a man in the same office with Weeks and Wells whom we shall call Doolittle. Weeks is afflicted with a hypertrophied emotional nature. Wells has his days of depression as well as his days of elevation, but in spite of these he goes steadily on, smoothly, efficiently, purposefully. Doolittle, however, seems to have no emotions whatever. He appears to be entirely contented with his lot; he is a plodder, without ambition or incentive. It can be predicted of Doolittle that he will stick to his job. He will be doing the same thing in the same way twenty years from now. He represents the other emotional extreme; he never has violent outbursts of rage or periods of great happiness. With him life is a dead level. The only change Doolittle will make will be when, as he gets older, the firm gives him a job carrying less responsibility and less pay.

Temperament is very largely dependent upon three factors, one of which is heredity. Some people are born with nervous tendencies and others are so unemotional as to be called phlegmatic. Another factor which influences temperament is early training. It would not be extraordinary, would it, if Weeks' children should acquire his unpleasant mannerisms. Inheritance may be partly responsible, but no small part is due to the atmosphere of continual bickering and emotional storms in which they pass the formative period of their lives. Unless Mrs. Weeks is as wise as her husband is foolish, their early education at home will be neglected. They are not being taught self-control at the time when lasting impressions are made. The third factor is intelligence, which is the most important of all.

Mrs. Wells' house and children are well cared for, and yet she has time for other activities, time even for life's amenities. She cleans, darns, does fancywork, and still manages to go to the theater occasionally and to keep fairly well posted about the world outside.

Let us suppose, however, that Mrs. Weeks is much like her husband in temperament. Mrs. Weeks is busier than Mrs. Wells, but she never seems to finish anything. If you were to spend a day in her house you would understand why. You would see her go many times in quick succession from the kitchen to the bedroom and back to the dining room and kitchen, constantly driven from task to task, always beginning something new before completing what she is doing. False moves and wasted energy! You would realize that she is the slave and not the mistress of her emotions. The doorbell and the telephone annoy her. She says they drive her almost wild. If you give her the slightest chance she will tell you her troubles in all their details, and in the telling her voice will become high-pitched and querulous. All through the day there will be lost motion, and many high peaks of emotion, by both of which energy is wasted.

To a very great extent efficiency is dependent upon energy. Now energy is partly physical and partly mental. A healthy man will do more and better work than a man of equal intelligence who is handicapped by a physical disability. The exceptions to this rule are only apparent, not real. There are men who carry on great enterprises and achieve marked success in spite of ill health, but they do so because of superior intelligence and force of character. Still, energy is largely determined by digestion and assimilation, by strength of heart and by the quality of the blood which supplies the tissues.

In choosing a man for a job, among the requisites sought should be good health. Ill health is distracting; its influence upon thought and judgment is profound. Also he should not be too emotional—much irritated by slight occurrences or easily depressed. Because of the effect upon emotions, if possible his home conditions should be reasonably pleasant, so that he may be free from extraordinary worries. Still, if he has equanimity this need not be a barrier to his acceptance. He should be reasonably sure of himself, not too modest, not too self-confident.

Intelligence Versus Knowledge

POSSESSING all these qualifications, the final and most important requisite is the ability to learn, which is intelligence. It is in intelligence that men differ most. These differences are not always apparent, because we confuse intelligence with knowledge. The one is inherited; it is a matter of brain cells and their grouping, in which no two persons are exactly alike. The other is acquired. A certain amount of intelligence is necessary in order that we may accumulate knowledge, but in some cases it seems to need very little.

Intelligence has been likened to a machine, and knowledge to the raw material. Even a comparatively low-grade mind can acquire knowledge, but it takes one of high grade to use it to best advantage.

We can all remember at least one prodigy of our school-days, the boy or girl with an almost uncanny capacity for acquiring knowledge. They got their lessons by rote and recited them when called upon in class without omitting a single word, hardly missing the punctuation. At examinations they received high marks, and were objects of envy of all the others. Great things were predicted of them by the teachers. But somehow or other they didn't size up so well among the students, who knew more about them in their other activities. And after leaving school they dropped almost completely out of sight. They had plenty of knowledge but not enough intelligence to apply it. Such a person is like a boy with an enormous appetite and capacity for food but who lacks ability to transform it into tissue.

In respect of intelligence one fact is absolutely certain, belief to the contrary notwithstanding: All men are not born equal. Orators on occasion are wont to declaim that they are, and certain radical political sects hold to it as the very foundation of their creeds. But all the laws that could be formulated cannot make men equal.

Opportunity has a great deal to do with success, but there are those who have much of it and yet fail, and others whom neither adverse circumstances nor poverty nor ill health can keep down. The truly great ones of the earth overcome all handicaps and reach the topmost level.

Beneath them are many substrata of those who will not rise no matter how much fortune favors them.

We all recognize this fact in specific instances. We know that Jones is a good bookkeeper but that under no circumstances could he have fitted himself to be President of the United States; that Smith is a mediocre lawyer but no amount of training could have made him a success as the manager of a big industry, a job which requires vision, force and the ability to handle men.

These isolated facts concerning human intelligence have been universally if rather vaguely recognized, but it remained for the science of psychology to formulate them into a law. During the first half of the last decade systematic studies of mentally defective children were begun almost simultaneously in France and in America. Later these investigations were extended to groups of normal children.

Certain mental tests were devised and improved until at the present time they are fairly standardized. In thousands of instances in both countries their accuracy in determining the mental capacities of children was proved.

And then came our entrance into the war and the mobilizing of our young men. Millions of them had to be classified mentally as well as physically in order that they might be so placed that they could be of most service to their country. Very soon at every camp there was not only a medical examining board but a group of psychologists. More than 1,700,000 were tested for their intellectual abilities and classified. Neither knowledge of warfare nor previous schooling had anything to do with their grades; the tests were based upon intelligence, the ability to learn, to understand orders and to carry them out.

The Law of Mental Levels

A UNIFORM set of test questions were given out and the men were graded according to the number of points made in the examinations, the grades being A, B, C plus, C, C minus, D, D minus and E, or eight in all, of which A was the highest and E the lowest. In the examinations the highest number of points obtainable was 212, but as low as 135 points placed a man in the A grade. The B's were those who scored from 125 to 134 points, and so on down to those of the D minus and E grades, who scored less than fifteen.

These examination questions were not of the ordinary kind, based upon book knowledge; they were devised to bring out a man's ability to perceive, to comprehend, and to exercise his judgment. A few of the simpler questions are given here in order that this fact may be understood:

Are cats useful animals because they catch mice, or because they are gentle, or because they are afraid of dogs?

Do these two words mean the same or opposite: Wet — dry?

Rearrange each of these groups of words into a sentence and tell whether it is a true or false statement:

Lions strong are.
days there in are week eight a.
leg flies one have only.

Write the next two numbers in this series:

3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

In this series

15, 20, 25, 30, 35.

From the four words in heavy type select one that is related to the third word in italics as the second is to the first:

gun—shoots : : knife — run cuts hat bird.

Each question was fully explained and the men had ample time to finish the examination. No one was rated D minus who answered correctly any fifteen questions of the list.

Under Explanations of Ratings the report of the Surgeon General states:

"The rating a man earns furnishes a fairly reliable index of his ability to learn, to think quickly and accurately, to analyze a situation, to maintain a state of mental alertness, and to comprehend and follow instructions. The score is little influenced by schooling. Some of the highest records have been made by men who had not completed the eighth grade. The meaning of the letter ratings is as follows:

"A. Very Superior Intelligence. This grade is ordinarily earned by only four or five per cent of the draft quota. The A group is composed of men of marked intellectuality. A men are of higher officer type when they are also endowed with leadership and other necessary qualities.

"B. Superior intelligence. B intelligence is superior but less exceptional than that represented by A. The rating B is obtained by eight to ten soldiers out of a hundred

"C plus. High Average Intelligence. This group includes about fifteen to eighteen per cent of all soldiers, and contains a large amount of non-commissioned officer material with occasionally a man whose leadership and power to command fit him for commissioned rank."

The grades run all the way down through C, C minus, D and D minus, to E.

The immense contrast between A and D minus intelligence is shown by the fact that men of A intelligence have the ability to make a superior record in college, while D minus men are of such inferior mentality that they are rarely able to go beyond the third or fourth grade of the elementary school, however long they attend. In fact, most D minus and E men are below the mental age of ten years, and at best are on the border line of mental deficiency. B intelligence is capable of making an average record in college. C plus intelligence cannot do so well, while mentality of the C grade is rarely capable of finishing a high school course.

The conclusions were many times corroborated by experience. For example, nearly all the officers had received their rank before the tests were made and yet 82 per cent were found to be in the A and B groups. Before a certain army unit went overseas the officers rejected as mentally unfit for overseas service 306 men. Subsequent mental tests showed that 90 per cent of these men were of a mental age of ten years or under.

If we grant that the results of these army tests were even approximately accurate we are forced to the conclusion that the rest of us grade mentally about as the men did in the Army. Nearly two millions of them, from all parts of the country, from all walks of life and with all degrees of education and ignorance, they can reasonably be regarded as a standard by which to judge the other hundred-odd millions of us.

Let us see, then, how the people of this country average up in accordance with the doctrine of mental levels. Remember that children are included in this estimate, because it is based upon the attainment of or the ability to reach a certain mental development, and not upon knowledge. On the basis of 100,000,000 there are in the United States:

Of A grade, Very Superior Intelligence	4,500,000
Of B grade, Superior Intelligence	9,000,000
Of C plus grade, High Average Intelligence	16,500,000
Of C grade	25,000,000
Of C minus grade	20,000,000
Of D grade, those whose mental age is 9¼ to 11¼ years	15,000,000
Of D minus and E grades	10,000,000

D minus persons have the mental age of a child of ten years or less. They are not capable of advancing beyond the third or fourth grade of the elementary school, no matter how long they may attend. Those of the E group are mentally deficient. Many of them belong to that class of the feeble-minded called morons.

To go back to the army examinations for a moment, if a certain large proportion of men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one or over had the mental development—that is, the intelligence—of young children, is it possible that any kind of education, however eagerly pursued, would have brought them up to the B or A grade? If not, we come logically to the law of mental levels, which is this.

Every human being comes into the world with a potentiality for mental development that will carry him so far, and, barring accident, nothing can affect the mental level which he will attain.

That sounds like the doctrine of predestination applied to mundane things, and in a sense it is. However, it merely states as a general proposition what everybody knows—that we cannot all be great, measured by the same standards. Unless we deny this fundamental and self-evident truth we must recognize the absurdity of the doctrine of intellectual and social equality. If social and economic equality could be brought about, how could it be achieved? By bringing all those of the A, B and C groups to the D level, or by raising the D's to the A and B grades, or by bringing both extremes toward the middle?

Work in an Ideal Society

IF BY edict and legislation this could be done, how long would it last? Probably not the span of a generation. Even in the matter of an equal division of property, it would not take long for the A's and B's and C's to get back more than their equal share

Two fundamental truths are ignored by those who hold the doctrine of equality. One is that those of lesser intelligence are invariably guided by the more intelligent. Even a soviet government must have its leaders, whom the rabble follow with a blind faith. The other truth is that each mentality has its own standards of happiness and success, and each would suffer if raised or lowered from the plane to which it belongs. Sooner or later each would drift back to its own level.

What is absolutely essential to a healthy democracy is a widely disseminated feeling of mutual confidence. Noticeable lack of it at the present time is the cause of so much social unrest, for which the A's and B's are at least a responsible as the C's and D's

An ideal society would be that in which every one of us had exactly the kind of work to do for which he is best fitted; but for obvious reasons that is not possible. Many conditions may interfere; such as, for instance, lack of early education, ill health, poverty, inherited nervous tendencies, and in many cases mistaken choice of occupation.

This last is of more frequent occurrence than is commonly supposed. Even the professions have their misfits, who, through mistaken choice or because they followed in the line of least resistance, have become physicians or lawyers or preachers and have not discovered their error

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WILDCAT LUCK

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

LEAVING Portland an hour after midnight, the deadhead Wildcat sat in the smoking room of the Mud Turtle's San Francisco bound Pullman. The passengers were in bed. On the window end of the leather seat, shivering himself out of a coating of Columbia River mud which he had accumulated that afternoon during a smelt harvest, was the Mud Turtle.

"Boy, dem shivers is workin' overtime. Nevah seed such a partial shiverin' fool. How come yo' mis'ry gits you by fractions? Shiver all over an' git done wid it. Is you cold inside?"

The Mud Turtle forcibly arrested his chattering teeth.

After he had calmed his vocal organs he answered the Wildcat, but when he became articulate his feet assumed the staccato movement. The Wildcat looked at him.

"Stan' up befo' you loses dat step. Leave me learn 'at new footwork. I nevah seed feet so anxious. Don't waste dem steps."

The Mud Turtle grabbed his knees and shoved his feet firmly against the floor of the car.

"Wilcat, what I needs is gin till I gits warmed up."

"You an' me both. Any boy needs gin. I been needin' it since away back. You sho looks cold. Was you a ice man you'd be rich. Ise seed folks cold an' Ise seed 'em shiver, but it sho looks to me, Mud Turtle, like youse de champion shimmy king of de worl'. Ketch dat leg! Dog-gone, boy, you sho would be pop'lar durin' de hot spell down where us comes fum! You makes me cold lookin' at you."

The Mud Turtle's jaws started on another chattering ruckus.

"Dere you goes agin! Now you cain't talk. Whilst youse dumb Ise a mind to use some cuss words on you what ol' Cap'n Jack learned me. Sho would use 'em, 'ceptin' dey'd burn you to a cinder. Stay here whilst I 'vestigates an' sees kin I 'cumulate some stove juice to heat you up wid."

The Wildcat walked ahead through the train. He sought strong drink from every porter he encountered, but his search was unsuccessful until he came to the dining car.

"Whah at you think you is—heavin? Cuba? Ain't nuthin' to drink on dis car," a burly chef answered the Wildcat's inquiry.

"Dey's a cold boy back dere. Fell in de riveh an' stood out in de night rain in Poteland. Can't git near him fo' de chips o' teeth flyin' through de air. When he gits to shiverin' good he looks like him an' two twin brothehs."

"White boy?" The chef ventured a casual inquiry.

"Is I said white boy? White boys packs it wid 'em. It's mah ol' Mud Turtle podneh what craves de gin."

"'At's diffunt." The chef grunted and got up. "Come wid me." He led the Wildcat into the kitchen of the car. From one of the cupboards against the partition he lifted a pint bottle full of a light yellow fluid. He poured some of this into a smaller bottle. Out of another bottle containing a brown aromatic liquid he filled the second bottle. He shook the smaller bottle until the two liquids in it were mixed. He handed the bottle to the Wildcat.

"Give dat boy dis."

"Sho will. What's de name o' dis licker?"

"Ain't got no public name. Us boys calls it hoof oil. It kicks—some. Better tie 'at boy's hind legs does he take mo'n two drinks."

"What's de m'gredients?"

"Dat's a church secret. Don't ask me no questions. 'At's five dollahs."

"Five dollahs! What you mean, church secret?"

"Ise a hooch rabbi off de run. I leads a Oakland ginagogue. I said five dollahs. How you 'spec' us rabbis gwine to thrive 'ceptin' by takin' up de collection now an' den when we issues dis here rabbi juice?"

"How come dat rabbi name?"

The chef looked at him.

"You sho is a ignorant nigger. Ain't you met up wid no rabbis yet?"

"Cain't say I is. What is dey?"

In the chef's gaze was an expression of contempt.

"Boy, when you sees me you sees a rabbi. I works at de rabbi business between trips. De rabbi lodge was o'ganized wid all de culled bartenders. Now'days mos' all we rabbis is union bootleggers. Git back dah wid dat hoof oil befo' it blows up. Where at's de five dollahs?"

The Wildcat handed the chef a five-dollar bill and returned to his car, where the Mud Turtle was doing the best he could to shake his arms off.

"Hot dam! Heah you is, ol' Mud Turtle! You sho got a noble rattle in yo' right han'. Pears like wid a pair o' gallopin' cubes you might throw some killin' sevens. 'Sorb one drink o' dis heah rabbi juice an' resurrect yo'self."

"One drink! Boy, gimme dat bottle! I handles mah licker!"

The Wildcat uncorked the bottle and held it to the Mud Turtle's chattering lips. The Mud Turtle took a whiff of the liquid. Its perfume seemed to inspire a new set of internal calisthenics in the Mud Turtle. After he had quit writhing the Wildcat again pressed the remedy upon him.

"Drink it fo' I drips it on you! Go ahead an' drink! I'll hol' yo' nose."

He succeeded in pouring the contents of the bottle into the Mud Turtle. The Mud Turtle absorbed the hoof oil as far as his equator. Then he reacted

Ten Feet Above Him, Tangible as Iron, Real as Gold, Festooned With Hair and Horns, Stood Lily, the Mascot Goat

with a series of undulations in which was all of the reserve energy of the surging deep. Then he suddenly became quiet, except for his rolling eyeballs, from which gleamed an exalted light.

"Dat sho tamed you! Is yo' insides hot?"

The Mud Turtle's only reply was a sudden stiffening of his right leg, followed a second later by a similar movement with his left. His right arm extended violently, then the ham-sized fist on the end of his left arm went through the plate-glass window beside him. He leaped to the center of the smoking compartment. For a moment he danced on both feet, and then he began to stage a movement compared with which a cyclone was only a boy's-size disturbance. He combined the activity of a whirling dervish with the technic of an earthquake.

The Wildcat retreated to the safety of the tapestry curtain which hung in the doorway. There for a little while he conducted an innocent-bystander business, which presently ended in disaster. Up to the moment the Mud Turtle had been silent, but now from his throat came a yelp which drowned the rattle of the train. The Wildcat sought to calm him down.

"How come? Boy, git tame! You'll wake de white folks in dis car, an' dey'll massacree you. Shut up!"

The Mud Turtle's only answer was a renewed succession of yells. Suddenly he stopped short, and for a space of minutes he regarded his companion with a pair of glassy eyes under whose hypnotic spell the Wildcat began to shrivel.

"Don' look dat way! You's got de graveyard eye. You took too much hoof oil," he said weakly. "Lemme put 'at blanket round you."

He took one step toward the center of the compartment, and on the instant the Mud Turtle leaped at him. The Wildcat had been in many a ruckus abroad and at home, but home was never like this, and the worst he saw in France was a busy time at Château-Thierry. This was different trouble, and worse. The Wildcat abandoned his tactics of fair fighting. He kicked and struck wildly at the Mud Turtle without effect. He despaired of conquering the tornado which writhed on the floor beside him. Then he succeeded in obtaining the blanket in which the Mud Turtle had been wrapped. He maneuvered for three seconds and threw a hitch round the Mud Turtle's neck and another one round his leg. An instant later the whirlwind was trussed up and confined with a hard square knot.

The Mud Turtle's yells gave place to a series of snarling grunts, punctuated now and then with the yowling scream invented some years back by the female panther. The Wildcat secured a folded towel from the rack above his head and in a moment the panther was muffled. The victor stood panting for a little while, gazing at the conquest, which still writhed and rolled on the floor. The Wildcat reached for the empty bottle and inspected five or six drops of liquid which remained in it.

"Hoof oil, you sho is double dynamite! I saves you. Mebbe sometime I meets up wid a army what starts a ruckus wid me. Den I'll 'sorb two drops an' win de battle."

He replaced the cork in the bottle and stowed it carefully in his pocket.

"Does I need to I figger dat wid fo' drops of dis hoof oil I kin conquer de worl'."

He turned again to the Mud Turtle. The Pullman blanket lashed round the Mud Turtle cramped his style to a considerable degree, but for all his impedimenta he was still active enough to threaten the peace-on-earth theory. The Wildcat spoke to him.

"Boy, I sequesters you till de debbil leaves you. Mebbe by de time us gits to San F'mcisco you'll be human agin."

The Wildcat stepped into the passageway, and at the end of the open section of the car he opened the door of the linen closet. He returned to the smoking compartment and dragged the Mud Turtle out of the room wherein the ruckus had been staged. At the door of the linen closet the Wildcat encountered a difficult problem in that the least dimension of the Mud Turtle in his present pose was greater than the width of the door. He grabbed the door framing with both hands and applied his right foot to the Mud Turtle's anatomy.

"Whuf! Git in dere!"

He strained hard at his task, and presently a heroic effort was rewarded by the disappearance of the Mud Turtle into the dark interior of the linen closet. The Wildcat stooped down and removed the towel from about the Mud Turtle's mouth.

"Yell yo' head off, ol' debbil! You kain't soun' loud in heah. Folks'll think de ol' engine is whistlin'."

Before the Wildcat shut the door the Mud Turtle took advantage of his vocal freedom and emitted a strenuous howl. A middle-aged gentleman halfway down the car stuck his head through the berth curtains.

"Is she whistlin' for Eugene?" he called to the Wildcat.

"No, suh. Spec' it was a cow on de track or sumpin'. 'At's all. I wakes you up neah Eugene."

The Wildcat neglected to say which side of Eugene would be selected for the wakening ceremonies. He walked to the far end of the car, and on his return journey he accumulated the shoes of his passengers.

"I shines me dese heah shoes, an' den I sees kin I sleep me some. I bet was ol' Mud Turtle a egg, chances is he'd hatch out in dat linen closet—so hot."

In the smoking compartment the Wildcat spent an hour shining shoes. He distributed them with more or less accuracy, and presently he was stretched out sound asleep on the long leather seat.

I eats when I kin git it,
I sleeps mos' all de time.
I don't give a dog-gone
If the sun don't nevah shine ——

He slept until the first gray light of dawn announced the day. He got up and stretched himself and drank five or six slugs of free ice water.

"Jee I Wish I Didn't Dem Blue-Fezant Boys Say Dis Heah Mascot Goat ob Mine Was Roustin' Roun' Out Heah?"

"Lemme see," he yawned, "whereat is us." His mind covered the events of his immediate past and collided heavily with the battle which had been fought in the night. "Wondeh how ol' Mud Turtle is? I betteh git him fo' de passengers gets up. Wid all dat hoof oil in 'im, 'spec' he'll crave mo' wateh dan a mule."

He opened the door of the linen closet. In the far corner, propped against the wall, sat the Mud Turtle. The dazed expression on his face was completely surrounded by brunet skin and surmounted by a pair of owl-like eyes which blinked at the sudden light. The Wildcat whispered at him:

"Is you pacified? Dast I leave you loose?"

The Mud Turtle replied with a question:

"Was many folks hurt in de wreck?"

"Ain't been no wreck, 'ceptin' you like to wrecked me. Come out heah till I helps you rembeh yo' sinful past."

He hauled the Mud Turtle into the passageway and resurrected him from the interior of the blanket cocoon.

"Come on back heah," the Wildcat directed. "Stretch yo' legs an' come on back heah whilst I 'splains about you. Take 'at ol' coat off an' put on dis white coat."

The Mud Turtle removed his mud-caked blue coat and donned a crisp white jacket. For a while he sat quietly on the leather seat in the smoking room. Finally he turned to the Wildcat.

"All I 'members is takin' one drink."

"All I remembers pussonly is what you did after you took 'at one drink. Thought you said you could handle yo' licker! I nevah seed such a wild man. Boy, you started single, but when you an' 'at drink got confidential you sho was a army. Handle yo' licker! Huh! You couldn't handle de bottle, let alone what was in it. How come you lie such a big lie? Start out gentle nex' time."

"Mus' 'a' bin some new kind o' licker."

"Sho acted new. Wid one drink like dat in me when I was fightin' in France de old Guv'ment wouldn't need no mo' soldiers. I seed de night o' de big wind what blowed New Awluns clean up de Mississippi River; I knowed a mule what couldn't live in de mountains 'count o' kickin' 'em over; but las' night when you was goin' good I says, 'If a mule married a cyclone an' had a boy, he'd be you.' Hoof oil, dey calls it. 'At nigger what chefs in de dinin' car give it to me."

The Mud Turtle looked at the broken window beside him.

"Did I bus' 'at window?"

"Bus' 'at window? You sho did! All you did was blow yo' breaf at it. I tell you, you was bad. Ise seed folks what was plastered wid luck. You thinks youse plastered wid mud, but it ain't mud; it's real ol' luck. You had all the luck in the worl' gettin' out o' de claws o' dat juice. Dat stuff is tiger blood. You had enough wild time las' night to last you all de res' o' your life does you live fo' eveh an' eveh."

"Wilecat, you sounds right. When us gits to Oakland I craves to settle down. Mebbe I shows you a business I aims to 'vest in."

"You don't show me no business, boy. Only business I craves is to find Lily and Lady Luck. Lily's ramblin' loose somewhere in San F'mcisco wid dem blue-fezant boys. Does I meet up wid dat goat I'll sho bust him in de haid fo' leavin' me. Every time me an' Lily gits a divo'ce Ol' Man Hard Luck camps on my trail. Business sounds good; but me, I 'cumulates Lily, an' den I takes dem blue-fezant boys back to Chicago. Mebbe when I comes back heah nex' time us starts some business. Now now! Naw, suh—not me!"

"Wilecat, some business ain't so bad. All you does is set dere an' take in de money."

"All you does is set dere, you mean, an' listen to some triflin' nigger wantin' groceries or mebbe wantin' to eat whilst you supplies free grub does you run a restaurant. Dem boys what buys easy never is got money. Naw, suh, I don't want no business, Mud Turtle. All I want is Lady Luck an' mah mascot goat."

The Mud Turtle continued his business dream without paying much attention to the Wildcat's negative arguments.

"Dere's de anti-hair-kink business; all a boy does is buy some things at de drug sto' an' mix 'em an' sell 'em at fifty cents a bottle. All de niggers in de worl'll buy anti-kink juice. Ise seed some remedies what took off de scalp an' some what removes de brain; but it don't make no diffunce—niggers keeps on buyin' jes the same."

"Dat business is ol'," the Wildcat objected. "Dat's too ol' to work any mo'."

"So's kinky hair ol'," answered the Mud Turtle. "Dat business still ketches 'em. While de kinky hair lasts so does de antikink business. Dat ain't de only business I knows. You an' me had luck wid fish—part bad luck an' part good luck. Here's de ocean an' here's San F'mcisco Bay crowded wid fish. S'pose us gits a wagon an' some hooks fo' ketchin' fish an' comes home every day wid a wagonload."

"Don' say fish to me, boy! All de bad luck Ise had lately come fum fish. See kin you talk 'bout some good-luck business does yo' crave to. Ah ain't got oveh mah fish luck yit."

"How 'bout de bootleggin' business, Wilecat? Dey sho is big money in dat."

"Nobody to sell to no mo'. Everybody's bootleggin' now. You steps up to a man on de street an' says, 'How 'bout it?' An' he thinks you's tryin' to buy. Everybody's bootleggin'! See kin you think o' some business what's got customers instead of everyhody runnin' de business deyself. Naw, suh, I aims not to let no business 'flooence me. I rounds me up Lily an' meets up wid Lady Luck, an' some day I sees ol' Cap'n Jack agin, an' den I quits worryin'. What I craves mos' is to ketch Lily, an' den git some regulah run where I sleeps mos' all de time. 'Less I fin's mah mascot I aims to quit de whole Pullman business an' let 'em git on de bes' dey can widout me."

"Boy, how come you so tame? When we lef' Poteland all you talked about was startin' a sinful life an' bustin' all de speed records on de road to hell. Now all you craves is to settle down. Has de itch got you? 'Pears like you needs quinine."

"I don't need nuthin' 'ceptin' Lily an' Lady Luck—an' mebbe a slug o' gin."

"Cain't git no gin now'days."

"Mud Turtle, when us gits to Oakland you follow me. I'll bet dat boy what chefs on dis train knows whereat is some gin. Any man what kin throw a dose o' hoof oil together on short notice what makes a nigger look like a cyclone sho can dig up a drink o' gin. Quick as us gits to Oakland I trails 'at boy down. I depends on him fo' gin. 'At's better'n any business talk you's talkin'."

"I'll say so, Wilecat—fo'get de business! Us has money anyhow. There's that fo' hundred dollahs you give me, an' whatever youse got left off de Spindlin' Spider boy you cleaned in Poteland. I 'grees wid you—fo'get de business when we gits to Oakland!"

With the arrival of the train in Oakland about four minutes sufficed to clear up the Mud Turtle's official obligations to the company. Immediately thereafter he and the Wildcat set out to overtake the dining-car chef, whom they had seen leaving the terminal. The Wildcat edged up beside him.

"Boy," he said, "how 'bout some licker? Me an' the Mud Turtle here craves a couple o' slugs o' gin."

The chef looked at the Wildcat.

"Us handles some gin, but it sho comes high."

"Boy, us aims to pay high. You ain't talkin' to no busted steamboat niggers. Us ain't fiel' han's. Me an' my podneh got money; all we craves is gin."

The chef's gaze left the Wildcat's face for a moment and seemed to travel to some more distant point. The Wildcat's statement of his finances had roused his cupidity.

"Come on heah," he said briefly.

The three made their way uptown and presently entered the door of a ramshackle structure standing midway of a block lined with similar buildings. They walked into a darkened room, and the Wildcat saw a fresco of gleaming white eyeballs ranged about him.

"Whereat is us?" he asked the rabbi.

"Dis heah's de Oakland Pleasure Club, sort of a social offshoot fum de church."

"What church?"

"Church is called Banded Brothehs of de Loose Barrel Hoop."

The chef turned to the assemblage.

"Boys, meet up wid de Mud Turtle. I 'spec' some o' you-all knows him. Dis heah other boy travels under de name o' de Wilecat."

A voice from a corner of the room bellowed into the midst of the assemblage.

"What'll it be, boys? Dis is on de Wilecat."

The Wildcat put on financial brakes.

"How come?"

"Dis heah's de initiation drink. Everybody what joins de banded brothehs buys a drink fo' de congregation."

The Wildcat's eyes had become more accustomed to the darkness.

"'Pears like I gits lifted fo' goin' on fo'ty drinks."

Presently half a dozen bottles were mingling round with the congregation, and the Wildcat's words to the Mud Turtle beside him were drowned in a chorus of gurgling throats. The gulping ceased. Out of an obscure corner of the room came the auditor's tones:

"Eighty-two dollars. Wilecat, pay me befo' de long greens gits wilted."

The Wildcat was no piker, but the bill hit him hard.

"Ise seen saloons you could buy complete fo' half de money," he remonstrated.

He walked over to where a narrow square of light broke through a wall. He fished out a big roll of bills, from which he proceeded to count ninety dollars. He replaced the money in his pocket. As he did so a yellow electric light flashed in another part of the room and burned steadily above a small table upon which was stretched a green cloth. A man beside the table called to the newcomer:

"Wilecat, de pleasure part o' de entertainment now starts. Now you gits action."

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He Dragged the Mud Turtle Out of the Room Wherein the Ruckus Had Been Staged

TWO AND TWO

By Alice MacGowan and Perry Newberry

X

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

AGAIN I saw that glow from the Gilbert garage, hanging on the fog; a luminosity of the fog; saw it disappear as the mist deepened and shrouded it. But Worth was answering me, and somehow his words seemed forced.

"Sit tight a minute, Jerry. Have another cup of coffee while I telephone, then I'll put the roadster in and open up down there. I'll call you—or you can see my lights."

He left me. I heard him at the instrument in the hall get his number, talk to someone in a low voice, and then go out the front door; next thing was the sound of the motor, the glare of its lamps as it rounded into the driveway and started down back, illuminating everything. In the general glare thrown on the fog the fainter light was invisible, but across a plot of kitchen garden I saw where it had been—a square squat building of concrete, flat roofed, trailing vines in boxes drooping over its cornice; the typical garage of such an establishment, but nearly double the usual size. The light had come from there, but how? In the short time that the lamps of the machine were showing it up to me there seemed no windows on this side; only the double doors for the car's entrance—closed now—and a single door which was crossed by two heavy, barricading planks nailed in the form of a great X.

Worth ran the machine close up against the doors, jumped down, and I could see his tall form, blurred by the mist, moving about to slide them open. The lamps of the roadster made little showing now as he rolled it in. Then these were switched off and everything down there was dark as a pocket. For a time I sat and waited for him to light up and call me, then started down. The fog was making that kind of dimness which has a curious illusory character. I suppose I had gone half the distance of the garden walk when, thrown up startlingly on the obscurity, I saw a square of white, and across that shining screen moved the silhouette of a human head. The thing danced before my eyes for a bare second, then blackness.

With Cummings' queer hints in my mind, I started running across the garden toward it. About the first thing I did was to step into a cold frame, plunging my foot through the glass, all but going to my knees in it; and when I got up, swearing, I was turned round, ran into bushes, tripped over obstructions, and traveled, I think, in a circle.

Then I began to go more cautiously. No use getting excited. That was only Worth I had seen. And still I was unwilling to call, ask him to show a light. I groped along until my outstretched fingers came across the corner of a building, rough, stonelike—the concrete garage and study. I felt along, seeing a bit now, and was soon passing my hands over the barricading planks of that door.

I might have lit a match, but I preferred to find out what I could by feeling round, and that cautiously. I discovered that the door had been broken in, the top panels shattered to kindling wood, the force of the assault having burst a hinge, so that the whole thing sagged drunkenly behind the heavy planks that propped it, while a strong bolt, quite useless, was still clamped into a socket which had been torn, screws and all, from the inside casing.

Sliding my hands over the broken top panel I found that it had been covered on its inner side by a piece of canvas; the screen on which that shadow had been thrown—from within the room. There was no light there now; there was no sound of motion within. The drip of the fog from the eaves was the only break in the stillness.

Then I Inspected the Skylight, Frame and Glass, Feeling It Over With My Hands. There Was No Entrance Here

"Worth!" I shouted at last, and he answered me instantly, hallooing from behind me and to one side of the house. I could hear him running and when he spoke it was close to my shoulder.

"Where are you, Jerry?"

"Where are you?" I countered. "Where have you been?"

"Getting a bar to pry off these boards."

"A bar?" I echoed stupidly.

"A crowbar from the shed These planks will have to come off to let us in."

"The devil you say!" I was exasperated. "There's someone in there now—or was a minute back. Show me the other way in."

I heard the ring of the steel bar as its end hit the hard graveled path.

"Someone in there? Jerry, you're seeing things."

"Sure I am," I agreed dryly. "But you get me to that other door quick!"

"The only other door is locked. I tried it from the garage. You're dreaming."

For reply I ran up to the door and thrust my fist through the canvas, ripping it away from its clumsy tacking.

"Who's in there?" I cried. "Answer me!"

Dead silence; then a click as Worth snapped on a flood of light from his pocket torch, saying tolerantly, tiredly, "I told you there was no one. There couldn't be."

"I tell you, Worth, there was! I saw the shadow on the square of that canvas. Give me the torch."

I pushed the flashlight through the opening and played the cone about the room in a quick survey; then brought the circle of white glow to rest upon one of the side walls; and my hand went down and back to grip fingers about the butt of my revolver There was, as Worth had said, but one other door to this room; but more, there was apparently no other exit; no windows, no breaks in the walls. My circle of light was on this second door; and at the very heart of that circle was a heavy steel bolt on the door, the bar of which was firmly shot into the socket on the frame. The only exit from that room, other than the door through which I now leaned with pistol raised, was locked—bolted from the inside!

Worth was crowding his big frame into the opening beside me.

"Keep back!" I growled. "Someone's inside." And I sent the light shaft into corners to drive out the shadows, to cut in under the desk and chairs. Worth's reply was a laugh, and his arm went by me to reach inside the door. Then as his fingers found the button a light sprang out from a lamp upon the center desk.

"You're letting your nerves play the deuce with you, Jerry," he said lightly. "Make way for my crowbar and we'll get in out of the wet."

I made no answer, but for a long moment more I searched that room with my eyes; but it was the kind you see all over at a glance. Big, square, plain, it hadn't a window in it; the walls, lined with bookshelves, floor to ceiling; a fireplace; a library table with drawers; a few chairs. No chance for a hide-out. I glanced at the ceiling, and confirmed the evidence of my eyes. There was a skylight; and through it had come that curious glow that first attracted my attention to the place.

Then I gave Worth room to wield his tools on the barred door, while I ran quickly back to the house, into the kitchen, and plumped down in the chair where I had sat before. The light showed on the fog, brightened and dimmed as the mist drifted past. There was no possibility of a mistake; someone had been in the study, had turned on the table lamp, had projected his shadow against the patched panel of the door, and had somehow left the room, one door bolted, the only other exit barred and nailed.

I went back and rejoined Worth, who was standing where a brownish stain on the rug marked a spot a little nearer the corner of the table than it was to the outer door. A curious place for a suicide to fall. Behind the table was the library chair in which Thomas Gilbert worked when at his desk; beside it a small cabinet with a humidor on its top, and the open door below revealing several decanters and bottles, whisky and wine glasses, a tray; between the desk and the fireplace were two other chairs, large and comfortable; but in front of the table—between it and the door—was barren floor.

It is a fact that most men who shoot themselves do so while sitting; some lying on a bed; few standing. The psychology of this I must leave to others, but experience

has taught me to question the suicide of one who has seemingly placed the muzzle of a revolver against himself while on his feet. Thomas Gilbert had stood; had chosen to take his life as he was walking from door to desk, or from desk to door.

"Worth," I said, "there was somebody in here just now."

"Couldn't have been, Jerry," he answered quietly; then added, his eyes on that stain, "I never could calculate what my father would do. But when I talked to him last night, right here in this room, he didn't seem to me a man ready to take his own life."

"You quarreled?"

"We always quarreled, whenever we met."

"But this quarrel was more bitter than usual?"

"The last quarrel would seem the bitterest, wouldn't it, Jerry?" he asked. Then, after a moment: "Poor Jim Edwards!"

I caught my tongue to hold back the question. Worth went on:

"When I phoned him just now he hadn't heard a word about it. Seemed terribly upset."

"Hadn't heard?" I echoed.

"You know we saw him at Tait's last night. He took the Pacheco Pass road from San Francisco; drove straight to his ranch without hitting Santa Ysobel."

I wanted another look at that man Edwards. I was to have it

Worth went on absently: "He'll be along presently to stay here while I'm away Monday. Told me it would be the first time he'd put foot in the house for four years. As boys up in Sonoma County he and father always disagreed, but sometime these last years there was a big split over something. They were barely on speaking terms and good old Jim took my news harder than as though I'd been telling him of the death of a near friend."

"Works like that with us humans," I nodded. "Let someone die that you've disagreed with, and you remember every row you ever had with them; remember it and regret it—which is foolish."

"Which is foolish," Worth repeated, and seemed for the first time able to get away from the spot at which he had stopped.

He went over to the empty, fireless hearth and stood there, his back to the room, elbows on the mantel propping his head, face bent, oblivious of anything that I might do. It oughtn't to be hard to find the way this place could be entered and left by a man solid enough to cast a shadow, with quick fingers to snap the light on and off. But when I made a painstaking examination of a corner grate with a flue too small for anything but a chimney swallow to go up and down, a ceiling solidly beamed and paneled, the glass that formed the skylight set in firmly as part of the roof, when I turned up rugs and inspected an unbroken floor, even tried the corners of bookcases to see if they masked a false entrance—I owned myself, for the moment, beaten there.

"Give me your torch—or go with me, Worth," I said. "I'd like to take a scoot round outside."

He didn't speak, only indicated the flash light by a motion, where it lay on the shelf beside his hand. I took it, unbolted the door and stepped into the garage

Everything all right here—my roadster; a much handsomer small machine beyond it. A bench, portable forge and drill made a repair shop of one corner, and as my light flashed over these I checked and stared. Why had Worth gone to the shed hunting a crowbar to open the door? Here were tools that would have served as well. I put from me the hateful thought, damned Cummings and his suspicions. The shadow didn't have to be Worth. Certainly he had not first lit that lamp, for I had seen it from the kitchen with him beside me. Someone other than Worth had been in there when Worth put up the roadster. I'd find the man it really was. But even as I crossed to Eddie Hughes' door something at the back of my head was saying to me that Worth could have been in that room that there was time for him to be, if he had taken the crowbar from the garage and not from the shed as he said he did.

At this I took myself in hand. The lie would have been so clumsy a one that there was no way but to accept this statement for the truth; and someone else had made that shadow on the cloth.

I tried the chauffeur's door and found it locked; called, shook it, and had set my shoulder against it to burst it in, when the rolling door on the street side moved a little, and a voice said, "Hy-y-ah! What you doin' there?"

I turned and flashed my light on the six-inch crack of the sliding door. It gave me a strip of man, a long drab face at top, solid, meaty looking, yet somehow slightly cadaverous, a half shut eye, a crooked mouth—if I met that mug in San Francisco I'd have labeled it "tough," and located it south of Market Street.

Slowly, it seemed rather reluctantly, Eddie Hughes worked the six-inch crack wider by working himself through it.

"What the hell do you want in my room for?" he demanded. The form of the words was truculent, but the words themselves slid in a sort of spiritless fashion from the corner of that crooked mouth of his, and he added in the next breath, "I'll open up for you when I've lit the blinks."

There was a central lamp that made the whole place as bright as day. Eddie fumbled a key out of his pocket, threw the door of his room open, and stepped back to let me pass him

"Capehart tells me Worth's here," he said as we went in.

"When?" I gave him a sharp look. He seemed not to notice it

"Just now. I came straight from there."

He came straight from there? Did he supply an alibi so neatly because of that shadowy head on the door panel? For a long minute we each took measure of the other, but Eddie's nerves were less reliable than mine; he spoke first.

"Well?" he grunted, scarcely above his breath. And when I continued to stare silently at him, he writhed a shoulder with "What's doing? What d'yuh want of me?"

Still silently, I pulled out with my thumb through the armhole of my vest the police badge pinned to the suspender. His ill-colored face went a shade nearer the yellow white of tallow.

"What for?" he asked huskily. "You haven't got nothin' on me. It was suicide—cor'ner's jury says so. Lord! It has to be, him layin' there, all hunched up on the floor, his gun so tight in his mitt that they had to pry the fingers off it!"

"So you found the body?"

He nodded and gulped.

(Continued on Page 30)

"These Books are Too Big to be Slipped Into a Pocket; and He Wouldn't Lend It—Wouldn't Willingly Let It Go From His Possession. In It Was Stolen"

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Famine

CALIFORNIA knows, the Great West knows, what it would mean to the country beyond the Rockies if for two years no rain fell in the fertile valleys, no snows drifted deep in the mountain passes.

Above, day after day, a hot sky, cloudless, lifeless, save for the circling buzzards; dust clouds whirling across the gaunt plains and dancing along the dry watercourses; seed lying dead in the baked ground; trees bleaching gray; bones of uncounted cattle whitening around water holes or sticking grotesquely through taut and rotting hides—that would be the Great West if the rains and the snows failed it utterly. Unless help came from across the mountains the people would die—slowly, dreadfully, like beasts, stripping the bark from the trees and tearing up the dried grass roots.

Conditions like these prevail in China to-day. Life has been held cheap, much too cheap, for six years now. It is time that we got back our old conception of its sacredness. For a few pennies we can save a man from starvation for a day, buy enough food for twelve dollars to keep him alive until the next harvest. Help from America is his only hope, his one chance. Unless that help comes to him from across the sea he must die. If there is no responsible relief agency in your neighborhood, the Editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST will receive and forward your contribution.

Remedies for Falling Prices

IT IS a well-recognized fact that the less a physician knows about anatomy and physiology the greater is his belief in and use of cures and remedies. The quack who has studied the cause of disease little, if any, far more easily addresses himself to its healing than those who seek through the painful process of scientific knowledge to comprehend whys and wherefores. Exactly the same contempt for causes, for economic laws and principles, is shown by those who rush upon the scene with glib and convincing medicines guaranteed to cure the evil of falling prices.

These remedies nearly always consist in one form or another of state help. But the state, or as we more often say in this country, the government, cannot relieve or repair the blunders, errors, misfortunes, risks and losses of one group without throwing them upon other groups which themselves are already as much overburdened. If a few counties were devastated by flood and hurricane, or one industry fell by the wayside while all others were prospering mightily, it might be possible for the whole to make good the damage to the part. But when the movement of prices is general, when all or nearly all industries and countries are involved, where is the magic in government aid? Surely spoiling the whole to relieve the part has in it none of the elements of magic.

But, it is objected, no one should be compelled to sell below cost. Men cannot be expected to lose in this way. The answer is that goods have never, as long as world markets existed, been sold on the basis of what the goods themselves cost. That is not what determines price. Cost, it is true, does determine price, but it is the cost of the next not of the present or past unit which makes the price. Prices are governed by the incoming product, not by last year's or that of the year before.

We may complain of the cruelty of this law, of how it bears down upon the weak and exalts the strong. Perhaps it is not so cruel if we remember that those who are called strong in the period of rainy days are usually merely those who were wise and provident enough to lay by a reserve when times were good. Many generalities are loosely written about how harshly competition bears upon the weak, yet those who lay the most stress on this point rarely mention the fact that "strong" and "weak" are often nothing but synonyms for "industrious" and "idle," for "frugal" and "extravagant."

But even if the economic forces be ever so cruel in their incidence they are not to be stayed by artificial price fixing or other schemes of valorization. Relief does not lie in that direction. Economic laws and forces work themselves out pretty much without possible escape from their effects. These forces can be diverted somewhat from one course to another; their form can be changed; but they cannot be destroyed any more than a physical force can be destroyed. Even the Government cannot do the impossible.

What the Government, or rather the people, can do is to prevent the inevitable working out of economic forces from being exaggerated and aggravated by the excitable and ill-balanced members of society. It is just as necessary to maintain one's perspective and sanity when prices are falling as when they are buoyantly rising. Persons who can see no bottom are just as foolish as those who a year or two earlier or later did and will see no top.

Great forces are difficult to arrest or destroy. But to the extent to which they are injurious why not try to prevent the same things from happening over again in future years? Now is the time for agricultural producers to make their plans for a more orderly marketing of their produce to take the place of the present system of glutting the markets. It is time for coöperative action to establish an adequate warehousing system to care for crops which can be stored and kept.

Most diseases of the human body receive a wiser treatment from the skilled physician than merely a violent effort to check such symptoms as pain and fever. Modern scientific medicine seeks to change the bad, unwholesome practices and habits which cause disease. It is less important to relieve rheumatic pains by giving the patient dope than it is to clean out or remove the decaying tooth which creates the trouble.

No stimulant or opiate, however strong, is going to cure industrial ills. Tinkering with such symptoms, such indications as money rates and falling and rising prices, will change the industrial pressure just about as much as manipulating the gauge will increase or reduce the amount of steam in a boiler. We have got to go after the ineffective methods, the wastes, and all the various complicated causes which make for extreme and injurious rising and falling prices.

The greatest of all disturbers of price levels and industrial equilibrium are war and heavy armaments. Unless the chances of war and the burden of armaments can be lessened there is as much hope of escaping the pains of future deflation and inflation as there is likelihood of a chronic drug fiend retaining throughout life a perfectly normal nervous system. The disease of excessive price movements will never be cured by any remedies except those which reach the causes.

Crime and the Alien

MR. RAYMOND B. FOSDICK'S recently published work on American Police Systems throws a flood of clear white light upon some of the results of practically unrestricted immigration. If any reliance is to be placed in the array of official figures with which his pages bristle, America is a lamentably lawless land. According to these statistics there are in New York City, year after year, anywhere from five to six times as many homicides as are reported in London. Chicago preserves about the same ratio, for during the five-year period that ended in 1918 there were 455 murders in that city as against 88 in the English capital.

Burglary seems to be a peculiarly thriving trade on this side of the water; for in one recent year New York had four times as many burglaries as London, and in 1915 its crimes of this nature outnumbered those that occurred in all England and Wales during 1911, 1912 or 1913. Our footpads and strong-arm men, according to official figures, are not less bold and enterprising than their brethren of the jimmy. In 1918, for example, New York had 849 robberies and assaults with intent to rob, where London had 63, and all England and Wales together scored only an even hundred. Motor-car thieves in this country have raised the volume of their activities to the rank of a flourishing industry. In 1919 the number of automobiles stolen in New York alone was 5527 as against 290 in London. Comparing St. Louis and Liverpool, which have about the same population, it is stated that 1244 thefts were reported in the former city as against 10 in the latter. The number of cars stolen in Detroit was 3482.

Our record for general criminality is not one from which much satisfaction can be derived. The number of arrests made in New York in 1917 outnumbered those made in London by 111,877. Chicago was 61,874 ahead of London; Boston 32,520; Philadelphia 20,005.

At first blush these striking figures might appear to indicate that our American police forces are singularly inefficient; but that is not what Mr. Fosdick set out to prove. He comes to the milk in the coconut at once: "The police of an American city are faced with a task such as European police organizations have no knowledge of. The Metropolitan Police Force of London with all its splendid efficiency would be overwhelmed in New York, and the Brigade de Sûreté of Paris, with its ingenuity and mechanical equipment, would fall far below the level of its present achievement if it were confronted with the situation in Chicago. . . . With rare exceptions, the populations of European cities are homogeneous. The population of American cities is heterogeneous to an extent almost without parallel. Only 3 per cent of London's population is foreign-born. Paris has 6 per cent, Berlin 2.9 per cent, Vienna approximately 1 per cent."

Contrast these figures with those for American cities: New York's foreign-born population is 41 per cent; Chicago's 36 per cent; Detroit's 33 per cent. Of New York's two million foreign-born more than a million and a half are of non-English-speaking peoples. The further one digs into Mr. Fosdick's figures the more disquieting they become to anyone who has the future welfare of the United States at heart.

The Senate Committee on Immigration and Naturalization lately heard protests against the passage of Mr. Johnson's measure for the temporary suspension of immigration. The alien had his day in court. The throngs that crowd the seaports of Western Europe waiting for shipping to bring them hither had their champions. Sentiment was on tap and running freely. It is a pity that more did not flow for America, for if sentiment is what makes the world go round there is all the more reason why we should not send our entire output overseas.

We can no longer plead ignorance in defense of a continuance of our reckless folly of the past. Our children will demand an accounting when they come into their birthright. It will be an impaired birthright at best, but we can still see to it that it is not whittled away to nothing. Generosity at the expense of others is often the dearest of vices, as it is always the cheapest of virtues.

What's the World Coming To?

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

ALTHOUGH post-mortem investigations are never popular, they are often interesting and instructive. The United States has passed from a boom period into an era bordering on industrial paralysis. The business depression that has come upon us was apparent on the horizon to close observers of world conditions more than a year ago. The only puzzling thing has been the slowness with which the inevitable situation has come to a head. Recent happenings have only added confirmation to the common truth that great movements or cycles in the industrial world are due to mass action and are beyond human control as long as mass psychology remains what it is. Although history for centuries has shown plainly that certain definite consequences follow certain definite causes, each succeeding cycle in business is viewed by the majority of people as an entirely new development, instead of the same old transition based on the same old economic laws.

The Readjustment of Industry

JUST as high prices could not be corrected by legislation, so now is it impossible to help greatly industries suffering from low prices by the enactment of laws. For months special interests, panicky over the outlook, have besieged Washington for help. In some cases so-called remedial action has been taken, and in many other instances it is likely that a similar effort will be made by Congress to alleviate some of the industrial distress. But after all is said and done, the only permanent remedy will be a natural one resulting from a wide general observance of the fundamental principles that now and always have controlled commerce and industry. People who tried vainly to hold prices at a fictitious level only succeeded in adding to the number of days of depression. Industries and corporations generally that have resisted the trend of the times in a desire to profit while others pay have but added confusion and extended the losses incurred.

The prices of fourteen of the principal United States crops declined on an average 36 per cent last year as compared with 1919. This meant a loss to the farmers of nearly $6,000,000,000, basing the estimate on the prices prevailing in the previous year. After witnessing this serious initial decline in our chief commodity market, many people of narrow vision still held to the harmful opinion that certain industries might continue in their state of artificial prosperity while other and less fortunate lines of business passed through a trying time of liquidation. A few labor leaders, supported in some cases by their employers, decided to stand out against any and all wage reductions. In practically all such cases the factories and mills went on part-time work, and reports indicate that even yet some of them have failed to realize that half-time work at the same old wage, though not actually a wage reduction, is to all intents and purposes the same thing. In the meantime, the managements and men of plants where new agreements have been made in accordance with changed conditions will emerge from the readjustment stage on a sound basis and with a promising future.

There are those who still contend that the present slump in business has been artificially created for some ulterior purpose. In the face of such an assertion it may be well to call attention briefly to a number of facts that everyone should bear in mind: The losses occasioned by the World War approximated $300,000,000,000. Ten million men were killed, and many millions were wounded. The property loss amounted to about $30,000,000,000. The loss in man power, measured in money, has been placed by some authorities at $200,000,000,000. When the war started in 1914 the national debts of the leading nations totaled $44,000,000,000; when the war ended the national debts of these same nations totaled $225,000,000,000. The United States lent the Allies nearly $3,000,000,000 through subscribing to their national bond issues. In addition, America purchased $2,500,000,000 worth of United States securities owned in foreign lands, and gave the Allies $10,000,000,000 of credit here, of which the foreigners used more than $9,000,000,000.

The Era of Reckless Spending

WHEN the war ended, in 1918, America entered on an era of extravagant buying and reckless speculation. The paper currency of all the nations had been unduly inflated. In 1914 the per-capita circulation of money in the United States amounted to thirty-seven dollars. By the end of 1920 the circulation of money here in America had reached a total of fifty-nine dollars per capita. Industrial financing in the United States in 1920 reached a total of more than $2,000,000,000, a figure that had never been approached in any previous year.

All of this indicated plainly months ago that reckless spending must be discontinued, and that the country must

And it is Coming True

enter into a period of painful convalescence. Although the United States is better off than any other country at the present time, our basic conditions are far from being satisfactory, and demand careful nursing through a serious time of readjustment. The longer capital and labor delay in uniting to coöperate the longer will be the time of business distress. Prosperity can only be built on confidence and mutual understanding.

In industry and commerce to-day no great nation can stand alone and remain unaffected by conditions existing in other countries. The prosperity of America is indissolubly linked with the welfare of the peoples of foreign lands. The outlook in Europe at present is decidedly gloomy. In Asia, as well as Europe, the reports show unrest, dissatisfaction, unemployment and lack of trade. Food supplies are low, and the various countries need large quantities of practically all of life's necessities, but lack the money to pay for them. In Europe, as here, the businesses that were financed with the idea that the war profits of the past few years, made on a rising market, would surely be balanced by losses on a falling market are likely to weather the storm in safety. The risk-taking houses and the businesses of mushroom growth are paying the penalty for their lack of foresight.

One English economist predicts that the transition period will continue until makers sell on a strict basis of rigidly controlled cost of production, plus a small percentage for profit, and until all middlemen add to their costs only a minimum percentage of profit. The widespread policy of setting the highest price the market will bear must end. Firms unable to exist under normal competitive conditions must disappear or be reorganized on a sound basis. This authority believes the depression will be of shorter duration than the slumps following previous wars, because business is now far more self-conscious and is operated in accordance with proved plans. The governments of the world must needs use greater skill in assisting business during the next few years than ever before.

Britain's Curtailed Production

BRITISH business is very much disturbed over the great number of cancellations of orders received from American interests. In the Lancashire district the people attribute much of their industrial upset to American textile cancellations. However, it is a fact that practically all British industries are feeling the lull in trade. Hundreds of factories are closed or running on part time. Unemployment is especially pronounced in engineering projects, shipbuilding, cotton weaving, wool working, linen and lace manufacture and boot and shoe making. There are indications of a return to the old system of piecework. The congestion that was imminent at British ports has been prevented by the general depression in shipping. The recent coal strike caused a loss in fuel production of about 14,000,000 tons. British exports in 1920 had a value about the same as in 1913, but the weight of the British exports in tons was less than half that shipped in 1913.

British motor cars have been reduced in price, but English manufacturers in many other industries have shown a great reluctance in lowering prices, and in some cases a policy has been adopted calling for short-time operation with a view to decreasing production and maintaining the present level of prices. It is evident, therefore, that the same kind of shortsighted and futile resistance to the necessary readjustment process is being offered on the other side of the ocean as here.

At the close of 1920 the unemployment problem in Great Britain had reached such a serious state that Lloyd George went so far as to suggest emigration as a partial solution. This, of course, meant emigration to British dominions. At the end of last year it was estimated that 150,000 persons were out of work in London alone, and 500,000 in Great Britain as a whole, of whom at least half were ex-service men. Great Britain has already spent more than $150,000,000 in an effort to aid former soldiers since the armistice. In order to relieve the present situation the government has proposed amending the Unemployment Insurance Act, and has advanced other schemes to absorb idle men and women into the building trades and the road-construction developments. The British labor press declares that such schemes are farcical and ineffective.

British labor is stronger and better organized than at any time in history. The membership of the British trade unions is now double what it was before the war. Thirty-five trade boards have been established for the benefit of those workmen who are not sufficiently organized to be able to look after their own interests. Collective bargaining has been greatly extended throughout all of Great Britain. So great have become the restrictions placed on British industry by some of the workmen's councils that American manufacturers in a number of instances have succeeded in underselling British producers in their own domestic market. For example, American steel has recently been sold in England at prices, including delivery, below those charged by South Wales concerns. American coal has also displaced British coal in some of the Continental markets.

On the other hand, Great Britain's financial problem appears to present fewer serious difficulties than the problems of most of the other European nations. One of the developments at the Brussels International Financial Conference held last October showed that Great Britain was the only one of the twelve European countries represented that did not anticipate a national deficit through spending more than her income during 1920. The British government financiers expected to produce a surplus of about $1,000,000,000 in 1920, to be used for reducing the national debt. The majority of British economists hold the opinion that international trade will not again reach a state of stabilization and prosperity until exchange rates return to figures that are more nearly normal.

One of Europe's most noted economists concludes: "Nine-tenths of the world's present economic troubles are due to the exchange situation."

France is also passing through a time of unemployment and business depression. One cheering fact is that economic progress in the devastated areas of France is encouraging both industrially and agriculturally. The foreign trade of France continues to improve. In the year immediately following the war the unfavorable foreign-trade balance of France rose to 372 per cent. At the present time the unfavorable balance appears to have been reduced to about 40 per cent, which compares with a normal prewar balance of about 20 per cent. Last year, as compared with 1919, there was an increase of importations of more than 2,500,000,000 francs, but there was also an increase of exportation of more than 12,000,000,000 francs. The fact that the death rate in France still exceeds the birth rate shows that the problem of providing a satisfactory future growth in population is still a live issue. Deaths in 1919 totaled 620,338, while the births only amounted to 403,502. These figures cover seventy-seven departments of France.

Of all the warring nations of Europe none returned to a state of normal prewar activity more quickly than Belgium. At the close of the war the country found itself with a third of its factories ruined. In addition to this the Germans had destroyed 1250 miles of railroads, 1800 bridges and approximately 400 miles of canals. The losses also included more than 60,000 railroad cars, 2500 locomotives and hundreds of miles of telegraph and telephone lines. The progress of Belgium up to date has been so rapid that if the same rate of reconstruction continues for another year all of the country's prewar industries, excepting its steel plants, will have been rebuilt and put in operation. It may seem amazing but it is nevertheless true that the crops in Belgium during the first year following the war equaled in quantity and value the crops raised in 1913.

Though at the termination of the war Belgium was giving an unemployment wage to 800,000 persons, this number of unemployed has been reduced to less than 200,000. The foreign commerce of Belgium in 1920 totaled over 11,000,000,000 francs more than for the year 1919. Even taking into consideration the threefold depreciation of the franc the present commerce of Belgium exceeds that of 1913. This little kingdom furnishes the one great lesson of Europe. Reconstruction has been handicapped by very few strikes and there is little or no spirit of Bolshevism among the inhabitants. If other nations had gone to work as did Belgium the situation throughout the world to-day would be quite different from what it is.

Conditions in Switzerland and Italy

THE industrial situation in several other countries may be summed up briefly as follows: In Switzerland unemployment is increasing steadily, many factories are closed and there have been numerous failures of business houses. In Italy the movement of the Italian metal workers has had a serious effect upon the nation's industries in disciplinary as well as in technical and economic matters. There is a lack of confidence throughout the country respecting the investment of capital in industrial securities, while at the same time foreign countries have refused Italy credits. A movement is now under way to combat the socialistic doctrines that have been spread among the workers and to educate them to know the truth concerning the nation's economic problems. Leading Italians appear to believe that the new plan of factory supervision recently inaugurated will prove a failure and the result will be a severe blow to industry.

The Italian grain crop last year was about 20 per cent less than the crop of 1919. The crops of potatoes, maize and corn, however, showed small increases. Last November the Italian government advanced 20,000,000 lire to the newly created National Institute for Credit to Cooperatives, in order that the institute might more easily carry on its operations designed to give the workers the benefit of prices lower than those they could otherwise obtain.

The present high prices of foodstuffs in the country provide one of the nation's most serious problems. Italy's future is restricted by her lack of raw materials. The country's most important commodity is labor, and the value of that national asset just now is greatly reduced. Of all particular substances the one Italy needs most is coal, and her lack of this material is at the root of a majority of her troubles.

Spain prospered greatly during the war, and at the close of hostilities the Spanish peseta was quoted in New York at $0.30, which placed the American dollar at a discount of about 55 per cent. As a result of war prosperity the Spaniards erected dozens of factories and mills in the north of Spain, and to-day these plants are mostly closed down or are working only part time. On the coming of peace Spain's industrial bubble burst, and business started on a decline from which it has failed to recover. Spanish exchange has steadily depreciated, the value of the peseta reaching the low figure of $0.118. Although this coin even yet is worth twice as much as the franc and has a value four times that of the lira, the Spaniards have lost large supplies of capital to other European nations because of their slowness in raising the discount rate. The country has just shown a budget deficit, and as a consequence has been compelled to issue a new series of treasury bills, which action has further depressed the national credit.

The head of the Spanish Chamber of Commerce in this country said: "Strikes, due to the general industrial depression, have caused most of Spain's present troubles. Syndicalism has gained a foothold among the workers and has demoralized them. Even the bank clerks have formed a powerful union. Money is plentiful in Spain, but it is not cheap, and drastic economies are being urged."

Prices have been declining during recent months, but wages have gone down more.

Austria's Hungry Population

THE new republic, Czecho-Slovakia, is the seat of the majority of the industries of the late Austrian empire. Though the atmosphere of the country is charged with political tensity the people are showing a spirit of energy and thrift that is resulting in appreciable commercial progress. The important annual sample fair is to be held at Prague, commencing February twenty-eighth and lasting until March eighth. The city is so situated that it will likely become a famous center of fairs. Besides being an important railway center Prague is located in the midst of a rich industrial district, and is destined to become the natural intermediary of industrial relations between the East and the West. At present the Czecho-Slovak Republic is converting Austro-Hungarian war loans held by subjects of Czecho-Slovakia into its internal bonds at 75 per cent of their face value, provided the holder subscribes in actual cash to a similar amount of the new Czecho-Slovak bonds.

Conditions in Austria proper are most unsatisfactory. The people are hopeless instead of rebellious. The peasants have enough to eat, but the city folks are in desperate straits. A large percentage of the children would undoubtedly have perished of hunger before now had it not been for the American Relief Administration. The last estimate indicated that 150,000 Austrian children are now being fed through American agencies. The Austrians explain the famine by pointing to the provisions of the peace treaty cutting them off from their natural food supplies in Hungary and Jugo-Slavia. On the other hand, an American investigator advances the belief that on a basis of prewar statistics, Austria, instead of supplying less than 40 per cent of its own food, as at present, could, if it would, produce 80 to 90 per cent. The remainder necessary could, he thinks, be secured in exchange for the products of Austrian factories.

The food supply of Austria is seriously affected by politics. The peasants refuse to send in food to revolutionary Vienna, and hide it away. Besides, the new government pays them so low a price for the requisitioned grain that they resentfully decrease production in return. Austria will have to be fed on credit or charity for months or years to come. The situation will be relieved greatly when a stable government takes the reins, fixes a fair price for farm products and provides a way for obtaining the raw materials needed by the country's factories. The hopeless fatalism of the people must be overcome, and they must be induced to believe that their earnest efforts will be effectual. Never in history has Austria been in such straits as now. Exchange is at the lowest ever known, and some of the Austrian statesmen go so far as to suggest that certain powers assume a temporary mandate over the country. Summed up, the specific economic solution for the nation's troubles must be preceded by a general political solution, the chief element of which will be restoration of confidence.

Poland, like Austria, is in dire distress. The political and military situations have complicated the plight of Poland. If the country is permitted to continue in peace and an efficient government administration effects land reform the country should be able to feed itself. Norway has advanced credit to the amount of about $5,000,000 in the form of salt herring, and the United States has furnished flour and wheat. Charitable and relief organizations are finding plenty to do in Poland.

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Italy's Sober Second Thought

By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

DRAWN BY WILMER B. HYER

THE money markets of New York and London, arranging for the financing of the exports of wheat, coal and raw material to Italy, are concerned chiefly with one question when they value the lira in terms of the dollar and the pound sterling: What degree of political stability may be credited to the Italian state? Was the revolutionary occupation of the factories in the North of Italy last September merely a temporary inflammation of the body politic, or was it, as the Italian socialists declared, the prelude to a nation-wide revolution and a forcible reorganization of the economic life of Italy on a communist basis?

The terms of the syndicalist control of industry then conceded by the Italian Government are still unsettled and still unapplied. Will they be applied at all? If they are, or if they are not, what, on either hand, will be the effect upon the politico-economic condition of the nation? To give the uneducated Italian workman, in a ferment of class hatred with the ill-digested socialist theories crammed into him by his leaders, the control of industry is, say the manufacturers, the ruin of that industry. To refuse him, on the other hand, the millennium which has been promised will certainly exasperate him into that fury of disappointment which is the opportunity of extremist agitators.

The present Italian Government represents, more or less perfectly, the bourgeoisie—the trading classes, from the banker, the manufacturer and the merchant down to the clerk and the petty shopkeeper. The one aspiration of those classes is a return to that production and export of commodities which alone can increase the value of the lira and which is dependent upon an ordered discipline, political and industrial, that is at present absent from Italian life. How strong is the political consciousness of that bourgeoisie? To what extent is it capable—or desirous—of supporting the present government of the country?

Signor Giolitti Overruled

THESE are the chief factors which enter into that computation of the political stability of Italy, and on its political stability obviously depends the economic recovery which the money markets forecast in terms of relative exchange, and by their speculative operations enhance the fluctuations in the first place due to the inexorable working of the laws of trade. A gloomy view intensifies that adverse rate which at present afflicts Italy and makes it difficult for her to acquire the raw materials which are a basic necessity for the resumption of her industrial life. Obviously, if men were governed only by cool reason, the Italians would lay aside their internal animosities and devote themselves wholeheartedly to the hard work of building up their industries to their prewar level of output. Unfortunately, mankind in the mass is not governed by reason. In a reasonable world the war which has very nearly meant the suicide of our civilization would never have been fought. Mankind in the mass is governed by passions, prejudices, resentments and desires, for which afterwards it calls in reason to find a plausible label—and it has a regrettable tendency to attempt fallacious short cuts.

In Italy, far more than in America, England or France, when analyzing the situation at the end of 1920, it is necessary to take count of the war. Everything springs directly from that. The one dominant obsession in the Italian consciousness is the war and its disastrous results for Italy. No Italian seems capable of keeping off that topic for five minutes together. It is his great grievance. He is angry, very angry, with the British and French for—as he believes—inducing him to save them from defeat and now cynically exploiting the ruin the war has brought to his finances. He is almost equally angry with America, in the first place on account of the price in lire she charges for her wheat, and in the second on account of President Wilson's still-remembered thwarting of her Dalmatian ambitions. And all the Italians together are very angry indeed with each other in an exasperated regret that they fought the war at all and a mutual recrimination for the responsibility of the misfortunes that have sprung from it.

Politics is mass psychology in practice, and, without going into the details of what is now ancient history, it must be remembered that during the war the Italian masses, whether mobilized at the front or feeding that front with munitions and supplies, had an experience considerably more bitter than was the lot of the other Western nations. The factory workers were certainly not paid in accordance with the wartime increase in the cost of living. The peasants were harassed and irritated by the often muddle-headed and wasteful requisitions of incompetent authorities, both bureaucratic and military. The troops at the front, until the last year of the war, knew none of the comforts and often few of the necessaries which the American, British or French soldier expected as matters of course. No one of the belligerent nations was less prepared to enter the war than Italy, and her insufficient equipment had to be made good by the blood and valor of her soldiers. Subsequent commissions of inquiry have revealed, with only too much publicity, how many thousands of lives were squandered by incompetence in high commands and the staff. The Italian soldier was more acutely and resentfully aware of it than anyone else. Caporetto was far more a military strike, engendered by discontent, than a military defeat, but Caporetto was no more than a symptom. The full crop from the dragons' teeth sown during the war did not come to harvest until after the armistice. It is being harvested now.

It must be remembered—and any Italian will readily admit the fact—that the Italian Government, and also a great proportion of the Italian people, did not wish to go to war at all, and in particular they did not wish to fight Germany. The strong man of Italian politics for the last twenty years has been Signor Giolitti, and Giolitti's policy was inseparably connected with a close economic alliance with Germany. The Italian people finally leaped into the war in a sudden blaze of belligerent enthusiasm, kindled and fanned by the rhetorical genius of D'Annunzio, and Signor Giolitti accepted the inevitable. He bowed to the storm, and left Salandra to incur the responsibility of declaring war. But his political organization, his parliamentary majority, remained intact. He himself retired into the background, to emerge, should the occasion arise, as the prophet who had from the first opposed the war.

The collapse of the Central Powers, the victory of Venetia, at the end of 1918, of course stirred the Italian people to an outburst of patriotic fervor. But that enthusiasm was not supported as it should have been, and it quickly died down. The politicians, the administrative officials, prefects, subprefects and mayors were still, as they had been throughout, the henchmen of a party which desired—it would seem in blind partisan rancor—above all things to make the very memory of the war unpopular. Such an intention is freely credited to them in Italy. Whatever their motives, their actions certainly incur that interpretation. The effect of them was to replace that pride in a national achievement, which is so powerful a unifying factor, by a querulous dissatisfaction with everything and everybody, themselves included.

The first postarmistice problem to be tackled by all the belligerent governments was demobilization. In most countries this problem was approached with a cautious appreciation of the social disturbance which would be caused by the sudden return of millions of men to civilian life. In Italy the problem was handled clumsily, to say the least of it. Apart from the forces required for the Army of Occupation, the troops were practically disbanded en masse. The millions of men thus flung back into a civilian existence unprepared for them, remember, were the millions already embittered by their own sufferings and by a pernicious propaganda against their officers, against the *borghesi* who had stayed at home and made fortunes, against all who had not, like themselves, endured the long agony of the war. It was a bad start for the difficult period of reconstruction.

The Premature Amnesty

A SECOND unwise act, which at the time was interpreted as a mark of animus against those who in defiance of the politicians had fought the war, and was certainly most unfortunate in its effects upon the country, was the precipitate declaration of an amnesty for those guilty of military offenses or antipatriotic acts during the war. In France, for example, such an amnesty was not granted until July 30, 1920, and then only with a profound sense of the gravity of the action. The Italian Government took the step in February, 1919. More than four months before the definite conclusion of peace, it opened the prisons and released all those who had vilified the Italian soldier and hampered him in his struggle. It amnestied all those—and they were many—who had deserted to the enemy. It even permitted the return to Parliament of a deputy still under sentence of death for such desertion. It let loose upon the country all those elements fanatically or treacherously subversive of its homogeneity during its time of trial and highly dangerous to it during the period of reconstruction. Such an act could not but make the patriotic Italian soldier ask himself if his sacrifices had been worth while. To him—and it was impressed upon him in a thousand ways—their only result had been to create a new class of opulent war profiteers, whose ostentatious wealth contrasted harshly with his own poverty. He could not but feel that those who had stayed out of the fight, those who were unpatriotic, were the best rewarded.

Italy mobilized about five million men. Few of those five million, whether they were socialists or nationalists, came

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(Continued from Page 24)

out of the war without being embittered and disillusioned to the core. This is not to say that patriotism is dead. There are many millions of patriotic Italians. Unfortunately, a large proportion of them felt and still feel that their government treats their patriotism with less than justice. Consequently they give it neither their affection nor their confidence. The unpatriotic carry their embitterment into a class war which confessedly overrides nationalities.

The demobilized Italian soldier came back to a changed world. Italy, before the war, was a cheap country to live in. For the Italian paid in Italian money it has become incredibly dear. Almost everything has increased to five times the prewar price, and many things very much more. Rent, the increase of which, as far as the ordinary dwellings are concerned, has been artificially restricted to twenty per cent, and transportation are to a certain extent exceptions. But railroad traveling—with the minimum of service and the maximum of discomfort—has gone up by three hundred per cent, and the ten-centesimo ride on the street cars is now thirty-five to fifty centesimi. Bread is maintained at one lira the kilogram by a government subsidy which now costs the country more than five hundred million lire a month and has already piled up a deficit of seven billion lire. The economic price would be three lire a kilogram, and there is a distinct possibility, despite the outcry of the socialists, of the subsidy being removed.

The slump in the prices of commodities which swept over the United States, England and France at the end of 1920 has not, at the time of writing, reached Italy. The wise and deliberate restriction of excessive bank credits in the former countries, which was the prime cause of the fall, has not yet been imitated by the Italian financial authorities. Outside the few controlled commodities, the cost of living has soared to heights which have given the profiteers—those who in the course of legitimate business have held stocks or who have exploited their country's misfortunes by speculation—the opportunity to make enormous fortunes. The ordinary wine, for example, drunk by the masses has increased from sixty centesimi to three lire the liter. Butter is twenty lire the kilogram, meat from seven to nine or even fourteen lire the kilogram, according to quality. These prices, converted into American money at the current rate, seem cheap. But the Italian thinks still, like all the other suffering nations of Europe, in terms of the old value of his currency, and to him these figures are fabulous—much, in fact, as it would appear to the American if he were suddenly called upon to pay ten dollars a pound for butter or three and a half to four and a half dollars a pound for meat. Contrasted with the earnings of the Italian, they are appalling. It is particularly the middle classes, those who are more or less brain workers, who are suffering. Their salaries have not increased in anything like the same proportion as the wages of manual labor. The workman in the factories who before the war was paid four lire a day now gets twenty—little enough perhaps, but five times as much. The lowest paid employee of the state railways received in 1914 an average of one thousand two hundred eighty-two lire a year. He now gets nine thousand eight hundred twenty-five—nearly eight times as much. On the other hand, the highest paid employees of the railways received, in 1914, seven thousand eight hundred forty lire per annum, and now have twenty thousand two hundred twenty-nine—not three times as much and scarcely more than double the remuneration of the lowest grade. This is typical of the salaries of the clerical and technical classes. Heads of office departments who perhaps received five hundred lire a month before the war are lucky now if they get one thousand. The ordinary middle-class Italian does not know how to make ends meet.

Reasons for the Lira's Fall

THE boots that cost him twelve to fifteen lire are now eighty to one hundred. The cheap store clothes that cost fifty lire the suit are five hundred. When that ordinary middle-class Italian travels he finds that the room which used to be three lire a night now costs twenty or more in the cheap hotels. The dinner that used to be four lire is now fifteen. The *pension* rate in hotels that once accommodated him for nine to ten lire a day is now thirty-five to forty. In the first-class hotels, of course, the charges are very much higher. But taken all round, everything costs him five times as much as it did in 1914.

The average intelligent Italian realizes quite clearly that this increase in prices is a reflex symptom of the unfavorable exchange, and the relation between the value of the Italian lira and the currency of other nations is his pet grievance. Almost universally, even in the educated classes, he believes that the depreciation of Italian money is due to the deliberate machinations of foreign countries. Who fixes these arbitrary rates? he asks. And he answers that it is the financial magnates of London and New York who profit callously by the bleeding to death of Italy and who say that on such and such a day the rate shall be at such and such a figure. It is impossible to convince the ordinary Italian that rates of exchange are spontaneously fixed by the operations of the laws of economics and that no individual, no government even, can permanently modify them by an arbitrary interference.

Why has Italian currency depreciated so enormously? When the armistice was signed the rate on London was 30.37 and on New York was 6.34. These figures were the result of a pegging-up of the exchange in June of 1918, a pegging-up maintained by the opening on the part of the United States and Great Britain of a credit of eight thousand nine hundred millions of gold lire. This artificial stabilization lasted until March, 1919, when the exchanges were left to themselves, and had to stand, of course, not only the pressure of the previous war loans but the costs of this artificial expedient. Immediately they were freed, the rates began to go against Italy. In December, 1919, the quotation on New York was 13.07 and on London 50.08. Since that time the depreciation has been swift and heavy. At the end of November, 1920, the rate on New York was about thirty, on London nearly one hundred. What are the causes of this further fall, two years after the end of the war?

The reasons are many and complicated, but apart from the contributory factor of political unrest in Italy they group themselves under the three broad headings of a decrease in exportation, the increase in government borrowing, and the increase in the circulation of paper money unbacked by gold reserves or stocks of commodities.

Government Credit Strained

IN 1914 the foreign trade was valued at about six billion two hundred million lire, with an unfavorable balance to the country of one billion two hundred million lire. This deficit was covered by remittances from emigrants—Italy's greatest invisible export—of five hundred million lire, profits from the tourist industry of six hundred million lire, and a postal balance of two hundred and fifty million lire.

In 1919 the value of the foreign trade—estimated in the depreciated lira—was twenty-one billion lire, with an unfavorable balance of eleven billion lire. But this deficit was no longer covered by the compensating factors of 1914. In 1919 the remittances from Italian emigrants were practically nil. The tourist industry, thanks to the passport regulations, the appallingly bad railroad service, the constant thefts of baggage and the alarm produced by the continual social unrest, is virtually extinct. The deficit for 1920 will certainly be worse. This unfavorable balance has to be paid in paper money, which month by month has ever less chance of being redeemed by gold or goods—hence the value of that paper money drops.

The prewar public debt of Italy was sixteen billion lire. It is now eighty-seven billion lire, of which twenty-one billion lire is owed principally to England and the United States. The interest on those foreign loans has to be paid either in gold, which further diminishes the reserves left to back the currency, or in British and American money, and the competition for dollars and pounds sterling wherewith to pay state interest or to meet bills for merchandise imported, not being offset by any similar demand for Italian currency, raises, by the natural operation of the laws of supply and demand, the value of the pound sterling and the dollar at the expense of the lira.

Further, the great increase in the debts piled up by the Italian Government, an increase which has long gone beyond any possibility of its amortization by ordinary taxation—to take one example, the deficit of the state railways alone for 1919–20 is one thousand million lire, reckoning the cost of English coal at sixty-five lire to the pound sterling, whereas it is now nearly one hundred; and this is typical of every department of state activity—reduces the margin of solvency of the entire body of Italian credit, and consequently of the lira, which is its symbol.

The greatest factor of all is the immense increase in the amount of paper money. The prewar circulation of Italian paper money was three and a half milliard lire. By June 30, 1919, it had increased to fourteen and a half milliards. It is still growing, and at the present time is certainly more than twenty milliards. The increase of the past year, a symptom of that extravagant spending by European countries which prompted the United States in 1919 to refuse bluntly any further loans, is due largely to the colossal overgrowth of the Italian bureaucracy and to the great increases of pay to state employees—a railroad conductor, for example, now gets close on one thousand lire a month, or about the same as a bank cashier—recklessly granted by the government, ceding to the pressure of the socialists. All over Italy men are paid more and are working less than they did before the war. Inevitably the money manufactured for their wages is common and goods are scarce. The outside world, wanting Italian goods and not Italian money, gives its own goods to Italy in exchange for the lira only at a very depreciated rate.

Yet another factor in the adverse exchange is the recent law to compel all shareholdings to be registered or inscribed, and not to bearer. This applies also to foreign holders, and foreign investors form a large percentage of the shareholders in Italian industries. This measure not only subjects the foreign holder to a most irritating and complicated red-tape procedure before he can sell his shares or stock, but makes him liable even when domiciled outside Italy for the new Italian capital tax, imposed by a quibble in terminology even upon government securities issued tax free. The full effect of this foolish legislation—for Italy needs foreign capital above all things—has not yet been generally realized. Those foreign investors aware of the situation, already nervous of their security, are getting out of their holdings as fast as they can—with a depressing effect on the securities in terms of lire which are exchanged for others.

To sum up, the rate of exchange of a country's currency is high or low proportionately to the chance of its paper money—checks, notes or bills—being redeemed within a reasonable period by gold or commodities to the value. The chance of the Italian lira being redeemed by either of these in the prewar proportion grows less and less.

The average Italian citizen, plunged into this unpleasant state of affairs, perforce tries to find a remedy for it. It is impossible for him, unless he is one of the profiteer speculators, to be contented. The fact that, blindly or consciously, he is seeking the remedy is the cause of all the political agitation which has distracted the country for the past two years. Embittered by his experiences during the war and the deceptions which peace has brought to him, his attitude is naturally not that of a man who sits down for a calm consideration of what is wrong, but that of baffled exasperation. He has learned to hate. And he hates, with a fury envenomed by a long succession of public scandals, all those who have made vast fortunes out of the war—curiously in evidence, despite that one-hundred-per-cent-war-profit tax which was supposed to deprive the *pescecani* of their gains, but which so far merely hampers the development of new industries—he hates all that bourgeoisie which placed itself in safe and comfortable jobs while he was in the trenches, and it is not to be expected that he should love a government which lets all these unpleasant things happen to him.

It must not be forgotten, nevertheless, that when Giolitti resumed the premiership in June, 1919, the majority of the country enthusiastically welcomed his return. Whatever his faults, the parliamentary dictator is a man of strong personality which promised a grateful contrast with the vague vacillations which had characterized the régimes of Nitti and Orlando. Italy, as a whole, looked to him with confidence to pull her out of the mess into which she had got. Since then her faith in him has been sapped by continual deceptions, although his firm handling of the Jugo-Slav negotiations and a certain amount of somewhat belated firmness towards extremists and anarchists have recently considerably strengthened his position.

The Political Line-Up

IN SEPTEMBER, 1919, when the last parliamentary election took place, Signor Giolitti was still regarded as the savior of a country which regretted its participation in the war, and the Giolittian electoral machine still functioned with effect. Nevertheless, his parliamentary majority was seriously reduced by other parties, one of them quite new.

The socialist organization, for many years conducted by extremely able men, of course acquired a great increase in representation. The socialists left nothing to chance. Their adherents were numbered off in squads of ten, under the ward of a kind of corporal, who saw to it that all voted. If one of the ten happened to be ill the other nine carried the sick man to the polling station. The educated classes, as usual, were apathetic, and the socialist candidates, elected by the workmen of the cities, were returned to the number of one hundred fifty-six. The Partito Popolare Italiano—the "P. P. I.," which has its chief strength among the peasantry, although the workmen of one or two towns like Bergamo support it solidly—sent one hundred ten deputies, mostly from the agricultural districts, to the Chamber.

Nevertheless, that Chamber is still faithful to its Giolittian allegiance, and the results of the municipal elections all over Italy towards the end of 1920 have considerably lowered the confidence of socialists and clericals alike. Never, perhaps, has the great mass of the Italian middle class voted in such numbers as it did in these elections, and its votes showed clearly the alarm which had been created among the average Italians—those who hitherto had exhibited an apathetic contempt for politics—by the extremist attitude of the Socialist Party in the metallurgical conflict of September. In these elections the socialists and the P. P. I. independently fought a *blocco* of all the other parties, and nearly everywhere they were heavily defeated. Only in a few places in the north, such as Bologna, did the socialists succeed in capturing a strong majority. The P. P. I., of course, did best among the peasants. The total result of these elections is highly symptomatic of the attitude of the Italian middle classes, which prefer to support the existing parliamentary government, unsatisfactory to them though it is in many

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Impressions

VOICES, colors, figures—all create impressions that sway conclusions.

Stationery likewise makes certain impressions—impressions that seem to mirror the character of the individual—or the organization—whose signature is on the letter. Thus *good* stationery is a real business asset. At all times it conveys the right thoughts—suggests the better business qualities.

No one is a better judge of paper values than your printer. Ask him about an order of letter-heads and office forms on Systems Bond. Get a sample, and note the brisk crackle and the compact, rich texture. Then get the price!

Systems is a business bond of reasonable price, yet it has a generous content of rag, assuring *uniform* quality. Also it is very carefully *seasoned* by loft-drying.

Systems Bond is the standard bearer of a comprehensive group of papers—a grade for every bond and ledger need—all produced under the same advantageous conditions—and including the well-known Pilgrim, Transcript, Manifest and Atlantic marks.

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SYSTEMS BOND

"The Rag-content Loft-dried Paper at the Reasonable Price"

WE, U. S. & CO.—By Edward G. Lowry

FIRING

THIS national business of government of ours, which costs us so much to support, has found through sheer laxity of management a good many ways to dissipate and waste money. Money seems to have a dissolving quality. If you don't take care of it, it just disappears, and you don't quite know what has become of it. You must have noticed that yourself every time you have had occasion to break a five-dollar bill.

Some of your hired men, employees of the Government, have testified to you in these articles some of the outstanding defects and qualities of the United States as an employer; how it hires its help and what measure of modern analytical management it employs to determine who is competent and deserves promotion and increased pay and responsibility and who does not. And as has been disclosed to you, the answer is just about none at all, except in isolated instances.

There is no central authority or agency to see that the employees do their duty and are rewarded when they do. The President can't be bothered with such details. The employing agency brings people into the service and then drops them. You have been told by persons dwelling in the chaos what happens—the low morale, the dissatisfaction, the lethargy, the oppressive, incentiveless atmosphere in which our work is done.

And with what result? Why, just the one you might expect! Government employees are leaving the service in shoals. It is a constant, steady process. The crowd going out the back door is nearly as large as the crowd coming in at the front door. How many of those leaving every day quit and how many are fired? Perhaps you won't be surprised at this stage of my narrative to be told that nobody knows. It seems to be nobody's business to know.

If you are an employer you may gasp at this. If you are not an employer, let me tell you that one of the things that business executives have learned in the dear school of experience is that hiring and firing is one of the costliest of all pursuits, and that firing is an even more delicate and expensive process than hiring. All the books on business management are full of the subject. There is to be had a staggering array of printed volumes—I have seen many of them—telling private business that it cannot be too careful in turning off people.

Resignations and Removals

THE turnover, as it is called, in employees is one of the drains on its resources which modern business has learned to fear and to seek to overcome. But not your Uncle Sam—not us! We just let 'em slide. But we pay for it just the same. The contrast between public business and private business was put to me this way:

"The vital difference between the business of a private corporation and that of the Government is that if at the end of a fiscal year the corporation finds itself facing a deficit it cannot call upon the citizens of the country to meet it through a tax levy. The ability to do this makes it possible for the Government to transact its business in a most unbusinesslike way."

As I went about seeking light upon the business of government and its conduct from sources within the Government I began to hear from one source and another about this great turnover in our employees. I asked the Civil Service Commission for what details it might have, and was told:

There are no figures available showing the exact number of persons removed for cause. The chief of the division of appointments believes that about seventy-five per cent of the removals were for cause, and the balance on account of reduction of force, during the years which show a normal number of removals. There are two years which cannot be regarded as normal, 1914 and 1915. The year 1914 shows 6673 removals and the year 1915 shows 10,718. All the other years are in the neighborhood of 3000 or 4000. It is not believed that there was a greater number of removals for cause in 1914 and 1915 than in other years.

Eliminating the years 1914 and 1915, the average number of removals for six years was 3323 a year. Figuring that seventy-five per cent of these removals were for cause, the average number of removals for cause for the six years was 2493 a year.

It will be noted that the major part of the separations were by resignation. In some cases departments force undesirable employees to resign, giving them the option of resigning or of being dismissed. In many of these cases they should properly be dismissed, and the records should show that they were dismissed. It is believed, therefore, that it is safe to say that the average number of removals for cause during the eight years ending June 30, 1916, was approximately 2800.

There are no figures available since June 30, 1916. The war upset all such statistical data.

Throughout the service, excepting in unskilled manual labor and the mechanical trades, the turnover is excessive. No corporation could successfully meet competition with a rate of turnover amounting to fifty per cent annually among its most valuable employees, particularly those engaged in professional, technical and scientific investigations. Only an industry which is a monopoly, such as the Government, can survive such serious loss of employees who have acquired experience which has made them essential. Technical investigations interrupted by loss of the investigators have either been abandoned entirely or continued with difficulty. The rate of turnover in Washington increased during twelve years just prior to the war from six per cent to twelve per cent; and it is now thirty-five per cent to fifty per cent or more, averaging about forty per cent. It doubled in the twelve years from 1904 to 1916 and quadrupled in the three following years.

The civil-service law provides that there shall be a period of probation before any absolute appointment or employment.

The period of probation in government appointments is largely a perfunctory matter. The departments and independent offices apparently do not exercise careful watch over employees during the period of probation with a view to determining absolutely whether or not they are suitable for retention in the government service.

The procedure at the end of probation has always been a mere tacit understanding; if the employee is retained in the service after the period of probation absolute appointment is established. In a recent circular letter the commission brought this matter to the attention of heads of departments, and requested that a positive statement be made to the commission at the end of the period of probation in connection with each appointment.

The commission has no authority to make an investigation when unjust removal is claimed, unless it is charged that the removal was for religious or political reasons, or that the removal law has not been observed. Neither the commission nor any other central authority is authorized to hear appeals made by employees concerning their treatment in office or their removal, except in the case of removal for political or religious reasons.

Some have the idea that the civil-service law protects incompetents. Such is not the case. Nevertheless, it is a fact that incompetents are not always removed. Pressure is sometimes brought to bear from the outside to retain in the service an incompetent employee when his removal is contemplated. A supervisory official must make out a strong case before he can be rid of an incompetent assistant. The law does not specify that the employing power shall prove charges to anyone in case of a proposed removal. In practice, however, the reasons for removal must ordinarily be so strong that proof of the justice of the removal may be forthcoming if inquiry is made by someone on the outside whose position is such that his demand cannot be denied. There is no doubt that in some cases removals are not made when they properly should be.

The retirement law was intended to cure the evil of superannuation. The law provides that those who have reached the retirement age may be retained for a specified period if certification is made to the Civil Service Commission that their retention would be in the interest of the service. Since the retirement law became effective on August 22 of last year, 3824 employees have been retired on age, seventy-two have been retired for physical disability, and 2600 who have reached the retirement age have been retained for the period allowed by the law.

High Turnover and Low Efficiency

RETIREMENT on a meager annuity is not an attractive proposition, in the higher grades of the service especially, when it is considered that the salary deductions—to be credited to the pension fund—from a $4800 position are four times as much as from a $1200 position, though the annuity is the same.

Compare the retirement of civil employees with that of army and navy officers. Army and navy officers of the line are educated at the public expense and are well paid, as compared with civil servants, while in the service. They are retired on three-fourths pay. The civil servant pays for his own education, is paid a meager wage and is retired with an annuity ranging from $180 to $720 a year, depending upon length of service and average salary for a specified number of years.

Now you pay for all this in two ways—directly in the form of taxes and indirectly as it affects your business, for it does affect your business. But first let us see the effect on the government business. My information comes from Dr. W. E. Mosher's report to the Department of Labor.

In response to an inquiry many administrative officers have emphasized the loss in efficiency on account of the necessity of making frequent changes, and for inexperienced men. The following are typical:

STATE DEPARTMENT: Has seriously affected the efficiency of the work, compelling appointment of many inexperienced employees.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, DIVISION OF APPOINTMENTS: The effect on the work has been to embarrass it in most cases of resignations and transfers, requiring more employees than if trained ones could have been retained in the service.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, AUDITOR FOR THE POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT: Increase in cost 25 per cent; lowering of efficiency 25 per cent.

WAR DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF SECRETARY: The efficiency necessarily decreases in ratio with the number of employees leaving the service; the more stable the organization the greater the efficiency.

(Continued on Page 47)

NEVER in the long line of handsome Hupmobiles has the car been so attractive as it is this year.

Wherever you see it, you will instantly recognize its new and greater beauty.

Its top is entirely new in design, with a plate glass window in the back curtain.

The fenders show new grace. Comfort and convenience are further enhanced by improved upholstery, outside door handles, windshield cleaner, moto-meter, and the restoration of the well-known Hupmobile rear lamp.

These refinements, noteworthy in themselves, are more than ever noteworthy in a car which performs so finely, and costs so little to run and to keep, as the Hupmobile.

TWO AND TWO

(Continued from Page 19)

"I told all I knowed at the inquest," he said doggedly.

"Tell it again," I commanded.

Standing there, working his hands together as though he held some small, accustomed tool that he was turning, shifting from foot to foot, with long breaks in his speech, the chauffeur finally put me in possession of what he knew—or what he wished me to know. He had been out all night. That was usual with him Saturdays. Where? Over round the canneries. Had friends that lived there. He got into this place about dawn, and went straight to bed.

"Hold on, Hughes," I stopped him there. "You never went to bed—that night, or any other night—until you'd had a jolt from the bottle inside."

He gave me a surly, half-frightened glance, then said quickly, "Not a chance. Bolts on the doors, locks everywhere; all tight as a jail. Take it from me, he wasn't the kind you want to have a run-in with—any time. Always just as cool as ice himself; try to make you believe he could tell what you were up to clear across town. Hold it over you as if he was God Almighty that stuck folks together and set 'em walkin' round and thinkin' things."

He broke off and looked over his shoulder in the direction of the study. The walls were thick—concrete; the door heavy. No sound of Worth's moving in there could be heard in this room. Apparently it was the old terror of his employer, or the new terror of the employer's death, that spoke when he said: "I got up this morning late with a throat like the back of a chimney. Lord! I never wanted a drink so bad in my life—had to have one. The chink leaves my breakfast for me Sundays; but I knew I couldn't eat till I'd had one. So I—so I ——"

It was as though some recollection fairly choked off his voice. I finished for him:

"So you went in there"—I pointed at the study door—"and found the body."

"Naw! How the hell could I? I told you—locked. I crawled up on the roof, though, huntin' a way in, and I looked through the skylight. There he was. On the floor. His eyes weren't open much, but they was watchin' me—sort of sneerin'. I come down off that roof like a bat outa hell and scuttled over to Vandeman's, where his chink was on the porch, I bellerin' at him. I telephoned from there. For the bulls; and the cor'ner; and everybody. Lord! I was all in."

I caught one point in the tale.

"So the way into the study is through the skylight, Hughes?" and he shook his head vaguely, fumbling his lips with a trembling hand as he replied:

"Honest to God, cap'n, I don't know. I never tried. I gave just one look through it, and ——" He broke off with a shudder.

"Get a ladder," I commanded. "I want to see that skylight."

While he was gone on his errand to the shed I investigated the outer walls of the study with the torch, hunting some break in their solidity. They were concrete; a hair crack would have been visible in the electric glow; there was no break. Then, as he placed the ladder against the coping, I climbed to the roof and stepped across its firmness to the skylight. I looked down.

Worth, kneeling on the hearth, was laying a fire in the corner grate. As he did not glance up I knew he had not heard me. Evidently the study had been built to resist the disturbance of sound from without. That meant that the report of the revolver inside had not been heard by anyone outside the walls.

Directly below me was the library table and upon its top a blue desk blotter; a silver-filigreed inkstand stood open; penholders, pencils, paperknife were on a tray beside it, one pen lying separate from the others, with a ruler, upon the blotting pad; books and a magazine neatly in a pile. The walls, as I circled them with my eyes, were book-lined everywhere except for the grate and the two doors.

Then I inspected the skylight, frame and glass, feeling it over with my hands. There was no entrance here. Even should a pane of glass be removable—all seemingly solid and tight—the frames between and the sash were of steel, and the panes were too small for the passage of a man. I crept back to the ladder as Worth was striking a match to light the pitch-pine kindling.

"What about this Vandeman chink?" I asked of Hughes as I rejoined him at the foot of the ladder. "Does he hang round here much?"

"What's Doing? What D'yuh Want of Me? You Haven't Got Nothin' on Me"

"Him and Chung visit back and forth a bit. I hear 'em talkin' hy-lee hy-lo sometimes when I go by the kitchen."

"Take me over there," I said.

The fog was beginning to blow away in threads; moonlight somewhere back of it made a queer, gray, glimmering world round us.

We circled the garden by the path, passing a sort of gardener's tool shed, where Hughes left the ladder and from which I judged Worth had brought the bar he pried the door planks off with, to find a gap in a hedge between this place and the next.

There was a light in the rear of the house over there, and a well-trodden path leading from the hedge gap made what I took to be a servants' highway.

Vandeman's house proved to be, as nearly as one could see it in the darkness, a sprawling bungalow, with courts, pergolas and terraces bursting out on all sides of it. I could fairly see it of a fine afternoon, with its showy master sitting on one of the showy porches, serving afternoon tea in his best manner to the best people of Santa Ynez. Just the husband for that doll-faced girl, if she only thought so. What could she have done with a young outlaw like Worth?

When I looked at the Chinaman in charge there I gave up my idea of questioning him. Civilly enough, with a precise and educated usage of the English language, he confirmed what Eddie Hughes had already told me about the telephoning from that place this morning; and I went no further. I know the Chinese—if anybody not Mongolian can say they know the race—and I have also a suitable respect for the value of time. A week of steady questioning of Vandeman's yellow man would have brought me nowhere. He was that kind of chink; grave, respectful, placid and impervious.

On the way back I asked Eddie about the Thornhill servants at the house on the other side of Gilbert's, and found they kept but one, "a sort of old lady," Eddie called her, and I guessed easily at the decayed-gentlewoman kind of person. It seemed that Mrs. Thornhill was a widow, and there wasn't much money now to keep up the handsome place.

I left Eddie slipping eel-like through the big doors, and went into the study, to find Worth sitting before the blazing hearth.

He looked up as I entered to remark quietly, "Bobs said she'd be over later, and I told her to come on down here."

XI

MY EXPERIENCE as a detective has convinced me that the evident is usually the true; that in a great majority of cases crime leaves a straight trail; and ambiguities are more often due to the inability of the trailer than to the cunning of the trailed. Such reputation as I have established is due to acceptance of and earnest adherence to the obvious.

In this affair of Thomas Gilbert's death everything so far pointed one way. The body had been found in a bolted room, revolver in hand; on the wall over the mantel hung the empty holster; Worth assured me the gun was kept always loaded; and there might be motive enough for suicide in the quarrel last night between father and son!

Because of that flitting shadow I had seen I knew this place was not impervious. Some one person, at least, could enter and leave the room easily, quickly, while its doors were locked. But that might be Hughes—or even Worth—with some reason for doing so not willingly explained and some means not readily seen. It probably had nothing to do with Thomas Gilbert's sudden death, could not offset in my mind the conviction of Thomas Gilbert's stiffened fingers about the pistol's butt. That I made a second thorough investigation of the study interior was not because I questioned the manner of the death.

I began taking down books from the shelves at regular intervals, sounding the thick dead wall in search of a secreted entrance. I came on a row of volumes whose red-morocco backs carried nothing but dates.

"Account books?" I asked.

Worth turned his head to look, and the bleakest thing that could be called a smile twisted his lips a little as he said, "My father's diaries."

"Quite a lot of them."

"Yes. He'd kept diaries for thirty years."

"But he seems to have dropped the habit. There's no 1920 book."

"Oh, yes, there is!"—very definitely. "He never gave up setting down the sins of his family and neighbors while his eyes had sight to see them and his hand the cunning to write." He spoke with extraordinary bitterness, finishing: "He would have had it on the desk there. The current book was always kept convenient to his hand."

An idea occurred to me.

(Continued on Page 32)

Something to tell the folks

ON the way home from business take your cue from the lobby of any theatre that displays the line "It's a Paramount Picture."

That's the big news to take home and tell the folks. That's the thing that will make them all say "Good! We'll go tonight!"

This idea of shopping for their photoplays is gradually taking hold of people.

Just the way they shop for suits, rugs or motor cars.

It may seem strange to shop for such a romantic thing as a motion picture but good business methods turn out as well in buying entertainment as in buying anything else.

When you buy an automobile that bears the proud brand name of one of the greatest firms in the industry you are sure of the finest.

Why? The *name!*

When you go to a theatre which is showing a motion picture made by the foremost concern in the industry you are sure you are in for a great time.

Why? The *name*, Paramount!

The birds sing not more sweetly in early summer dawns than your heart when you see a Paramount love scene.

The terrible roar of tropic thunder is not more filled with a sense of awe than the greatest Paramount dramas.

To get entertainment so thrilling that boredom is dispelled like mist before sunshine, see Paramount Pictures.

They are announced in the newspaper advertisements, and in the lobbies, *as* Paramount Pictures.

That is how the best theatres everywhere may be distinguished: it is the pride of delivering the best.

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town.

PARAMOUNT PICTURES

listed in order of release

February 1, 1921, to May 1, 1921

Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle in
Brewster's
Adapted from George Barr
story and Winchell Smith's play

Dorothy Gish in "The Ghost in the Garret."

Cecil B. De Mille Production

Jeannie MacPherson's great
A Cecil B. De Mille Sensation

*Douglas MacLean in
Adapted from the Saturday Evening Post
story, "Yancona Y

A Cosmopolitan Production
The Passionate Pilgrim
from the story by Samuel Merwin

Charles Maigne's Production
The Kentuckians
Adapted from John Fox, Jr.'s famous

Ethel Clayton in "The Price of Possession
A Hugh Ford Produ

The Faith Healer
George Melford's Production of
Wm. Vaughan Moody's famous play

The Call of Youth
Hugh Ford's Production of
Henry Arthur Jones' play

Thomas Meighan in "The Easy Road
Another splendid Tom Meighan Production.

"Straight Is The Way"
A Cosmopolitan Production of the story by
Ethel Watts Mumford Grant

Wm. S. Hart in "O'Malley of the Mounted"
Mr. Hart's own production of a story of the
Northwest Mounted Police

A Robert Z. Leonard Production
Mae Murray in "The Gilded Lily"
A flashing story of New York at its gayest.

Dorothy Dalton in "The Teaser
An absorbing story of Alaskan dance hall

"Beau Revel
Louis Joseph Vance's great story
A William De Mille Production

What Every Woman Knows
Sir James M. Barrie's play charmingly
produced and acted, with Lois Wilson
and Conrad Nagle

Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle in
"The Dollar-a-Year Man"
Mystery and melodrama chock full of laughs

A Cosmopolitan Production
Buried Treasure
Marion Davies in a novel and
colorful romance

A John S. Robertson Production
Sentimental Tommy
Sir James M. Barrie's wonderful Tommy and
Grizel brought to life

A William D. Taylor Production
The Witching Hour
Elliott Dexter in Augustus Thomas'
greatest drama.

Douglas MacLean in "The Home Stretch"
A Thomas H. Ince Production from
Charles Belmont Davis' story

Wallace Reid in "The Love Special
From Frank Spearman's story

*A Thomas H. Ince Production

Paramount Pictures

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

(Continued from Page 30)

"Worth," I asked, "did you see that 1920 volume when you were here last night?"

He looked a little startled, and I prompted, "Were you too excited to have noticed a detail like that?"

"I wasn't excited; not in the sense of being confused," he spoke slowly. "The book was there; he'd been writing in it. I remember looking at it and thinking that as soon as I was gone he'd sit down in his chair and put every damn word of our row into it. That was his way. The seamy side of Santa Ysobel life is recorded in those books. I always understood they amounted to a pack of neighborhood dynamite."

"Got to find that last book," I said.

He nodded listlessly. I went to it, giving that room such a searching as would have turned out a bent pin, had one been mislaid in it. I even took down from the shelves books of similar size to see if the lost volume had been slipped into a camouflaging cover—all to no good. It wasn't there. And when I had finished I was positive of two things: The study had no other entrance than the apparent ones, and the diary of 1920 had been removed from the room since Worth saw it there the night before. I reached for one of the other volumes. Worth spoke again in a sort of a dragging voice:

"What do you want to look at them for, Jerry?"

"It's not idle curiosity," I told him, a bit pricked.

"I know it's not that." The old affectionate tone went right to my heart. "But if you're thinking you'll find in them any explanation of my father's taking his own life I'm here to tell you you're mistaken. Plenty there, no doubt, to have driven a tender-hearted man off the earth. He was different."

Eying the book in my hand, the boy blurted with sudden heat. "Those damn diaries have been wife and child and meat and drink to him. They were his reason for living—not dying!"

"Start me right in regard to your father, Worth," I urged anxiously. "It's important."

The boy gave me his shoulder and continued to stare down into the fire as he said at last, slowly: "I would rather leave him alone, Jerry."

I knew it would be useless to insist. Never then or thereafter did I hear him say more of his father's character. At that, he could hardly have told more in an hour's talk.

At random I took the volume that covered the year in which, as I remembered, Thomas Gilbert's wife had secured her divorce from him. Neatly and carefully written in a script as readable as type, the books, if I am a judge, had literary style. They were much more than mere diaries. True, each entry began with a note of the day's weather, and certain small records of the writer's personal affairs; but these went oddly enough with what followed: a biting analysis of the inner life, the estimated intentions and emotions of the beings nearest him. It was inhuman stuff. But Worth was right; there was no soil for suicide in this matter written by a hand guided by a harsh, censorious mind; too much egotism here to give over willingly the rôle of conscience for his friends. Friends? Could a man have friends who regarded humanity through such unkindly, wide-open, all-seeing eyes?

Worth, seated across from me on the other side of the fire, stared straight into the leaping blaze; but I doubted if that was what he saw. On his face was the look which I had come to know, of the dignified householder who had gone in and shut the door on whatever of dismay and confusion might be in his private affairs. I began to read his father's version of the separation from his mother, with its ironic references to her most intimate friend.

'Marion would like to see Laura Bowman ship Tony and marry Jim Edwards. I swear the modern woman has played bridge so long that her idea of the most serious obligation in life, the marriage vow—is, 'Never mind. If you don't like the hand you have got, shuffle, cut, and deal again!'"

I dropped the book to my knee and looked over at Worth, asking: "This Mrs. Bowman that we met last night at Tait's—she was a special friend of your mother's?"

"They were like sisters—in more than one way." I knew without his telling it that he alluded to their common misfortune of being both unhappily married. His mother, a woman of more force than the other, had gained her freedom.

"*Feminæ priores.*" I came on an entry standing oddly alone. "Marion is to secure the divorce—at my suggestion. I have demanded that our son share his time between us."

Again I let the book down on my knee and looked across at the silent fellow there. And I had heard him compassionate Barbara Wallace for having painful memories of her childhood! I believe he was at that moment more at peace with his father than he had ever been in his life—and that he grieved that this was so. I knew, too, that the forgiveness and forgetting would not extend to these pitiless records. Without disturbing him I laid down the book I held and scouted forward for things more recent.

"Laura Bowman"—through one entry after another Gilbert kicked that poor woman's name like a football. Very fine and righteous and high-minded in what he said, but writing it out in full and calling her painful difficulties—the writhing of a sensitive, high-strung woman, mismated with a tyrant—an example notably stupid and unoriginal, of the eternal matrimonial triangle. Bowman evidently kept Gilbert's sympathy, so far as such a nature can be said to entertain that gentle emotion.

I ran through other volumes, merciless recitals, now and again, of the shortcomings of his associates or servants; a cold-blooded misrepresentation of his son; a sneer for the affair with Ina Thornhill, with the dictum, sound enough no doubt, that the girl herself did the courting, and that she had no conscience. "The extreme society type of parasite," he put it. And then the account of his break with Edwards.

Doctor Bowman, it seems, had come to Gilbert in confidence for help, saying that his wife had left his house in the small hours the previous night, nothing but an evening wrap pulled over her night wear, and that he guessed where she could be found, since she hadn't gone to her mother's. He asked Gilbert to be his ambassador with messages of pardon. Didn't want to go himself, because that would mean a row, and he was determined, if possible, to keep the thing private, giving a generous reason—that he wasn't willing to disgrace the woman. All of which, after he'd written it down, the diarist discredited with his brief comment to the effect that Tony Bowman shunned publicity because scandal of the sort would hurt his practice, and his pride as well, and that he didn't go out to Jim Edwards' ranch because, under these circumstances, he would be afraid of Jim.

Thomas Gilbert did the doctor's errand for him. The entry concerning it occupied the next day. I read between the lines how much he enjoyed his position of god from the machine, swooping down on the two he found out there, estimating their situation and behavior in his usual hair-splitting fashion, sitting as a court of last appeal. It was of no use for Edwards to explain to him that Laura Bowman was practically crazy when she walked out of her husband's house as the culmination of a miserable scene—the sort that had been more and more frequent there of late—carrying black-and-blue marks where he had grabbed and shaken her.

The statement that it was by mere chance she encountered Jim seemed to have made Gilbert smile, and Jim's taking of her out to the ranch, the assertion that it was the only thing to do, that she was sick and delirious, had inspired Gilbert to say to him, quite neatly, "You weren't delirious, I take it—not more than usual."

Then he demanded that Laura go with him, at once, back to her husband, or out to her mother's. She considered the matter and chose to go back to Bowman, saying bitterly that her mother made the match in the first place, and stood always against her daughter and with her son-in-law, whatever he did. Plainly it took all of Laura's persuasions to prevent actual blows between Gilbert and Edwards. Also, she would promise only to go back and live under Bowman's roof, but not as his wife.

I followed Mr. Thomas Gilbert's observation of this affair: his amused understanding of how much Jim Edwards and Laura hated him, his private contempt for Bowman, to whom he continued to give countenance and moral support; his setting down of the quarrels, intimate, disastrous, between Bowman and his wife, as the doctor retailed them to him, the woman dragging herself on her knees to beg for her freedom, and his callous refusals—backed by threat of the wide publicity of a scandalous divorce suit, with Thomas Gilbert as main witness.

I turned to Worth and asked, "When will Edwards be here?"

"Any minute now."

Worth looked at me queerly, but I went on, "You said he phoned from the ranch. Did he answer you in person—from out there?"

"That's what I told you, Jerry."

My searching gaze made nothing of the boy's impassive face; I plunged again into the diaries, running down a page, getting the heading of a sentence, not delaying to go farther unless I struck something which seemed to me important, and each minute thinking of the strangeness of a man like this killing himself. It was in the 1916 volume that I made a discovery which surprised an exclamation from me:

"What would you call this, Worth? Your father's way of making corrections?"

"Corrections?" Worth spoke without looking round. "My father never made corrections—in anything." It was said without animus—a simple statement of fact.

"But look here." I held toward him the book. There were three leaves gone; that meant six pages, and the entries covered May 31 and June 1. I had verified that before I spoke to him, noticing that the statement of the weather for May 31 remained at the foot of the last page left, while a run-over on the page beyond the missing ones had been marked out. It had nothing to do with the weather. As nearly as I could make out with the reading glass I held over it, the words were, "take the woman for no other than she appears."

"Worth," I urged, "give me your attention for a minute here. You say your father did not make corrections, but one of the diaries is cut. The records of two days are gone. Were those pages stolen?"

"How should I know?" said Worth, and added helpfully, "Pity they didn't steal the whole lot. That would have been a relief."

There were voices and the sound of steps outside. I shoved the diary back into its place on the shelf, and turned to see Barbara at the broken door with Jim Edwards. She came in, her clear eyes a little wide, but the whole young personality of her quite composed.

Edwards halted at the door, a haggard eye roving over the room, until it encountered the blood stain on the rug, when it sheered abruptly, and fixed itself on Worth, who crossed to shake hands, with a quiet, "Come in, won't you, Jim? Or would you rather go up to the house?"

Keenly I watched the man as he stood there struggling for words. There was color on his thin cheeks, high under the dark eyes; it made him look wild. The chill of the drive, or pure nervousness, had him shaking.

"Thank you—the house, I think," he said rather incoherently. Yet he lingered. "Barbara's been telling me," he said in that deep voice of his with the air of one who utters at random. "Worth—have you thought that it might have been happening down here, right at the time we all sat at Tait's together?"

He was in a condition to spill anything. A moment more and we should have heard what it was that held him in such a grip of horror. But as I glanced at Worth I saw him reply to the older man's question with a very slight but very perceptible shake of the head. The gesture was not in response to what had been asked him; to any eye it said more plainly than words: "Don't talk; pull yourself together." I whirled to see how Edwards responded to this, and found our group had a new member. In the door stood a decent-looking, round-faced Chinaman. Edwards had drawn a little inside the threshold for him, but very little, and waited, still shaken, perturbed, hat in hand, apparently ready to leave as soon as the Oriental got out of his way.

"Hello," the yellow man saluted us.

"Hello, Chung," Worth rejoined, and added: "Looks good to see you again."

I was relieved to hear that. It showed me that the cook, anyhow, had not seen Worth last night in Santa Ysobel.

"Just now I hea' 'bout boss." Chung's eye went straight to the stain on the rug, exactly as Edwards' had done, but it stopped there, and his Oriental impassiveness was unmoved. "Too bad," he concluded, thrust the fingers of one hand up the sleeve of the other and waited.

"Where you been all day?" I asked.

"My cousin' ranch."

"His cousin's got a truck farm over by Medlow—or used to have," Worth supplied, and Chung looked to him instantly.

"You sabbee," he said hopefully. "I go iss mo'ning—all same any day—not find out 'bout boss. Too bad. Too velly much bad." A pause; then, looking round at the four of us: "I get dinner?"

"We've all had something to eat, Chung," Worth said. "You go now fix room. Make bed. To-night, I stay, Mr. Boyne here stay, Mr. Edwards stay. Fix three rooms. Good fire."

"All 'ite."

The Chink would have ducked out then, Jim Edwards after him, but I stopped the proceedings with "Hold on a minute—while we're all together—tell us about that visitor Mr. Gilbert had last night."

I was throwing a rock in the brush pile on the chance of scaring out a rabbit, with my shooting the question at Chung, but my eye was on Edwards. He glared back at me for a moment, then couldn't stand the strain and looked away. At last the Chinaman spoke.

"Not see um. I go fix bed now."

"Hold on." Again I stopped him. "Worth, tell him those beds can wait. Tell him it's all right to answer my questions."

"'S all 'ite?" Chung studied us in turn. I was keeping an inconspicuous tab on Edwards as I reassured him. "'S all 'ite," he repeated with a falling inflection this time, and finished placidly, "You want know 'bout lady?"

"What's all this?" Edwards spoke low.

"About a lady who came to see Mr. Gilbert last night," I explained shortly; then: "Who was she, Chung?"

"Not see um good." The Chinaman shook his head gravely.

"Did she come here—to the study?" I asked. He nodded. Worth moved impatiently, and the Chinaman caught it. He fixed his slant eyes on Worth. I stepped between them. "Chung," I said sharply, "you knew the lady! Who was she?"

"Not see um good," he repeated, plainly reluctant. "She hold hand by face—cly, I think."

"Good heavens!" Edwards broke out startlingly. "If we're going to hear an account of all the women that Tom lectured and made cry—leave me out of it."

"One will do, for this time," I said to him dryly, "if it's the right one."

And he subsided, turning away. But he did not go. With burning eyes he stood and listened while I cross-examined the unwilling Chung, and got apparently a straight story showing that some woman had come to the side door of his master's house shortly after dinner Saturday night, walked to the study with that master, weeping, and that her voice, when he heard it, sounded like that of someone he knew. I tried every way in the world to get him to be specific about this voice. Did it sound like that of a young lady? An old lady? Did he think it was someone he knew well, or only a little? Had he been hearing it much lately? All the usual tactics; but Chung's placid obstinacy was proof against them.

He kept shaking his head and saying over and over, "No hear um good," until Barbara, standing watchfully by, said: "Chung, you think that lady talk like this?"

As she spoke, after the first word, a change had come into her voice; it was lighter, higher, with a something in its character faintly reminiscent to my ear. And Chung bobbed his head quickly, nodding assent.

In her mimicry he had recognized the tones of the visitor. I glanced at Edwards; he looked positively relieved.

"I'll go to the house, Worth," he said with more composure in his tone than I would have thought a few moments ago he could in any way summon. "You'll find me there." And he followed the Chinaman up the moonlit path.

XII

I STOOD at the door and watched until I saw first Chung's head come into the light on the kitchen porch, then Jim Edwards' black poll follow it. I waited until both had gone into the house and the door was shut before I went back to Barbara and Worth. They were speaking together in low tones over at the hearth. The three of us were alone; and the blood stain on the rug, out of sight there in the shadow beyond the table, would seem to cry out as a fourth.

(Continued on Page 35)

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(Continued from Page 32)

"Barbara," I broke in across their talk, "who was the woman who came here to this place last night?"

She didn't answer me. Instead, it was Worth who spoke.

"Better come here and listen to what Bobs has been saying to me, Jerry, before you ask any questions."

I crossed and stood between the two young people.

"Well?" I grunted; and though Barbara's face was white, her eyes big and black, she answered me bravely.

"Mr. Gilbert did not kill himself. Worth doesn't think so either."

"What!" It was jolted out of me. After a moment's thought I finished: "Then I've got to know who the woman was that visited this room last night."

For a long while she made no reply, studying Worth's profile as he stared steadily into the fire. No signal passed between them, but finally she came to her decision and said, "Mr. Boyne, ask Worth what he thinks I ought to say to that."

Instead, "Who was it, Worth?" I snapped, speaking to the back of the young man's head. The red came up into the girl's face, and her eyes flashed; but Worth merely shrugged averted shoulders.

"You can search me," he said, and left it there.

I looked from one to the other of these young people: Worth, whom I loved as I might have my own son had I been so fortunate as to possess one; this girl, who had made a place of warmth for herself in my heart in less than a day, whose loyalty to my boy I was certain I might count on. How different this affair must look to them from the face it wore to me, an old police detective, who had bulled through many inquiries like this, the corpse itself, perhaps, lying in the back of the room instead of the bloodstain we had there on the rug; what was practically the third degree being applied to relatives and friends, with the squalid prospect of a court trial ahead of us all. If they'd seen as much of this sort of thing as I had they wouldn't be holding me up now, tying my hands that were so willing to help by this finespun, overstrained notion of shielding a woman's name.

"Barbara," I began—I knew an appeal to the unaccountable Worth would get me nowhere—"the facts we've got to deal with here are a possible murder, with this lad the last person known—by us, of course—to have seen his father alive. We know, too, that they quarreled bitterly. We know all this. Outside people, men who are interested and more or less hostile, were aware that Worth needed money—needs it yet, for that matter—a large sum. I suppose it is a question of time when it will become public that Worth came here last night; and when it does, do you realize what it will mean?"

Worth had sat through this speech without the quiver of a muscle, and no word came from him as I paused for a reply. Little Barbara, big eyes boring into me as though to read all that was in the back of my mind, nodded gravely but did not speak. I crossed to the shelves and took down the diary whose leather back bore the date of 1916.

As I opened it, finding the place where its pages had been removed, I continued: "You and I know—we three here know"—I included Worth in my statement—"that the crime was neither suicide nor parricide; but it is likely we must have proof of that fact. Unless we find the murderer ——"

"But the motive—there would have to be motive."

Barbara struck right at the core of the thing. She didn't check at the mere material facts of how a murder could have been done, who might have had opportunity. The fundamental question of why it should have been was her immediate interest.

"I believe I've the motive here," I said, and thrust the mutilated volume into her hand. "Someone stole those leaves out of Mr. Gilbert's diary. The books are filled with intimate details of the affairs of people—things which people prefer should not be known—names, details and dates written out completely. It's likely murder was done last night to get possession of those pages."

She went to the desk and glanced over the book; not the minute examination with the reading glass which I had given it; that mere flirt of a glance which, when I had first noticed it the night before at Tait's, skimming across that description of Clayte, had seemed so inadequate. Then she turned to me.

"Mr. Gilbert cut these out himself," she pronounced.

That brought Worth's head up and his face round to stare at her.

"You say my father removed something he had written?" he asked. Barbara nodded. "He never changed a decision—and those books were his decisions."

"Then this wasn't a correction; but he cut it out. Can't you see, Mr. Boyne? Those leaves were removed by a man who respected the book and was as careful in his mutilation of it as he was in its making. It is precisely written—I'm referring to workmanship, not its literary quality—carefully margined, evenly indented on the paragraph beginnings. And so, in this removal of three leaves, the cutting was done with a sharp knife drawn along the edge of a ruler."

I picked up from where they lay on the blotting pad a small pearl-handled knife, its sharp blade open, and the ruler I had seen when looking down from the skylight, and placed them before her. She nodded and continued:

"There is a bit of margin left so no other leaves can be loosened by this removal. The marking out of the run-over has been neatly ruled, done so recently that the ink is not yet black—done with that ink in the stand. It was blotted with this." She lifted a hand blotter to show me the print of a line of ink. There were other markings on the face of the soft paper, and I took it eagerly. Barbara smiled.

"You will get little from that," she said. I had not even seen her give it attention. "Scattered words—and parts of words, blotted frequently as they were written. Perhaps, with care, we might learn something, but we can turn more easily to the last pages of his diary and ——"

"There are no last pages," I interrupted. "The 1920 book is missing."

"Gone—stolen?" she exclaimed. It brought a smile to my face. For the first time in my experience of this pretty little bunch of brains she had hazarded a guess.

"Gone," I admitted coolly—a bit sarcastically. "I've no reason to say stolen."

"But—yes, you have—you have, Mr. Boyne! If it is gone it was stolen. Is it gone—are you sure it is gone?" Eagerly her eyes were searching desk, cabinet, the shelf where the other diaries made their long row. I satisfied her on that score.

"I have searched the study thoroughly; it is not in this room."

"Was here last night," Worth cut in. "I saw it on the desk."

"And was stolen last night," Barbara reaffirmed quickly. "These books are too big to be slipped into a pocket, so we can't believe it was left upon Mr. Gilbert's person; and he wouldn't lend it—wouldn't willingly let it go from his possession. So it was stolen; and the man who stole it—killed him." She shuddered.

That was going too swift for me to follow, but I saw on Worth Gilbert's face his acceptance of it. Either conviction of Barbara's infallibility or some knowledge locked up inside his own chest made him certain the diary had been stolen and the thief was his father's murderer.

In a flash I remembered his words, "putting every damn word of our row into it," and I shot straight at him: "Did you take that book, Worth?"

He only shook his head and answered: "You heard what Bobs said, Jerry."

If he took the book he killed his father; that was Barbara's inference, Worth's acceptance. I threw back my shoulders to cast off the suspicion, then reached across to slip my fingers under the girl's hand and pull from it the only record of that last written page, the blotter.

"Will you read me that?" I asked her. "Every word and part of a word—every letter?"

Her eyes smiled into mine with a reassurance that was like balm. Worth rose and found her a hand glass on the mantel, passing it to her, and with this to reverse the scrawlings she read and I wrote down in my memorandum book two complete words, two broken words and five single letters picked from overlying marks that were too confused to be decipherable. Though the three of us struggled with them they held no meaning. Worth's interest quickly ceased. "I'll join Jim Edwards in the house," he said, but I stopped him.

"One minute, Worth. There was a woman visitor here last night. It would

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seem she carried away with her the diary of 1920 and three leaves from the book of 1916. I want you—you and Barbara—to tell me what you know that happened here in Santa Ysobel on the dates of the missing pages—May 31 and June 1, 1916."

Barbara accepted the task, turning that wonderful cinematograph memory back, and murmured: "I never tried recollecting on just a bare date this way, but"—then glanced round at me and finished—"nothing happened to me in Santa Ysobel then, because I wasn't in Santa Ysobel. I was in San Francisco and ——"

"And I was in Flanders, so that lets me out," Worth broke in brusquely. "I'll go up to the house."

"Wait, Worth." I placed a hand on his shoulder. "Go on, Barbara; you had thought of something."

"Yes. Father died in January of that year, and in March I was to vacate the house. It had been sold, and they wanted to fix it over. I left Santa Ysobel on the eighteenth of March, but they didn't get into the house until June first."

Again Worth interrupted.

"Which jogs my memory for an unexciting detail." He smiled enigmatically. "I was jilted June first."

"In Flanders?" How many times had this lad been jilted?

"No. Right here. I wasn't here, of course, but the letter which did the trick was written here and bore that date—June 1, 1916."

"How do you get the date so pat?"

"It was handed me by the mail orderly—I was in the Verdun sector then—on the morning of the Fourth of July. Remember the date the letter was written because of the quick time it made. Most of our mail took from six weeks to eternity. What you smiling at, Bobs?"

"Just a little—you don't mind, do you?—at your saying you remember Ina's letter by the quick time it made in reaching you."

"Who bought your house, Barbara?" I asked her.

"Doctor Bowman—or rather Mrs. Bowman's uncle bought it and gave it to her."

"And they went in on the first of June, 1916?" I was all excitement, turning the pages of the diary to get to certain points I remembered. "What can either one of you tell me about the state of affairs at that time between Doctor Bowman and his wife—and that man who was just in here—Jim Edwards?"

Worth turned a hostile back; Barbara seemed to shrink in her chair.

I hated like a whipping to pull this sort of stuff on them, but I knew that Barbara's knowledge of Worth's danger would reconcile her to whatever painful thing must be done, and I had to know who was that visitor of last night.

"Is that—that stuff in those damnable books?" I saw the hunch of Worth's broad shoulders.

"Some of it is—some of it has been cut out," I replied.

"And you connect Jim Edwards with this crime?"

"I don't connect him—he connects himself—by them and by his manner."

"Burn them!" He faced me, came over and reached for the book. "Dump the whole rotten mess into the fire, Jerry, and be done with it."

"Easy said, but that would sure be a short cut to trouble. Tell me, I've got to know, if you think this man Edwards—under great provocation—capable of—well, of killing a fellow creature."

"Jerry"—Worth took the book out of my hand and laid it on the table—"what you want to do is to forget this—dirt that you've been reading, and go at this thing without prejudice. If you open any trails and they lead in my direction don't be afraid to follow them. This thing of trying to find a criminal in someone that my father has already deeply injured—someone that he's made life a hell for—so that suspicion needn't be directed to me, makes me sick. If I'd allow you to do it I'd be yellow clear through."

That was about the longest speech I'd heard Worth Gilbert make since his return from France. And he meant every word of it, too; but it didn't suit me. This hew-to-the-line stuff is all right until the chips begin whacking the head of your friend. In this case there wasn't a doubt in my mind that when a breath of suspicion got out that Thomas Gilbert had not killed himself, that minute would see the first finger point at Thomas Gilbert's son as the murderer.

So I grumbled, "Just the same, Edwards has something on his mind about last night."

"He has—and it's pretty nearly tearing him to pieces," Worth admitted, but would go no farther.

"He was here last night, I'm sure—and Mrs. Bowman was with him," I ventured.

Barbara, who had been sitting through this, her eyes on Worth, turned from him to me and pronounced gently, "Yes, he was here, and Laura was with him."

"Bobs!" Worth spoke so sternly that she glanced up startled. "I'll not stand for you throwing suspicion on Jim."

"Did I -do that?" her lip trembled. Worth's gaze was on the fire.

"Don't quarrel with the girl," I remonstrated. Barbara had told me the visitor; I covered my elation with "She's only looking out for your safety."

"I can look out for myself!"—curtly. He turned hard eyes on us. It made me feel put away from him, chucked out from his friendship. "And I never quarreled with anybody in my life. Sometimes"—he turned from one to the other of us, speaking slowly—"sometimes I seem to antagonize people, for no reason that I can see; and sometimes I fight; but I never quarrel."

"No offense intended—or taken," I assured him hastily. My heart was full of his danger, and I told myself that it was his misery spoke, and not the true Worth Gilbert

But a very pale and subdued Barbara said tremulously, "I guess I'd better go home now," suggesting, after the very slightest pause: "Mr. Boyne can take me."

"Don't, Bobsie!" Worth's voice was gentle again, but absent. It sounded as though he had already forgotten both of us and our possible cause of offense. "Go to the house with Jerry. I'll bar the door and follow."

"Can't I help with that?" I offered.

"No. Eddie will give me a hand if I need it. Go on. I'll be with you in a minute."

XIII

BUT it was considerably more than a minute before Worth followed us to the house. We walked slowly, talking. When I looked back from the kitchen porch Worth had already come outside, and I thought Eddie Hughes was with him, though I heard no voices and couldn't be sure on account of the shrubbery between.

Getting into the house we found that Chung had the downstairs all opened up through, lights going, heat turned on from the basement furnace; everywhere that tended, homelike appearance a competent servant gives a place. On the hall table as we passed I noticed a doctorish top coat, with a primly folded muffler laid across it.

"Doctor Bowman is here," Barbara said, hardly above her breath.

We listened; no sound of voices from the living room; then I got the tramp of feet that moved back and forth in there. We opened the door, and there were the two men; a queer proposition!

Bowman had taken a chair pretty well in the middle of the room. It was Jim Edwards whose feet I had heard as he roamed about. No word was going between them; apparently they hadn't spoken to each other at all; the looks that met or avoided were those strange looks of persons who live in lengthened and what might be termed intimate hostility.

"Ah — Boyne — isn't it?" Bowman greeted me; I thought our coming relieved the situation. He shook hands, then turned to Barbara with "Mrs. Thornhill said you were here; I told her I would bring you back with me."

I rather wondered not to hear him insist on being taken at once to the study, but his next words gave the reason. He'd reached Santa Ysobel too late for the inquest itself, but not too late to make what he informed us was a thorough investigation of everything it treated of.

Barbara and I found places on the davenport; Edwards prowled up and down the other end of the room, openly in torment. Those stormy black eyes of his were seldom off Bowman, while the doctor's gray, heavy-lidded gaze never got beyond the toes of the restless man's moving boots. He had begun a grumbling tale of the coroner's incompetence and neglect to reopen the inquest when he, the family physician, arrived, as though that were important, when Worth came in.

Instantly the doctor was on his feet, had paced up to the new master of the house, and begun pumping his arm in a long handshake, while he passed out those platitudes of condolence a man of his sort deals in at such a time. The stuff I'd been reading in those diaries had told me what was the root and branch of his friendship with the dead man; it made the hair at the back of my neck lift to hear him boasting of it in Jim Edwards' presence, and know what I knew.

"And, my dear boy," he finished, "they tell me you've not been to view the body—yet. I thought perhaps you'd like to go—with me. I can have my machine here in a minute. No?" as Worth declined with a wordless shake of the head.

I hoped he'd leave then; but he didn't. Instead, he turned back to his chair, explaining, "If Mrs. Thornhill's cook hadn't phoned me, when Mrs. Thornhill had a second collapse last night, I suppose I should be in San Francisco still. The coroner seemed to think there was no necessity for having competent medical testimony as to the time of death and the physical condition of the deceased. I should have been wired for. The inquest should have been delayed until I arrived. The way they managed the thing was disgraceful."

"It was merciful." Jim Edwards spoke as though unwillingly, in a muttered undertone. Evidently it was the first word he'd addressed to Bowman—if he could be said to address him now—as he finished. "I hadn't thought of an inquest. Yet of course there'd be one in a case of suicide."

Bowman only heard and wholly misconstrued him, snatching at the concluding words.

"Of course it was suicide. Done with his own weapon, taken from the holster where we know it always hung, fully loaded. The muzzle had been pressed so close against the breast when the cartridge exploded that the woolen vest showed fire. I should say it had smoldered for some time; there was a considerable hole burned in the cloth. The flesh round the wound was powder scarred."

Worth took it like a red Indian. I could see by the glint of his eye as it flickered over the doctor's face, the smooth white hands, the whole smooth personality, that the boy disliked and had always disliked him. Yet he listened silently.

I rather hoped by leading questions to get Bowman to express the opinion that Thomas Gilbert had been killed in the small hours of the morning—circumstances then would have fitted in with Eddie Hughes. Eddie Hughes was to me the most acceptable murderer in sight. But no—nothing would do him but to stick to the hour the coroner had accepted.

"Medical science cannot determine closer than that." He was very final. "The death took place within an hour preceding midnight."

"You are positive it couldn't be this morning?" I asked.

"Positive."

Well, Doctor Bowman's testimony, if accepted at the value the doctor himself placed upon it, would clear Worth of suspicion, for the lad was with me at Tait's from a few minutes past ten until after one; and Jim Edwards, now pacing the floor so restlessly, had also been there the greater part of that time. I had had too much experience with doctors' guesses based on rigor mortis to let it affect my views.

In the minute of silence we could hear Chung moving about at the back of the house. The doctor spoke querulously:

"Never expect anything of a Chinaman, but I should think when the chauffeur found the body he might have had sense enough to summon friends of the family. He could have phoned me—I was only in San Francisco."

"He could have phoned me at the ranch," Jim Edwards' deep voice came in.

"You? Why should he phone for you?" Bowman wheeled on him at last. "I was the man's physician as well as his close friend. Everybody knows you weren't on good terms with him. Gad! You wouldn't be here in his house to-night if he were alive."

In the sort of silence that comes when someone's been suddenly struck in the face Worth crossed to Edwards and laid an arm along his shoulders.

"I've asked Jim to stay in my place, here, in my house, while I'm away over Monday and he can do as he likes about whom he chooses to have round."

Bowman gradually got to his feet, his face a study.

"I see," he said. "Then I'll not trespass on your time any longer. I felt obliged to offer my services—patients of mine—for years—in affliction ——" A gleam of anger came into his fishy eyes. "I've been met with damned insolence. Claiming of the house before your father's decently in his grave!" He jerked fully erect. "Leave your affairs in the hands of that degenerate. If he doesn't do you dirt you'll be the first he's let off! Come, Miss Barbara," to the girl who sat beside me, looking on, mutely observant.

"Thank you, doctor." She answered him as tranquilly as though no voice had been raised in anger in that room. "I think I'll stay a little longer. Jim will take me home."

The doctor glared and stalked out. To the last I think he was expecting someone to stop him and apologize. I suppose this was what Worth described naïvely as "antagonizing people without intending to." Well, it might not be judicious; I certainly was glad the doctor was so sure of the time at which his friend Gilbert had met death, yet I couldn't but enjoy seeing him get his. As soon as the man's back was turned Edwards beckoned Barbara to the window. Worth and I left them talking together there in low tones, he to get something he wanted from a case in the hall, where he called me to the phone, saying long distance wanted me. While I was waiting for my connection—Central, as usual, having gotten me, now couldn't get the other party—the two came from the living room and Barbara said good night to us in passing.

"Those two seem to have something on hand," I commented as they went out. "The little girl gave Bowman one for himself—in the nicest possible way. Don't wonder Edwards likes her for it."

"Poor Laura Bowman! Her friends take turns giving that bloodless lizard she's tied to one for himself any time they can," Worth said. "My mother used to handle the doctor something like that; and now it's Barbara—little Bobsie Wallace—God bless her!"

He went on toward the dining room. I looked after his unconscious departing figure and thought he deserved a good licking. Why couldn't he have spoken that way to the girl herself? Why hadn't he taken her home instead of leaving it to Edwards?

Then I got my call and answered, "This is Boyne. Put them through."

In a minute came Roberts' voice:

"Hello, Mr. Boyne?"

"Yes. What you got?"

"Telegram -Hicks—Los Angeles. He's located Steve Skeels ——"

"Read me the wire," I broke in.

"All right." A pause; then: "'Skeels arrived here from Frisco this morning. Shall I arrest?'"

"Good!" I exclaimed. "Wire him to keep Steve under surveillance and await instructions. Tell him not to lose him. Get that, Roberts? Hustle it. I'll be in by nine. Good-by." And I hung up.

I looked round; Worth had gone into the dining room; I stepped to the door and saw him kneeling before an open lower door of the built-in sideboard, and noted that the compartment had been steel lined and securely locked, making a sort of safe.

A lamp at the end of an extension wire stood on the floor beside him; he looked round at me over his shoulder as I put my head in to say, "Stock in your old suitcase has gone up a notch, Worth. We've caught Skeels."

"So soon?" was all he said. But my news seemed to decide something for him; with a sharp gesture of finality he put into his breast pocket the package of papers he had been looking at.

When a little later Edwards came in, Worth was waiting for him in the hall.

"Do we go now?" the older man asked, wincing. Worth nodded.

"Take your machine, Jim," he said. "We can park it at Fuller's and walk back from there. Boyne's roadster is in our garage."

"Anything wrong with Eddie Hughes?" Edwards asked as he stepped in to get his driving gloves. "I passed him out there headed for town lugging a lot of freight, and the fellow growled like a dog when I spoke to him."

"I fired him. Come on, Jim—let's get out of this."

"Hold on, Worth," I took a hand. "Fired Hughes? When?"

"While I was fixing up that door—after you and Bobs came to the house."

"What in God's name for?" I asked in exasperation.

(Continued on Page 38)

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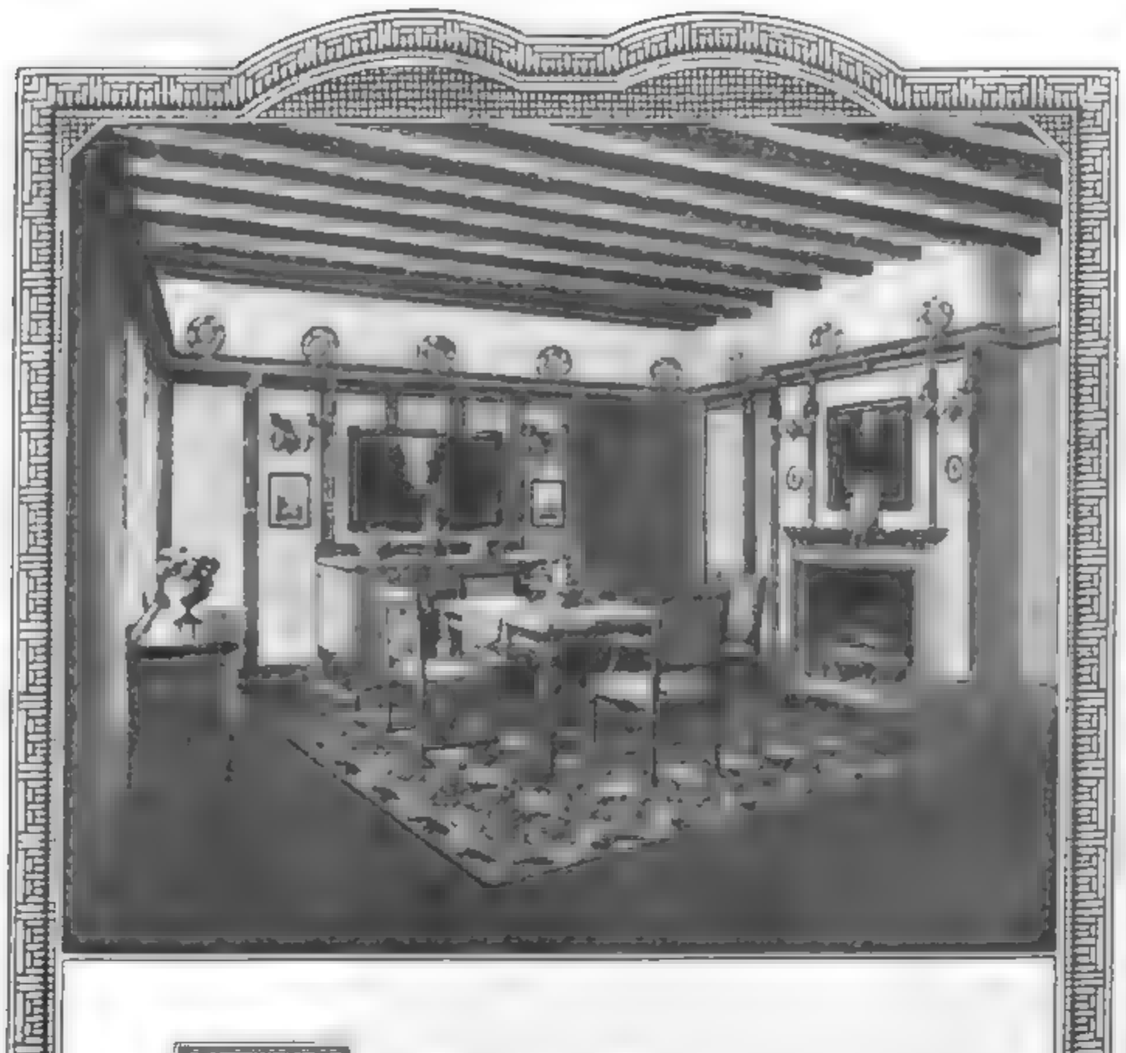

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(Continued from Page 36)

"For giving me back talk," said the youth who never quarreled with anyone.

He and Edwards tramped out together. I realized that the hostile son and an alienated friend had gone for a last look at the clay that had yesterday been Thomas Gilbert. Of course Worth would do that before he left Santa Ysobel. But would Edwards go in with him—or was he only along to drive the machine? It might be of some value to know. But I could ask to-morrow; it wasn't worth a tired man's waiting up for. We must make an early start in the morning. I went upstairs to bed.

INSTEAD of driving up to San Francisco with Worth and Barbara the next morning, I was headed south at a high rate of speed. Sitting in the Pullman smoker going over what had happened and what I had made of it, vainly studying a small blue blotter with some senseless hieroglyphics reversed upon it, I wasn't at all sure that this move of mine was anywhere near the right one. But the thing hit me so quick, had to be decided in a flash, and my snap judgment never was good.

We were all at breakfast there at the Gilbert house when I got the phone that those boobs down in Los Angeles had let Skeels slip through their fingers. I could see no way but to go myself. When I went out to retrieve my hand bag from the roadster, there was Barbara already in the seat. I delayed a minute to explain to her. She was full of eager interest; it seemed to her that Skeels' ducking the detectives that way was more than clever—almost worthy of a wonder man.

"Slickest thing I ever knew," I grumbled. "You can gamble I wouldn't be going south after him if Skeels hadn't shown himself too many for the Hicks agency—and they're one of the best in the business."

Worth came out and settled himself at the wheel; he and Edwards exchanged a last low-toned word; and they were ready to be off. Barbara leaned toward me with shining eyes.

"Perhaps," she said, "Skeels might even be Clayte!" Then the roadster whisked her away.

The bulk of Worth Gilbert's fortune was practically tied up in this affair. Even as the Pullman carried me Los Angeles-ward, that boy was getting into San Francisco, going to the bank, and turning over to them capital that represented not only his wealth but his honor. If we failed to trace this money he was a discredited fool. Yes, I had done right to come.

So far on that side. Then apprehension began to mutter within me about the situation at Santa Ysobel. How long would that coroner's verdict of suicide satisfy the public? How soon would some seepage of fact indicate that the death was murder, set the whole town to looking for a murderer?

The minute this happened the real criminal would take alarm and destroy evidence I might have gathered if I had stayed by the case. I promised myself that it should be simply there and back with me in the Skeels matter.

This is the way it looked to me in the Pullman; then I allowed myself to get hot telling the Hicks people what I thought of them, explaining how I'd have run the chase, and wound up by giving seven days to it—seven precious, irreclaimable days—while everything lay wide open there in the north, and I couldn't get any satisfactory word from the office, and none of any sort from Worth.

That Skeels trail kept me to it, with my tongue hanging out; again and again I seemed to have him; every time I missed him by an hour or so, and that convinced me that he was straining every nerve, and that he probably had the whole of the loot still with him.

At last I seemed to have him in a perfect trap—Ensenada, on the Peninsula. You get into and out of Ensenada by steamboat only, except back to the mines on foot or donkey. The two days I had to wait over in San Diego for the boat which would follow the one Skeels had taken was a mighty uneasy time. If I'd imagined for a moment that he wasn't on the dodge—that he was there openly—I'd have wired the Mexican authorities and had him waiting for me in jail. But it seemed to me best to go it alone.

What I found in Ensenada was that Skeels had been there, quite publicly, under his own name; he had come alone and departed with a companion, Hinch Dial, a drill operator from the mines, a transient, a pick-up laborer, seemingly as close-mouthed as Silent Steve himself. Steve had come on one steamer and the two had left on the next. That north-bound boat we passed two hours off Point Loma was carrying Skeels and his pal back to San Diego!

Again two days lost, waiting for the steamer back. And when I got to San Diego the trail was stone cold. I had sent Worth almost daily reports in care of my office, not wanting them to lie round at Santa Ysobel during the confusion of the funeral and all; but even before I went to Ensenada telegrams from Roberts had informed me that these reports could not be delivered as Worth had not been at the office, and telephone messages to Santa Ysobel and the Palace Hotel had failed to locate him. When I believed I had Skeels firmly clasped in the jaws of the Ensenada trap I had sent a complete report of my doings up to that time, and the optimistic outlook then, to Barbara with instructions for her to get it to Worth. She would know where he was.

But she didn't. Her reply, waiting at San Diego for me, a delicious little note that somehow lightened the bitterness of my disappointment over Skeels, told me that she had seen Worth at the funeral, almost a week ago now, but only for a minute; that she had supposed he had joined me on the Skeels chase; and she would now try to hunt him up and deliver my report. Roberts, too, had a line in one of his reports that Worth had called for the suitcase on the Monday I left and had neither returned it nor been in the office since.

I worried not at all over Worth; if he wanted to play hide-and-seek with Dykeman's spotters he was thoroughly capable of looking after himself; but in the Skeels matter I did then what I should have done in the first place, of course; turned the work over to subordinates and headed straight home.

I reached San Francisco pretty well used up. It was nearly the middle of the forenoon next day when I got to my desk and found it piled high with mail that had accumulated in my absence. Roberts had looked after what he could, and sorted the rest, ready for me.

Everything concerning the Clayte case was in one basket.

As Roberts handed it to me he explained, "The Van Ness bank attorney—Cummings—has been keeping tab on you tight, Mr. Boyne. Here every day—sometimes twice. Wants to know the minute you're back."

I grunted and dived into the letters. Nothing interesting. Responses acknowledging receipt of my early inquiries. Roberts lingered.

"Well?" I shot at him.

He moved uneasily as he asked, "Did you wire him when you were coming back?"

"Cummings? No. Why?"

"He telephoned in just before you came, saying that he'd be right up to see you. I told him you hadn't returned. He laughed and hung up."

"All right, Roberts. Send him in when he comes."

I dismissed the secretary. Cummings was keeping tabs on me with a vengeance. What was on his chest? I didn't need to wait long to find out. In another minute he was at my door greeting me in an offhand, "Hello, Boyne. Ready to jump into your car and go round with me to see Dykeman?"

"Just got down to the office, Cummings." I watched him, trying to figure out where I stood and where he stood after this week's absence. "Haven't seen Worth Gilbert yet. What's the rush with Dykeman?"

"You'll find out when you get there."

Not very friendly, seeing that Cummings had been Worth's lawyer in the matter, and aside from that queer scene in my office there'd been no actual break. He stood now, not really grinning at me, but with an amused look under that bristly mustache, and suggested, "So you haven't seen young Gilbert?"

The tone was so significant that I gave him a quick glance of inquiry as I said, "No. What about him?"

"Put on your coat and come along. We can talk on the way," he replied, and I went with him to the street, dug little Pete

(Continued on Page 40)

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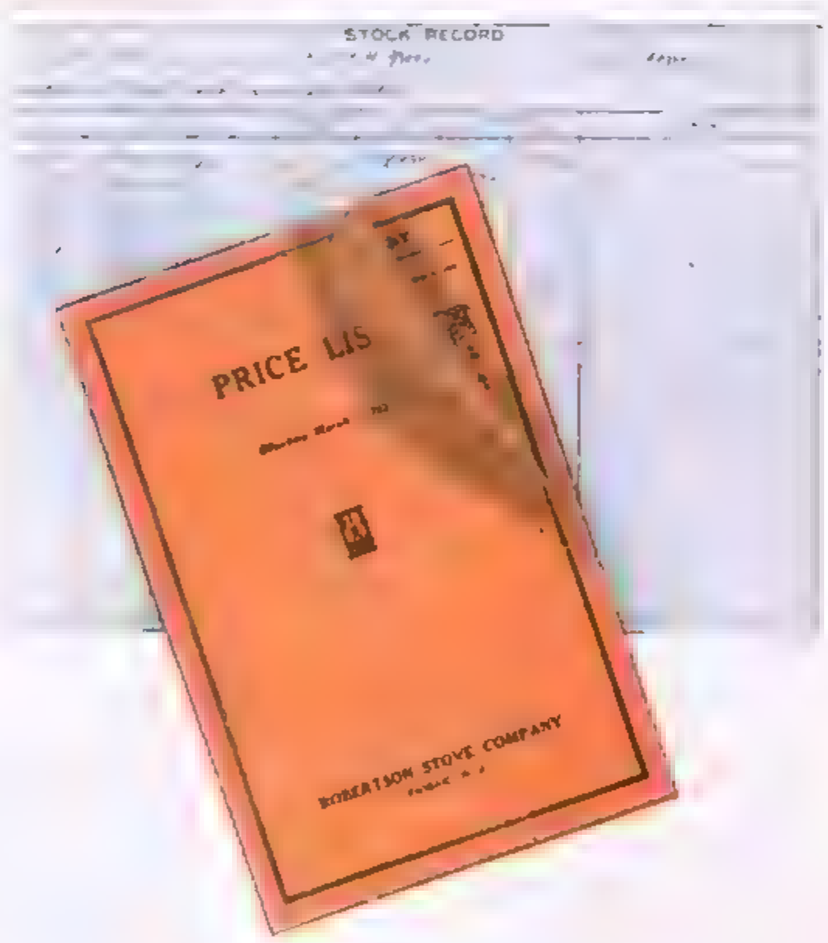

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(Continued from Page 38)

out of the bootblack stand and herded him into the roadster to drive us. Cummings gave the order for North Beach, and as we squirmed through and round congested downtown traffic, headed for the Stockton Street tunnel, I waited for the lawyer to begin. When it came it was another startling question:

"Didn't find Skeels in the south, eh?"

I hadn't thought they'd carry their watching and trailing of us so far. I answered that question with another:

"When did you see or hear from Worth Gilbert last?"

"Not since the funeral," he said promptly; "the day before the funeral—a week ago to-day, to be exact. I ran down to make my inventory then; as administrator, you know."

He looked at me so significantly that I echoed, "Yes, I know."

"Do you? How much?" His voice was hard and dry; it didn't sound good to me.

"See here," I put it to him, as my knowing little driver dodged in and out through the narrow lanes between pagodalike shops of Chinatown, avoiding the steep hill streets by a diagonal across the Italian quarter on Columbus Avenue. "If there's anything you think I ought to be told, put me wise. I suppose you raised that money for Worth—the seventy-two thousand that was lacking, I mean?"

"I did not."

I turned the situation over and over in my mind, and at last asked cautiously, "Worth did get the money to make up the full amount, didn't he?"

We had swerved again to the north, where the Powell car line curves into Bay Street, and were headed direct for the wharves. Cummings watched me out of the corner of his eye, a look that bored in most unpleasantly, while he cross-examined: "So you don't know where he raised that money—or how—or when? You don't even know that he did raise it? Is that the idea?"

I gave him look for look, but no answer. An indecisive slackening of the machine, and little Pete asked, "Where now, sir?"

"You can see it," Cummings pointed. "The tall building. Hit the Embarcadero, then turn to your right; a block to Mason Street."

So close to the dock that ships lay broadside before its doors, moored to the piles by steel cables, the Western Cereal Company plant scattered its mills and warehouses over two city blocks. Freight trains ran through arcades into the buildings to fetch and carry its products; great trucks, some gas driven, some with four or six horse teams, loaded sacks or containers that shot in endless streams through well-worn chutes or emptied raw materials that shortly would be breakfast foods into iron conveyors that sucked them up and whined for more. It was a place of aggressive activity among placid surroundings, this plant of Dykeman's, for its setting was the Italian fishermen's home district; little frame shacks before which they mended their long brown nets or stretched them on the sidewalks to dry; Fishermen's Wharf, with its lateen rigged, gayly painted hulls, was under the factory windows.

We pulled up before the door of a building separate from any of the mills or warehouses, and I followed Cummings through a corridor, past many doors of private offices, to the large general office.

Here a young man at a desk against the rail lent Cummings respectful attention; the lawyer asked something in a low tone, and was answered, "Yes, sir. Waiting for you. Go right through."

Down the long room with its rattling typewriters, its buzz of clerks and salesmen. Cummings was a little ahead of me, when he checked a moment to bow to someone over at a desk. I followed his glance. The girl he had spoken to turned her back almost instantly after she had returned his greeting; but I couldn't be mistaken. There might be more than one figure with that slim half-girlish grace about it, and other hair as lustrously blue-black, but none could be wound round a small head quite so shapely, carried with so blossomlike a toss. It was Barbara Wallace.

So this was where her job was. Strange I had not known this fact of grave importance. I went on past her unconscious back, left her working at her loose-leaf ledgers, beside her adding machine, my mind a whirl of ugly conjecture. Dykeman's employee; that would instantly and very painfully clear up a score of perplexing questions. Dykeman would need no detectives on my trail to tell him of my lack of success in the Skeels chase. Lord! I had sent her as concise a report as I could make—to her, for Worth. I walked on stupidly. In front of the last door in the big room Cummings halted and spoke low.

"Boyne, you and I are both in the employ of the Van Ness Avenue Bank. We're somewhat similarly situated in another quarter; I'm representing the Gilbert estate, and you've been retained by Worth Gilbert."

I grunted some sort of assent.

"I brought you here to listen to what the bank crowd has to say, but when they are done I've something to tell you about that young employer of yours. You listen to them—then you listen to me—and you'll know where you stand."

"I'll talk with you as soon as I get through here, Cummings."

"Be sure you do that little thing!"—significantly. And we went in.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

OLD-TIMER

(Continued from Page 5)

the lowest saddle in the high divide. The narrow valley of the Gros Ventre opened out below them.

"The Grovant," North informed. "It flows west to the Snake. I've cut the Snake down below a ways, maybe two hundred mile, but never as far up as this. We'll follow the Grovant down and work north up the Snake."

As they threaded the valley of the Gros Ventre the boy was impressed by the wealth of feed. The open sidehills were clothed with a luxuriant stand of grass, which grew to the knees of the horses. Near the confluence with the larger stream the country widened out—great stretches of open country, willow swamps marking the course of trickling spring seeps meandering across meadows rank with natural hay, grassy parks claiming a full half of the aspen hills lifting from the bottoms. A vast sagebrush flat flanked the near side of the river at one point and rose in succeeding tiers of flat benches; and here they had a touch of the outside plains, for the light dots that moved below them were antelope, twenty thousand ranging in sight at one time in this gem of a valley hemmed in by mighty hills.

They traveled north, and everywhere there was grass, feed for untold thousands of the grazing tribes. Three days after crossing the watershed from the Green they made their night camp on the shores of Jacksons Lake. Even this far spot had not been immune from invasion by the trappers of long ago. Roving bands, sent out in the interests of the three great companies, had penetrated to the very base of the Tetons and harvested the thickest of the fur. But the trappers had gone with the fur trade into the annals of the past, and perhaps not even the boot print of a white man had marked the lake shore for twenty years.

First the quiet beauty of the hardwood country had seemed all that was wonderful to the boy. He had passed through succeeding stages as the limitless horizons of the short-grass plains had called him, and later when he felt the spell of the rolling sage-clad foothills. Now the lure of the giant ranges claimed him for their very own. The mighty Tetons reared their crests across from him, towering five thousand feet sheer from the placid waters of the lake, their lower reaches clothed with dense jungles of spruce except where wild tumbling ravines pitched down from the peaks and tore jagged rents through this softening garb of greenery. Above the trees vast sweeps of naked rock, glacier studded and capped with perpetual snow, thrust their bald pinnacles to the skies. And the crystal waters of the lake seemed bottomless, the inverted reflections of the peaks on the mirrored surface appearing to plunge their ragged points as many thousands of feet below the water line as they towered in actuality above it. In all Nature there is no sight more breathless, more calculated to impress man with his own pitiful insignificance, than this first glimpse of the Three Tetons across Jacksons Lake.

The bald ridges of the Hoback and the Gros Ventre hills shut the valley in to the south. It spread out to the east in rolling hills, open parks and sidehills fringed with the heavy green of spruce and silvery clumps of aspen. Valleys of lodgepole pine swept away toward the snow-capped peaks of the eastward ranges, for which old Tom North knew no name. Miles and miles of beaver swamps, meadows rank with slough grass and broken by jungles of willow and birch, flanked the northeast shores of the lake. Beyond it to the north the Continental Divide spread a barrier as far as the eye could reach. West, the Grand Tetons stood guard over this basin, rimmed in by lofty peaks.

Mart Woodson looked first on the high country during the season which the hill tribes knew as the Short Blue Moon. The mule deer bucks had shed their garb of the season past and now stepped forth in new short-haired coats of sleek blue-gray. The streams had passed the muddy summer flood tide swelled by melting drifts, and now carried no clouding sediments in their flow, their waters a deep blue-green. A bluish haze hung in the hills and filtered a silvery luster over distant spruce slopes. Open ridges thrust their slender tongues back through stands of heavy timber, their crests capped with the pale blue-gray sage of the higher hills. The mass of far-off ranges loomed deep blue, outlined against the paler turquoise blue of the autumn sky: the Short Blue Moon of the hill country.

Myriads of waterfowl, hatched in the depths of the beaver swamps, were being marshaled by their elders into great flocks, preparatory to the southward migration, which would set in with the cold days of fall. Thousands of big gray geese floated on the surface of the lake. A dozen varieties of ducks buzzed in vast swarms. Where the swamp merged with the parent body of water a hundred whooping cranes waded in the shallows, standing five feet tall, the most majestic birds in America, the snow-white plumage and black-tipped wings of the adults forming beautiful contrast to the pure golden buff of the young. Near them a thousand smaller relatives, the sand-hill cranes, executed a war dance on the oozy surface of a mud bar. A clump of mixed spruce and cottonwoods sprouting from a knoll out in the swamp was built thick with broad flat nests of heavy sticks, a giant rookery of the great blue herons.

The Tetons spread their lengthening shadows across the picture as the boy picketed one horse in a grassy park and threw the rest out to graze. The scene blurred; the purple shadows deepened, to merge imperceptibly into the velvet black of night—and the silent hills woke to life.

It was the running time of the antlered game. The lordly rulers of the elk tribe were feeling the urge of the season and descending from their summer homes in the high pockets, coming down to the valleys where dwelt the cows. A mighty herd bull on the shores of the lake thrust forth his head and sent his clarion challenge pealing across the hills. Another answered. As if at a given signal a score of others chimed in, the shrill squealing whistle of young aspirants mingling with the rich full bugles of the six-point monarchs who bossed herds of their own. From far and near the whole expanse of the hills rang with the silvery peals of lovelorn bulls.

A huge grizzly shuffled silently on broad padded feet and stood swaying from side to side as he tested the wind from the camp.

A chorus of yelping barks rose from close at hand as a band of cow elk regarded the dancing rays of the night fire. A hundred bighorn sheep peered from the slopes of the Tetons at the red reflection, a slender thread of fire reaching out across the still surface to connect them with the glowing spark on the far shore of the lake.

Music of unseen wings filled the night, the soft wing whistles of slow-flying birds, frequently varied by the hissing screech of some flock of speedsters hurtling through the air with tremendous velocity. The weird whoops of the great white cranes rose above the contented chuckles of half a million ducks, the harsh squawks of herons and the clamor of big gray honkers. A volley of wild clear notes dropped into the medley from on high as a band of trumpeter swans winged up the lake.

The beaver were busy making their food caches against the lean days of winter, and scarce a passing minute but was punctuated by the whack of a broad tail upon the waters of some beaver pond out in the swamp. A twelve-inch cottonwood, undermined by their scoring teeth, toppled and crashed down, the hollow boom of its impact with the water filling the valley and rolling on across the hills in overlapping waves of sound, to be tossed in rumbling echoes from rim to rim. And the sound reached the ears of a hundred thousand elk on their native range.

IV

THE Bannocks of the west and the Blackfeet of the north spoke of the stream as the Yellow Rock, and early in the century the whites had so labeled the unknown country which shrouded its head reaches, calling it the Yellowstone. The Crows pointed westward from their country in the Bighorns and referred to an ancient legend, handed down through generations to their people, which told of the land of the Two Ocean Waters. When the first roving bands of free trappers penetrated the country of the Gros Ventres on the Snake the Indians pointed north and shook their heads.

"Burning Mountain; no good," they told the white men.

All tribes referred to it in a general way as the Land of Many Rivers, and all whites knew it as Colter's Hell, from the wondrous and incredible tales which John Colter, the first pioneer to look upon its marvels, had given broadcast to the world. And it was with mixed emotions, tempered both by the reverent awe of the red men and the irreverent disbelief of the whites, that Mart Woodson pushed ever deeper into the heart of the unknown hills.

A week after leaving that first camp on the shores of Jacksons Lake the two men mounted a divide. They had pressed northward through a network of lakes and connecting streams. The heavy timber on the crest of the divide obscured their view as they took the steep drop at the head of a tiny stream which broke down the far slope. Throughout the day they threaded the tangled blow-downs of the stream bed and just at nightfall came out upon the point of a spur which overlooked the little river into which it flowed.

Woodson held up his hand, believing that he had come upon the haunt of some unknown tribe, some mighty nation numbering ten thousand lodges. A broad bottom spread out before them closed in again far down the valley, guarded by the black bulk of the hills, and against this somber background innumerable vaporous columns showed in milk-white relief. From the sheltering fringe of trees behind him old Tom North peered down upon the spectacle which the boy mistook for the smoke from ten thousand tepees pitched out in the flats.

"The Firehole," he said. "The Burning Mountain of the Grovants—Colter's Hell. We've come smack onto it."

It is at this time of evening, an hour after sundown, when the white glare of the day has passed and thousands of steam jets show in pallid outline against the encircling timbered slopes, that the mind of man is most apt to conceive the immensity of the Geyser Basin. As they gazed upon it a column of steam and water rose in the air, seemed to recede, only to gather fresh impetus from some unseen force below, rose with new strength and tossed its scalding pillar two hundred feet aloft, then sank back, descending slowly as if resisting the destructive power that sucked its fragile grandeur back to earth. Every hour, with a persistent regularity which impressed the boy as later it impressed the millions, this monster of the deeps sought to uproot its fetters and ascend on high.

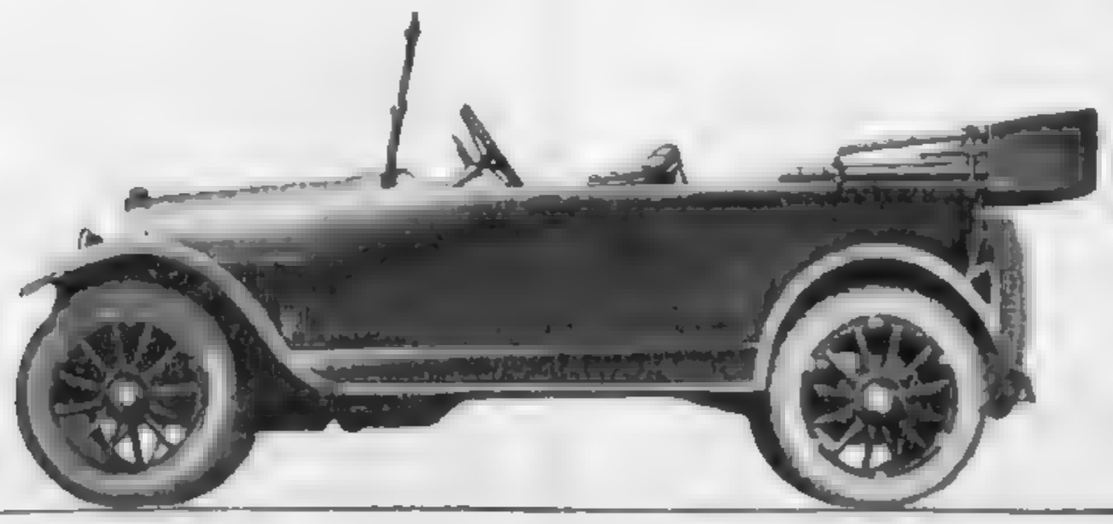
The hiss of escaping steam filled the gathering dusk as the whispers of terrestrial spirits, while from beneath issued deep rumblings such as might spring from the booming tomtoms of subterranean gods.

For days thereafter the two traveled through the miles of Colter's Hell. They peered into flowerlike pools of boiling water, shaded with rainbow hues, viewed scalding jets pouring from vents in the

(Continued on Page 42)

MAXWELL

The good Maxwell car has built into it the qualities that make a motor car pay. It was so designed as to make it profitable for busy men and women to ride rather than walk. That mission the good Maxwell is fulfilling everywhere.



The Good Maxwell

MAXWELL MOTOR COMPANY, INC.

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A new vacuum bottle that will not break

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KNOCK it from the table—drop it from an automobile—or let it fall to the floor. Fill it with the hottest or coldest liquid—you cannot break the Stanley Vacuum Bottle. There is no glass in its construction. It is made *entirely of steel.*

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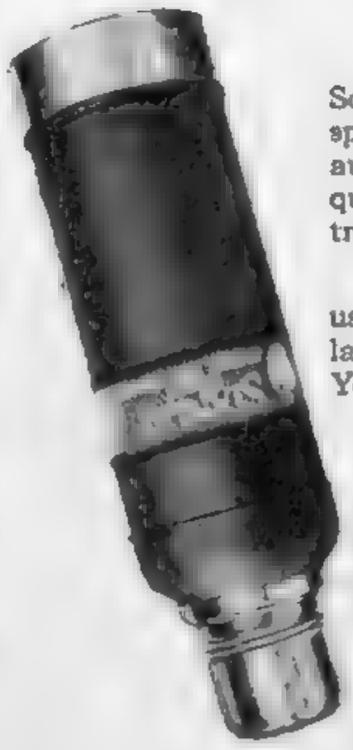

STANLEY
VACUUM BOTTLE
FERROSTAT

Keeps liquids piping hot or icy cold

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valley floor, and stood on the brink of caldrons stewing with oil paints of gray tints and of pink; watched giant columns of water flung skyward to dissolve in rainbow mists, till the boy's brain was surfeited with the steady procession of all the freak marvels of the world rolled into one.

It was with a surge of relief, a sense of coming out from the occult to the real, an escape from the freakishly unnatural to the majestic serenity of the silent hills, that he led the way across a high plateau to look down into a vast gorge hemmed in by brilliant yellow walls, the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone, and he slept that night to the hollow pound of the falls.

North knew from this that since leaving Jacksons Lake, somewhere among this interlacing whirl of lakes and streams, they had crossed the great divide of a continent, for the waters of the Yellowstone found their way to a different sea from that which received those of the Snake; yet they had failed to come upon the fabled stream whose waters flowed both ways.

They turned up country and followed the shores of the Yellowstone, and at last, after many long days on the game trails and the following out of a dozen false leads, they stood in the dip of a high divide.

A creek wandered along its broad crest, flowing down the gentle slope from melting drifts above, splitting into a dozen courses to wander through the flat meadow in the dip, collecting again in two channels, to fall away on either side of the pass.

One trickle drained toward the Grand Tetons, which they could see against the sky, flowing by way of the Snake and the Columbia to empty into the Pacific. The other, they knew, drained on the side that shed toward the broad lake of the Yellowstone, which they had passed three days before, and from there found its way through the Missouri and the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico. Off to the south they could see the dim outlines of the pass through which they had crossed days back, notching the divide between the Gros Ventre and the Green. Beyond it the water drained through the Grand Cañon of the Colorado to the California Gulf. Truly the water from these hills flowed three ways.

The valley of the Firehole had verified the Burning Mountain of the Gros Ventres; the brilliant yellow walls of the cañon had justified the appellation given it by the Bannocks and the Blackfeet of the north: and here, under their very feet, the two men found incontrovertible evidence of the truth of that ancient Crow legend which referred to the Two Ocean Waters.

■

THE war chief of the Crows, and later old Tom North, had said that the beaver were gone from the streams, yet in all his travels since striking the mouth of the Gros Ventre, Woodson had rarely been beyond sight of their workings. Every soggy bottom was padded thick with beaver drags from one pond to the next. The sloping banks of the streams were cut by the slides of bank beaver, and every aspen grove on the lake shores showed the marks of their teeth. The course of each seeping spring-fed trickle was dammed again and again, leading down in terraced series of backed-up pools with great beaver houses of logs and mud rising above their waters.

It seemed to him that the numbers of the furred engineers were legion. In this high country the streams had not been trapped out to the last pelt and the fur was on the increase since the trap lines had been pulled. Even in the face of this evidence of plenty he knew that throughout the country as a whole there was not one beaver in the streams to every ten thousand that had used them in the past; but from the abundance of fur sign he was confident that his winter's catch would rival that of the half-wild trappers of an earlier day.

With but two packs they had been able to transport only the bare necessities for a winter in the hills, the traps constituting a full half of the total weight and bulk brought in on the two pack animals; so with no other tools than their axes and knives the two men set about making themselves comfortable for the winter months.

Woodson selected a grove of eight-inch lodgepole, the trees towering a hundred feet without a crook, their slender trunks rising as straight and true as the barrel of a rifle. A score of these he felled and cut into proper lengths for house logs while North notched the ends half through. By fitting these notches to overlap the ends they carried up the corners of a hut ten feet by twelve.

The boy poured water on the earth at one rear corner and tamped the spot with the smooth end of a log. He carried flat stones from a rock slide and North built a rude fireplace on this hearth of beaten earth, carrying a rough chimney up the corner till it protruded two feet above the open top of the hut, and cementing the stones with puddled clay. They roofed the sloping top with five-inch jack pine, stripped each crack with a smaller pole and covered the whole with a deep layer of earth. A crude opening two feet by four had been left in the front of the hut and this sole aperture was covered with an elk hide to shut out the cold. The cracks were chinked with mud, and their winter's shelter stood complete.

Then North set forth to instruct the boy in the ways of the trap line as formerly he had taught him all he knew of the trails of heavier game. The first soft snowfalls of the season had melted save on the sheltered slopes of heavy timber, but for two weeks every night frost had formed a thin skim of ice on the still surface of the beaver ponds. Two hundred yards from camp they made the first set of the trap line.

A beaver slide came up the banks of the Yellowstone and followed through the rank grass of the meadow to an aspen grove where this particular family of bank beaver carried on their logging operations, a score of fresh stumps and two newly felled trees giving evidence that they were still at work.

Twenty feet from the slide and some ten inches under water North set the trap, bedding it on a flat which he pressed in the mud. Beyond it the bank sloped sharply into three feet of water. He fastened the chain to a heavy stone and slid this drag gently down into the deeper water offshore. Every animal is endowed with glands secreting the general scent of its tribe, thus being easily classified by the noses of other beasts. There can be no doubt that each individual has a distinctive scent of its own, as identification among animals is conducted almost exclusively by scent, not by sight, as is the case with man. Any beaver in a colony will rise to the scent of a stranger invading its neighborhood. North fashioned a mud pile on the bank such as beaver throw up for purposes of identification, and into this sign heap, as it is called by trappers, he thrust a tiny portion of beaver castor obtained from an animal he had shot in a different locality.

They worked down the Yellowstone to its juncture with the Thorofare and made a dozen such sets for bank beaver. North swung aside to investigate every beaver pool dammed up on the little streams that meandered across the bottoms to join the river. Here the beaver lived in houses built up in the center of the ponds. The water in the majority of these pools was shallow near the margins and he made no sets except where there was drowning water immediately offshore. For the rest he contented himself with locating the food caches, where the thrifty colonists had covered patches of the pond floors with willows and sections of heavy green aspen logs jammed down into the mud: these observations with an eye to future and more cunning sets after the ice should take. They turned up the Thorofare and worked that stream after the same manner.

The following day their course lay upstream from camp and covered the head of the Yellowstone and its tributary creeks. The boy carried his own traps and followed a separate route, and when they reached the cabin at nightfall the last of their fifty beaver traps was in the water, waiting with gaping jaws for the first unwary foot to be thrust upon its pan.

North had noted that the ducks had suddenly deserted the streams and pools of the high country. The beaver houses were covered with a fresh coating of wet mud. And the old man knew the signs.

"She's going to tighten up," he said. "We're in for a stiff freeze to-night."

So, in imitation of the beaver, they carried soft mud from the streams and plastered the outside of their hut to seal the crevices which had worked through as the clay chinking baked dry and drew apart. The hills were silent, lacking even the rustle of a breeze to stir the pines, and into this dead calm a gripping chill was beginning to settle down from the peaks. During the night the mud plaster froze into an iron shell which shut out the frost. Toward morning it warmed and the first spitting

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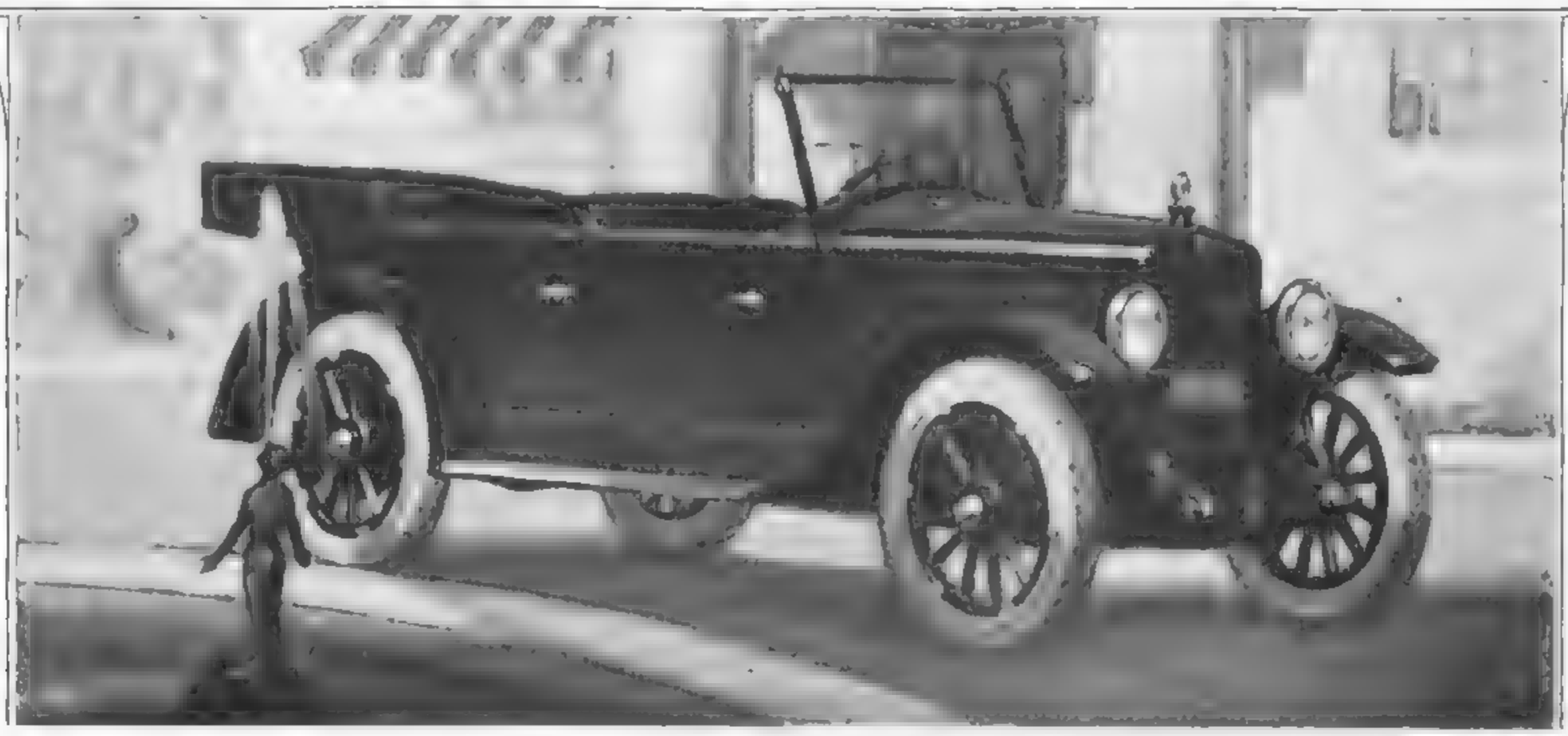
ESSEX MOTORS



Buying a Car Now at $1200 to $2000? Essex Price $1595—Consider it

In this market values count as never before.

And the only true proof of value is revealed in official records and by the service reported by thousands of users

Nearly 50,000 Essex owners bespeak its reputation and scores of official records establish qualities of endurance, speed and performance in the most convincing terms.

It is well that you know how Essex interrupted the trend in motor car design. Perhaps it will save you much in cost and operating expense. At any rate it will give a standard by which values can be better understood.

There Were But Two Types

And except for Essex, those are the only ones generally known today.

The low-priced car is also a light weight car. Cost is its appeal. Men of small purse had to accept it. Its transportation possibilities are adequate to some needs, but few of the comforts of distinction, easy riding, flexible performance and dependability are expected of such cars.

On the other hand is the large car type. It has greater comfort. Its performance range is wider. Its appearance and general regard for it is more agreeable. But first cost and operating expense also are greater.

In this class there is a wide variety of qualities. Not all large cars are equally dependable, or fast, or enduring, or as well made, or as well considered. The field is wide, yet in the market just past, promptness of delivery over shadowed in most cases the more important but now the thoroughly appreciated qualities of real worth. It is in this period of selective buying that Essex holds an advantage over many costly cars as thousands will tell you.

Essex Combined Their Qualities in This Way

It retains light weight, the low cost, the operating advantages and it also gives such splendid performance that it seems needless to detail the records which include journeys across America by four different Essex touring cars in less time than any other car ever made the trip.

Essex, you know, has been on the market two years. It made a sales record and it has had opportunity to reveal in every section the qualities that make it distinctive.

Men know its economy from personal experience. Owners speak of its low cost in fuel, oil and tires. Many Essex cars have been driven upwards of sixty thousand miles. Its performance in city traffic and in touring are known to almost every motorist. Its freedom from frequent repair or adjustment is of common comment.

Essex brought not only large car performance, comfort and reliability to the moderate price field—it also brought pride of ownership. And it holds motordom's recognition of merits previously unknown to cars of its size or cost. These are distinctions every Essex owner will praise.

And they are facts you must consider if you seek quality, reliability, performance and economy.

Think What it Saves You

Think what it means to have a small car which does not appear tiny and which means a saving in first cost and operation.

Or think of the range of possibilities of the Essex in every field of performance that formerly was possible to only costly cars.

You have their swift speed. You can travel as fast, accelerate as quickly and cover distance as well as in the highest priced automobile.

You can feel its appropriateness of line and finish and you can know the security of the owner who values reliability.

Essex combined at moderate cost the qualities of the two general types.

So why not pay the slight additional cost for Essex to obtain its greater worth, if the light car is considered? Or if you are thinking of a large car, then know the saving and advantages to be gained by choosing an Essex.

Roadster, $1595 *Cabriolet, $2100* *Sedan, $2450*

F. O. B. DETROIT

(311)

Jim Henry's Column

How Long is Three Minutes?

You always stretch and groan for twice three minutes before you obey the alarm clock.

Your breakfast is delayed three minutes by non-arrival of the buttered toast.

After your hat is on and the front door open, it takes your wife three minutes to complete her instructions about matching something.

Analyze an average day and you'll find that you waste three minutes at least 97 times.

I quote from a letter:

"Next morning, when I opened the carton and read your breezy little letter of instruction, I thought at first that you were kidding me. The idea of spending three whole valuable minutes on lathering! But I gave it a fair trial and decided that the result was worth all the trouble. Mennen forever!"

If you are one of these snappy 10 second latherers, don't waste 50 cents on Mennen's. Use laundry soap.

Don't get the idea that Mennen lather is slow working. As a matter of fact it enervates your beard more quickly than most lathers.

But three minutes of brisk beating with the brush is required to attain that astonishing suppliance which so startles you on your first trial.

Look at the matter sensibly.

Shaving is an essential daily operation. You can make it a nerve-jangling misdemeanor which clouds your naturally sunny disposition for hours, or you can perform it with blithe and happy content.

and afterward—Mennen Talcum for Men—it doesn't show

It's just a question of cutting loose from the hard soap you have always hated and building up a *three minute* lather with incomparable Mennen Shaving Cream.

Send 15 cents for my demonstrator tube.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

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flakes of a storm sifted down through the trees, and when Woodson drew aside the elk hide to peer forth in the first gray light he looked out upon a white world, the ghostly flakes still falling.

Then he reached behind him for his gun. Fifty yards down an aisle through the trees a monster silvertip stood curiously surveying this strange structure of logs and mud which had sprung up in the center of his range. For fifty years he had roamed the head reaches of the Yellowstone and had never before looked upon such work as this. North peered over the boy's shoulder as he steadied the gun against the logs and looked down the barrel at the bear.

The shot went true and as the heavy slug from the Sharps ripped through his chest the big grizzly loosed a roar that rivaled the deep bellow of the buffalo gun. He tore at the rent with raking claws, then charged headlong toward the two men in the door, intent upon crushing them down and mauling them with the last of his strength.

He wavered in his stride and lurched down in the snow; a fortunate kill, for the bears would soon take to their winter dens and sleep the long sleep till spring, blocked in by heavy drifts; and the men needed lard in camp.

They stripped the pelt from the baldface and laid bare the thick layer of fat stored up to nourish his great frame through the lean winter months. Hour after hour, while it snowed outside, they tried out the dripping chunks of fat over a slow fire on the hearth, mixing with it a portion of the solid tallow of an elk to lend stiffness and body to the soft lard of the bear. This they drained off into their few pots and pans and placed outside, where it quickly cooled, then dumped it from the containers in solid molds to be stored on the roof of the hut.

The storm showed no symptoms of lifting and they set forth the next day to run the lower trap line, traveling in a foot of soft feathery snow. The ponds were frozen over but the flow of the running water had kept the streams open, moving black and smooth between shores of white.

Woodson looked over the bank at the first set below the camp. The trap was gone. A few feet out in the river and well below the surface a big furry shape wavered in the current. North hooked the trap chain with a forked stick and drew their catch ashore—a three-year-old beaver in late fall fur.

He had made for the deep water when the jaws clamped on his foot, the rock weight had anchored him there to drown—North's reason for choosing the set adjacent to deep water and toggling the trap to a rock. He could thus make use of smaller traps of much less weight to pack, and yet be sure of retaining every victim that stepped upon a trap pan. The run yielded twelve pelts.

For four days it stormed without a break and the snow lay thirty inches on the level. During the last two days North was busy fashioning snowshoes from tough saplings of mountain alder and webbing them with elk-hide thongs. A savage wind followed the cessation of the snow, lashing the branches and shaking the banked flakes from the trees. It scoured the snow from the ridges and piled it deep in the bottoms and in the heavy timber of the slopes. They kept to the stout log shelter out of the fierce blast of biting crystals that hurtled before the drive of the wind, fleshing the pelts of their first catch and listening to the screech of the gale through the trees. When they peered outside the hills seemed alive with ghostly shapes as the elk herds started drifting before the storm, the backs of the animals crusted with white and their hoofs making no sound on the feathery carpet underfoot, a silent army of wraiths headed for new stamping grounds.

"Most of this snow will lay in the hills till spring," North said. "The elk are bunching to pull out of the high country and work down to the winter range. We'll have to get our meat."

The wind died down at last and the sun flared forth. They set out on their new webs, traveling separately, to make the rounds of the whole trap line; and that night found thirty fresh pelts in camp. A hundred thousand elk had grazed on the Thorofare and the Yellowstone before the storm. Now the meadows were empty, the broad plateaus devoid of life. North had noted great trails plowed through the snow where thousands had drifted down the bottoms toward the lower feed. Others led out through the passes in the surrounding divides.

"There's enough elk summer in these hills to feed the world," North said. "But they winter lower down. To-morrow we'll lay in enough meat to see us through."

The big droves had gone but there were still hundreds of laggards in the high valleys, and with the dawn of the next day the silence of the white hills was shattered by the reports of North's old Henry rifle and the boy's heavy Sharps. They downed a score of elk and for two days were busy dressing them out and hanging the quarters up to freeze. Then they turned to the business of trapping to the exclusion of all else.

There came occasional warm days which settled the snow, others when low-scudding clouds obscured the peaks and shed new layers of white on the old packed drifts. As long as there was sufficient open water on the streams and the bank beaver kept the mouths of their slides free of ice the two men used the same sets as at first. They worked hard at their lines and averaged better than ten hides a day, and at night they sat before the fire on the hearth and fleshed out the pelts.

Day by day they increased their lines and brought their smaller traps into play. Some of these they placed back in sheltered cave-ins under the banks, where mink were most apt to prowl as they traveled down the ice. Marten lines were thrown across the timbered divides separating the tributary streams. With these last a spring pole served the purpose of the rock weights of the beaver sets. Woodson learned to place a pole through the forks of a tree, pull the light end down and slip it under a wooden peg driven into a spruce trunk, the trap toggled to the slender tip of the pole. The first leap of a trapped marten released the tip from beneath the peg. The heavy butt of the pole dropped to earth on the far side of the forks, to swing the light end aloft and leave both trap and marten dangling high in the air.

Winter tightened down in earnest and the last strips of open water pinched out. The beaver no longer prowled abroad for food but lived on the caches of willow, aspen and birch stored long past in the mud. The slides in the banks were snowed under, their mouths clogged with ten inches of ice, and so the bank sets were pulled. North initiated the boy into the mysteries of the under-ice set in the ponds.

With his web he scooped the snow from above a food cache noted earlier in the fall, and cut a hole through the ice. Thirty inches below the under edge of it they could see the soft mud of the bottom. He drove a sharpened wood peg into a green aspen pole and over this hooked one spring of a double-spring trap, then bent the other back on the far side of the pole and lashed it fast. When he thrust this down far into the mud of the bottom the trap stood straight out from the upright log, both springs cocked well back to either side. This green log was food and once the ice re-formed over the open hole it was wedged in place. A beaver in rearing to cut off the stick at the under edge of the ice would rest his forefoot on the protruding shelf of the trap eight inches below.

Thereafter the boy used this set. The mercury hung for weeks at twenty below, then sank again. The edge of the elk hide which sheltered the doorway was perpetually fringed with a rim of white frost as the cold blast from without met and battled with the warm air seeping through from the inside of the hut. A foot of spruce boughs, packed behind a log that lay parallel to one side of the room and mattressed down with an elk hide, served as their bunk. Over them the half-tanned pelt of the mighty bear was added to their meager supply of blankets to keep them warm at night.

They lived almost exclusively upon meat, elk steaks occasionally varied by a meal of beaver tails, lynx cutlets as tender and white as veal, or a few trout caught through holes in the ice. Infrequently, as a special treat, they drew upon their slender store of flour and baked a meager portion of frying-pan bread, this heavy bannock washed down with a pot of tea.

North's strength waned as the winter advanced and he could no longer cover his full share of the line. Woodson took over first one tributary creek, then an extra marten line on the ridges, till at last he was covering the whole of their lines while the old hide hunter stayed within to prepare the meals and care for their catch. For a time the horses had fared well on a high plateau exposed to the sweep of the wind, which kept the cured grass free of snow. When this feed played out Woodson moved them down the country to a little side valley, where warm springs laid bare small patches of grass.

The snow lay five feet on the level across the open bottoms. In the timber it was at places twice that depth. As the boy followed his lone trail over the trap line the solitude and the white silence of the hills grew on him and held him. He had come to know and love the high country in both its fall and winter moods. He had yet to see the spring. In the fall the whole hills, blazing with warm color, had teemed with life. Now they were but a dead white expanse with no night sounds to relieve the frozen silence; never the rustle of a wing or the cheep of a bird. Even the garrulous red squirrels had withdrawn to their holes and the gruff hoot of the great gray owls was missing; only the popping of the ice under the clamp of intense frost. The trap line now extended down to Lake Yellowstone. This vast sheet of water, tucked under the shadow of the peaks, was frozen over and buried beneath the snow, its hundred and forty square miles of surface stretching away in an unbroken plain of white, unmarred by so much as a footprint save where some traveling otter left his tracks from one air hole to the next.

Added to this was the lure of the trap line. There is that hope and expectancy, the urge to visit the next set and find what it holds; the variety and uncertainty of the catch. It gets into the blood, and once a man winters on the trap line he never forgets. He may shoot till the slaughter palls, may fish the streams till he tires of the sport, but till the day he dies his blood will speed up when his mind travels back over the trap line; to the casing boards for marten and mink, the beaver hides stretched flat—to a good catch of fur in a winter camp.

Often the boy stopped in the little valley of warm springs which sheltered the horses. They looked for his coming, and at such times he spoke to them as he would have conversed with men.

Fur was increasingly difficult to catch and the yield of the line was small. Bright days came to start brief thaws between the long frozen nights. The days lengthened and some few nights carried a breath of spring. The drifts were settling; a few trickles of water seeped under the snow and the wind rotted and honeycombed the ice on the ponds. Open lanes showed in the streams.

The fur of the marten was beginning to slip and the flesh side of the pelts showed blue, so Woodson pulled his traps. But the spring coat of the beaver is better furred than the one he wears in the fall, and he worked on these at every pond which revealed fresh signs.

Open patches appeared in the meadows, the hardy green grass sprouting clear to the foot of the drifts. Then Woodson sprung the last of his traps.

He had made a good catch: twelve hundred pelts, mainly beaver, but with a goodly showing of marten and mink and a few skins of otter, foxes and cats. The fur would have to be relayed out, for there was far more than their slender pack string could transport at a single trip. Woodson waited now only for the passes to clear of snow and afford good going so he could make a start with old Tom North.

And while he waited the dead hills came to life. The first leaves shot out from deciduous trees. The bears came from their winter dens and left their tracks on the melting spring drifts as they prowled the hills in search of food after the six months' fast. The little squirrels chattered and scolded, and the harsh squawk of the big gray jays answered them from the timber. Chipmunks came out to sun themselves on the rocks and explored the windfall jams that rose above the drifts. The skies were streaked with north-bound flyers and the beaver ponds were covered with mating ducks. Then the elk came back to their summer range. They drifted up the bottoms in great droves, moving up from the lower Yellowstone; others streamed in through the passes from all sides. The land was alive with meat as the mighty bands came back to the summer feed.

Woodson had forgotten that there was such abundant life in the world, and as the herds continued to pour into the meadows he wondered if even the bison on the plains could compare in numbers with this royal tribe that swarmed in every valley of the hills.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

You pay for a certain number of horse power. How much of this horse power actually works for you? How much slips away?

Frictional Loads and Net Profits

Why executives are keeping closer watch on steam cylinder lubrication

THE steam cylinder lubricating oils used in your plant are not a large item of expense. At first thought the question may arise: Why bother much about lubricating oils?

But steam cylinder lubrication has an importance in your plant far out of proportion to the cost of the oil.

It is perhaps the most important single factor in power production.

To create steam power the engine needs coal, water and lubricating oil. Coal runs fairly uniform. So does water. Steam cylinder lubricating oils do not. In quality, two oils which look and test exactly alike may show vast difference in performance—and therefore in net profits. With one lubricating oil the loss of power through frictional load will run up to many horse power. With oil of the correct quality that horse power loss will be reduced by a large percentage.

For example:

Careful comparative tests were made on a 125 h. p. horizontal slide valve engine. The comparative results, using different qualities of cylinder oils, follow:

	Frictional Load	Oil Drops per Minute
Ordinary cylinder oil	23 h.p.	10
Better grade cylinder oil	20 h.p.	4
The Correct Gargoyle Steam Cylinder Oil	18 h.p.	2

In other words, the Gargoyle Lubricant gained for the manufacturer—on that one engine alone—5 h. p. over one oil and 2 h. p. over the other. And horse power makes profit.

THIS is but one of many hundreds of similar experiences which might be cited. Not only do Gargoyle Steam Cylinder Oils reduce frictional load and yield fullest power, *but they accomplish this result with less lubricating oil.*

Much of the horse power bought and paid for by power users is never converted into useful work. It spends itself as unnecessary friction against the inner metal surfaces of the engine. This wasted horse power cuts down production.

The Vacuum Oil Company, as lubricating specialists, provide a scientifically correct lubricating oil for every mechanical need. A surprising percentage of the lubricating oils sold are mere by-products. They are simply one of many petroleum products secured through distillation of crude stocks. The crude stocks used in producing Gargoyle Lubricants are selected entirely for their ability to yield the *highest quality lubricants.*

We have shown thousands of plants—both at home and abroad how to get the horse power they pay for instead of losing a large percentage of it up the smoke stack or through needless frictional loads.

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THERE are five factors which influence the service value of an oil used for the lubrication of steam engines and cylinders and valves. These five factors must be taken into consideration before the correct selection can be made.

These five factors are:—

1. The size of the engine
2. The speed of the engine
3. The load carried by the engine
4. The pressure of the steam
5. The quality of the steam

The Vacuum Oil Company offers eight steam cylinder oils as follows:—

Gargoyle Cylinder Oil 600 W
Gargoyle Cylinder Oil Extra Hecla
Gargoyle Cylinder Valve Oil
Gargoyle Cylinder Valve Oil Navy
Gargoyle Cylinder Oil Rarus
Gargoyle Cylinder Oil "Z"
Gargoyle Cylinder Oil "H"
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Some one of these oils will meet any combination of the foregoing conditions in operation and satisfy all the requirements of correct lubrication of steam cylinders when used as recommended by our Board of Engineers.

We shall be glad to prescribe the correct oil to meet with scientific exactness the lubricating requirements of your steam engine.

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Use thin, watery lather: it is easier to wipe away after it's dry and it cleans just as well.

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(Continued from Page 28)

OFFICE OF THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL: A decrease of efficiency, perhaps 25 per cent, in the work of positions vacated, affecting others also to a less extent, and continuing for some time.

FEDERAL HORTICULTURAL BOARD: There are many positions, especially scientific ones, for which calculation of the turnover is impossible. Many types of scientific work depend on the training and personality of the particular man. If he leaves, the work must be reconstructed around a new man as the unit.

WEATHER BUREAU: Turnovers are expensive. Weeks and sometimes months elapse before a new and untrained employee attains efficiency. This entails loss, and in addition there is equal or greater loss of the time required of old employees in instructing new ones. Moreover, the morale of the entire force is affected, which interferes with efficiency. Four properly paid, satisfied and efficient clerks can do more work and render better value and results than six mediocre or dissatisfied ones.

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE, OFFICE OF SOLICITOR: The resignation of the best men in the office from time to time, owing to the fact that the salaries were not sufficient to induce them to stay any longer, has a marked effect on the efficiency of the work of the office, since it takes some months for persons filling the vacancies to fully acquaint themselves with the laws, regulations, etc., relating to the different bureaus and branches of the Department of Commerce, and Federal laws in general.

The economic loss as a result of the excessive turnover among the scientists, engineers and professional employees is most conspicuous, for mainly upon the ability, efficiency and integrity of these men must rest the responsibility for the expenditure of the vast sums involved. The activities of the Government extend to every farm, mine and factory. It controls our transportation, directs our finances, collects the information upon which our trade depends and affects in some degree the fortunes of every citizen.

The excessive turnover prevailing in the government service at the present time is not limited to any particular class of employees, but is conspicuous among the several classes of employees.

The alarming fact revealed by the study of turnover data, however, is that the most conspicuous advances in the rate of turnover have been among scientific-technical employees. In six bureaus for which complete information is available the turnover among this type of employees has advanced from twelve per cent in 1916 to sixty-nine per cent in 1919. The increase in the rate of turnover among clerks in the same bureaus, and comprehending approximately the same numbers, was from twelve per cent in 1916 to twenty-nine per cent in 1919. In other words, the rate among scientific employees advanced more than three times as fast as among clerical employees. In some bureaus the conditions are even more alarming. In the Bureau of Standards, for example, the rate of increase among the scientific employees has jumped from twenty-eight per cent in 1916 to 161 per cent in 1919. The situation, furthermore, is really more serious than these figures indicate, for the reason that the rate of turnover among the lower-paid classes normally is much higher than among the higher-paid classes, as in the scientific-technical group.

What Government Workers Want

These figures, coupled with the statements concerning conditions in the scientific and technical services, indicate very clearly the serious situation which has developed during recent years, and which is likely to become more acute during the coming years unless prompt action is taken to prevent these trained and skilled employees from leaving the service in such large numbers.

The conditions of employment which have been the common causes for controversy among industrial workers, such as long hours, unsafe and unsanitary surroundings, recognition of organized groups, and the like, are not the principal issues of contention among government workers. Of greater importance to the government employee are such questions as freedom of initiative, freedom of action during non-official hours, full credit for contributions to knowledge, appropriate recognition for distinguished service, and most important of all an opportunity for a life career.

And now how is your business impaired by inefficient conduct of the nation's affairs? As they told me at the Civil Service Commission:

Public business cannot be separated from private business. For example, delays in the postal service, in the passage of goods through custom houses, in action on applications for patents, and the like, must necessarily affect the prompt transaction of private business.

Under present employment conditions in the government service scarcely a single branch is functioning with full efficiency. Particularly in those branches which employ a considerable number of technical and scientific workers is there a noticeable slowing up of processes, due to an undermining of the efficiency of the forces because of excessive turnover, which has resulted from the drains made on government establishments by private business, largely because of the relatively low salaries paid by the Government.

The Department of Agriculture is allied directly with the most important industry of the nation. The Geological Survey and the Bureau of Mines—Department of the Interior—are concerned with the mineral industries of the country—coal, iron, copper and other industrial and precious metals, oil, gas, and the water supply, and the topography of the land.

The Coast and Geodetic Survey—Department of Commerce—is charged with the survey of the coast and rivers to the head of ship navigation and the publication of charts giving the results of base measurements, triangulation, topographic and hydrographic surveys, deep-sea soundings, temperature, magnetic observations, gravity research, determination of heights, latitude, longitude and reference points for state surveys. The object of the Bureau of Fisheries—Department of Commerce—is the stimulation of the production and consumption of fish as an important food. The Bureau of Labor Statistics—Department of Labor—gathers the statistics of wages in the various industries and of the cost of living, and publishes much valuable material of interest to labor and capital.

Effects on Private Business

These are but examples of the many instances of the direct connection of governmental functions with private business. Every branch of the government service is now affected by a constantly changing personnel and resulting lost motion. The effect on private industry is marked, and is recognized in business circles.

The Foreign Trade Bureau of the Merchants' Association of New York City recently investigated conditions affecting customs at the port of New York. The committee, after calling attention to the conspicuous turnover among the customs employees, summarized its findings as follows:

"Your committee has found that the customs service in all its branches is rapidly tending toward demoralization to such an extent that the business interests of the United States, extending to the smallest community, are to-day facing, to an alarming degree, a condition which, in the opinion of your committee, is jeopardizing practically every commercial enterprise. In every line of exports and imports not only are there long and vexatious delays in passing the goods through the customs, but it is apparent that the standard of service rendered by government officials has been so lowered as to seriously impair the entire customs system, leading to irreparable confusion and loss, not only to the business interests, but to the Government as well, through failure to collect the proper revenue. Examining into the reasons for these evils, your committee very quickly came to the conclusion that there exists one great fundamental cause. That cause is the present inadequate compensation fixed by law for customs officials. Your committee has learned with amazement that, with some exceptions, the compensation now paid to government officials is based upon the standard of wage established some thirty or more years ago."

I have another competent and interested witness to summon. The Institute for Government Research is a privately supported enterprise that studies the national business to make constructive suggestions and give help towards its improvement when requested. It is not interested in

Who are You?

NINETY-NINE chances out of a hundred you are the man whose second finger on the right hand is expert in pressing electric buttons.

An electric button is a pretty small thing. By it we make elevators rise and fall for us, we summon employes, we give orders, we start big machinery whirring, we turn the light on and off, and—we could go on indefinitely. But remember, it is not the half-inch button that does all this.

There is the tremendous power behind the button; the huge dams and water turbines (in case of water power) or the enormous boilers, turbines, engines and generators (in steam plants); the wires of high-tension transmission lines, and the innumerable smaller wires stretching like a web from your very bedside out over the whole country.

1,400,000 people have invested their earnings in the securities of the electric light and power industry. Besides these foresighted citizens there are the investments of insurance companies and the loans made by banks.

They make possible "the button" that your finger presses morning, noon and night. Thirty-five million others enjoy the same instantaneous service.

There are still 14,000,000 homes in the United States remaining to be wired. 14,000,000 unwired homes mean that millions of people are without the benefit of electric light and power in their residences.

Gradually most of these residents will demand electric service, and the electrical industry with the support of the public will find the means to extend this service to these prospective patrons, so they, too, will be able to press that half-inch button.

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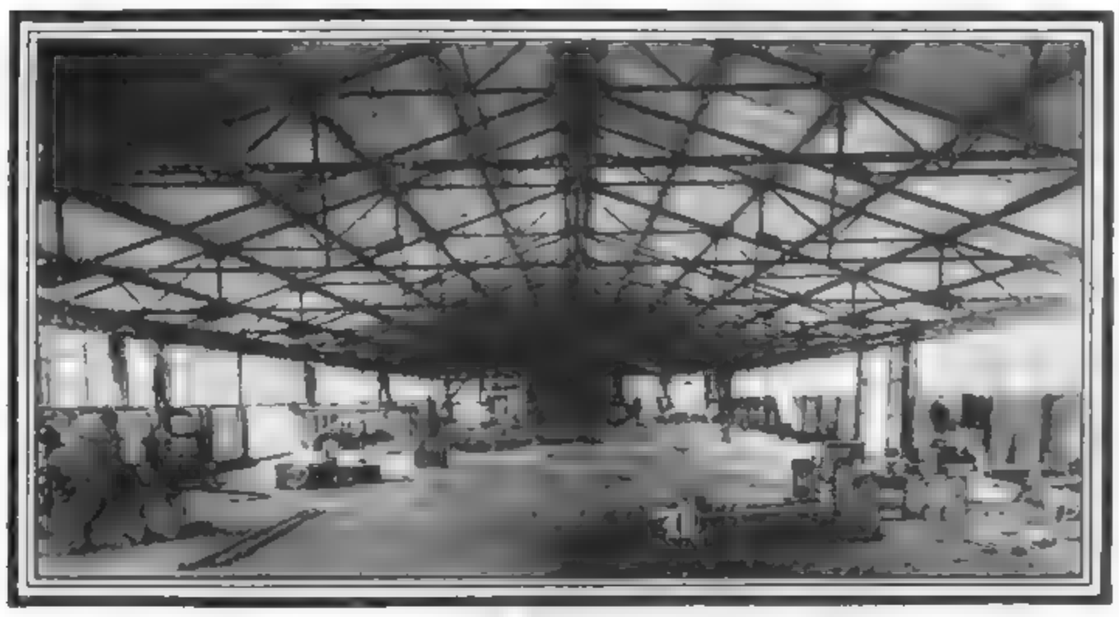

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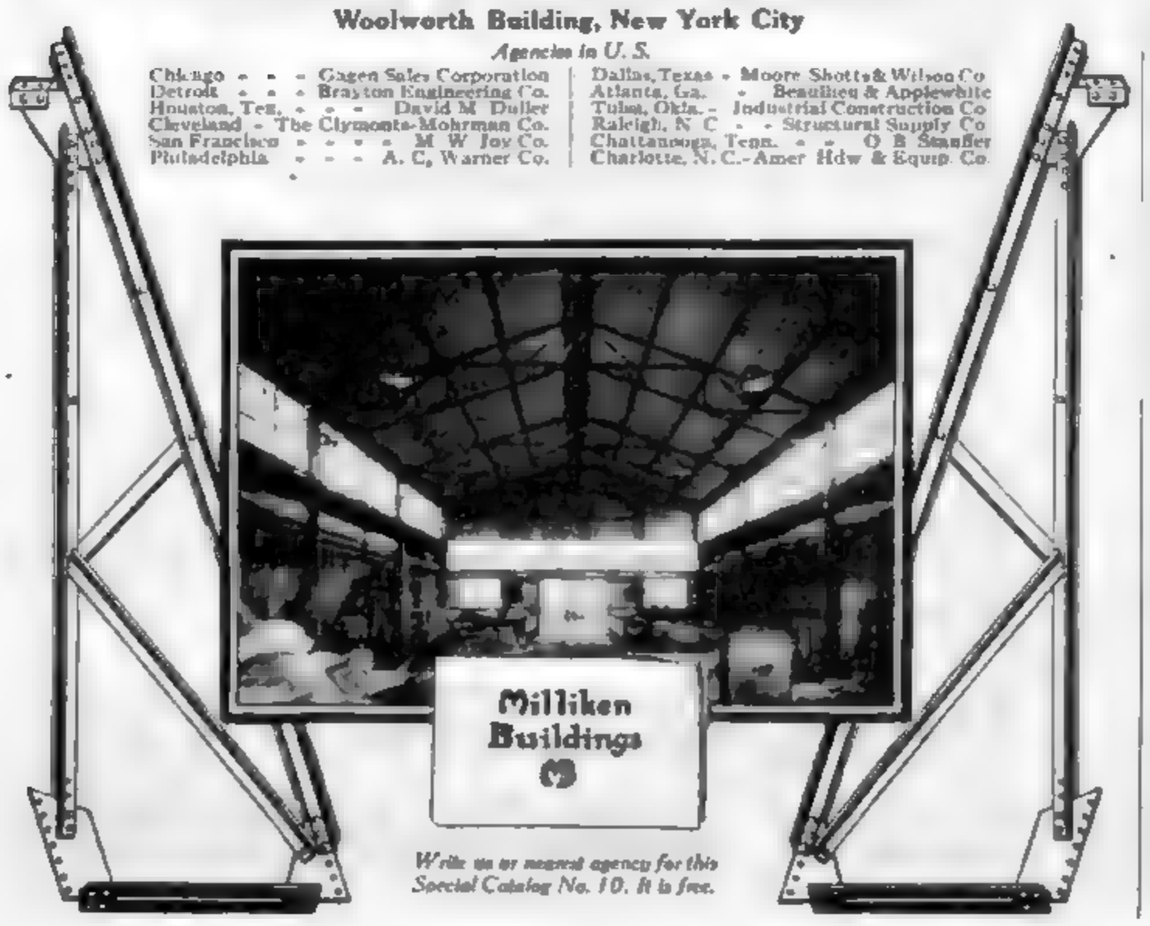

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politics. Its director, Mr. W. F. Willoughby, was a member of the Economy and Efficiency Commission that had a short life in the Taft Administration. He is constantly and frequently consulted by members of Congress. He fairly may be called an expert witness. I went to him on the same basis that I had gone to your governmental agencies and employees to discover what he knew about the mechanism and personnel of our greatest business. He told me in substance:

At the present time it would be a misnomer to speak of the national Government having a personnel system at all. The reform accomplished by the establishment of the Civil Service Commission and the merit system has touched but one phase of the personnel problem, and that but partially—entrance into the government service. Practically nothing has been done in the way of erecting the government services into careers that will attract and retain efficient men. Bad as conditions were in this respect before the war, they have become many times worse since that event.

The correction of these evils presents a problem of great complexity. It cannot be achieved by any half-hearted or halfway tinkering with the present system. Nothing but a thorough overhauling of the whole personnel system and the establishment of a new system covering all phases of the question and embodying the most approved principles of personnel administration will meet the needs of the situation. Fortunately a beginning has been made in this direction. It at least furnishes a starting point for action looking to the giving to the Government of the personnel system that it must have if government work is to be even measurably well done.

Squarely Up to Congress

The situation now is that there is an insistent demand on the part of the public that the whole administration of the national Government be put upon a more efficient basis, and that the present waste of public funds, running into millions of dollars annually, resulting from present defective organization and methods shall cease; that Congress is alive to this demand and has made a start toward meeting it; that the fundamental defects in the existing system are well known; and that the direction efforts looking to reform should take are clearly established. The responsibility is thus squarely up to Congress.

If the problem that confronts Congress in securing this laudable end is analyzed it will be found that the fundamental reforms are: The reform by Congress itself of its own organization and methods of procedure; the entire revision of the present system under which the financial needs of the Government are determined and provided; the setting up of an agency and procedure through which the expenditure of public funds may be properly controlled and Congress be given that information regarding such expenditures which it must have if it is to assure itself that its agents, the administrative services, are properly performing their duties, and to act intelligently in respect to the future grant of funds; the provision of an organ through which the President may in fact, as well as in name, discharge his duties as head of the administration; the reorganization of the administrative branch of the Government so as to eliminate the present widespread overlapping of jurisdictions and functions and indefensible duplication of services, organization, plant and work; and the complete recasting of the present system under which the personnel required to man the governmental plant is secured, compensated, promoted, assigned to particular tasks and controlled, to the end that not only justice will be done to the several classes of government employees, but that a personnel system will be established that will insure a maximum of efficiency in the actual conduct of public affairs.

A study of action actually had or now under way shows that steps have been taken toward the accomplishment of each of these fundamental reforms.

At the last session of Congress the Senate revised its committee system so as to eliminate a number of useless committees which had been a source of expense and had tended to complicate its working machinery, and the House made the still more important change of vesting all authority over the appropriation of public funds in a single enlarged committee on appropriations. These reforms by no means meet all the requirements of the situation, but they represent a start in the right direction.

Provision for the accomplishment of the second, third and fourth reforms mentioned was made by the passage by this Congress of the bill providing for the establishment of a scientific budget system. This bill was vetoed by the President, due to his objection to a provision contained in it regarding the manner of removing the comptroller general. As this veto came at the end of the session time was not available to repass the bill in a form which would meet the President's approval. Final action upon this measure is one of the obligations of Congress which it is difficult to see how it can avoid. It is in the highest degree desirable that this action should be prompt, in order that adequate time be given for the inauguration of the new system for the handling of the work of financing the Government for the fiscal year 1922.

A beginning has been made in the direction of the accomplishment of the fifth reform, that of the reorganization of the administrative services. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of having an inquiry made such as is here proposed. The administrative organization of the national Government has had a development analogous to that of a rambling group of buildings composed of successive accretions of wings, additions, sheds, outlying structures, each created to meet a specific need, but not designed with reference to the production of a harmonious assemblage of buildings. In large part the Government has entered upon the performance of new activities in response to the solicitations of existing services which desired to extend the scope of their operations. In many cases the only authorization for such work is to be found in the appropriations granted for its performance. The distribution of duties among the services, and to a certain extent the grouping of services departmentally, has been almost a matter of chance, or at least one not made in pursuance of any carefully thought-out plan.

The result of this failure on the part of the Government ever to apply itself seriously to the task of working out an efficient administrative system has been that it now possesses an administrative establishment that fairly bristles with incongruities and defects. Services whose duties fall in the same field, and which have—or should have—the most intimate working relations with each other, are scattered among a number of departments where it is exceedingly difficult for them to work in coöperation and often even in harmony.

Wasteful Washington

Many departments have attached to them services having nothing to do with their primary duties, and thus introducing into them elements that can only tend to complicate and interfere with them in the performance of their primary duties. Activities which should be performed by a single strong service are scattered among a number of services. Conflicts of jurisdiction of services are numerous, and unnecessary duplication of organization, plant, personnel and operation is on a widespread scale. Anyone at all familiar with conditions at Washington can instance scores of cases where this unhappy and wasteful condition obtains.

It is impossible to estimate the loss that results from this defective organization. It certainly runs into millions of dollars annually. Apart from this direct financial loss it enormously complicates the problem of government. It makes it difficult if not impossible for either members of Congress, who are responsible for determining what the Government shall do and of currently financing its operations, administrative officials, who are in direct charge of governmental activities, or the general public, who should keep the acts of their representatives under constant scrutiny, to obtain that clear, general picture of the organization and operations of the Government as a whole that is essential if they are to meet their several responsibilities in an acceptable manner.

But isn't that enough? Haven't I quoted enough specific instances to disclose a general condition? I could go on for page after page, for the facts are known and accessible. Indeed, that has been my problem from the beginning of these articles. There was so much to tell that the difficulty was to pick out the salient and essential things. I felt at times like a man

(Concluded on Page 50)

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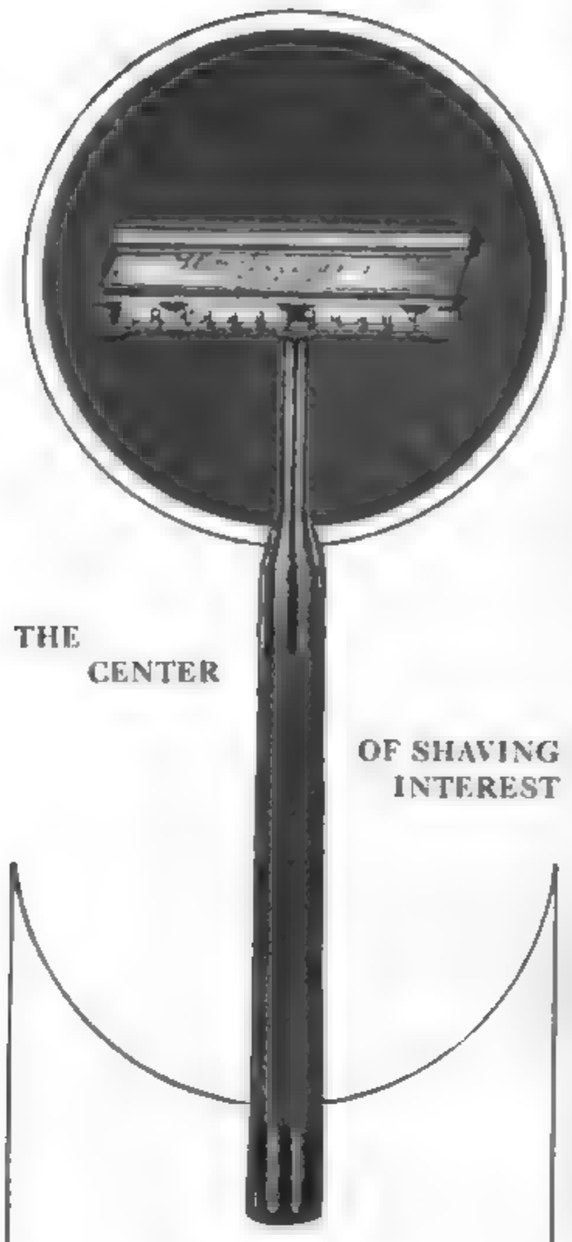

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(Concluded from Page 48)

who had been served a whole roast elephant and given an oyster fork to eat it with. For your sake I have had to simplify.

For one thing, I wanted very much, if possible, to make an exact and comprehensive contrast and comparison between the government methods of hiring, management and firing and the best methods in modern private business. But I have had to give this up. It was too big a job. I was appalled at the monumental array of authorities on the subject, the books, pamphlets, charts, records of discussions and proposals betraying the most avid interest on the part of business executives. I was amazed to find the care exercised in hiring men in some plants that are notably well managed—even unskilled labor. And they are just as careful about firing.

I found efficiency men who ascribed an undue turnover, not to incompetent help, but to incompetent and unintelligent executives and administrators. Of course, they sought to know precisely what their employees were doing after hiring and before firing. Some had one plan and some another. But the general idea of all of them was: "Once we get a good man let's keep him. It's our fault if we lose him. Let's find out what he can do best, and put him at it and raise his pay as he does better."

I don't mean in the least to give the impression that all private business is perfectly run and that only government business is badly managed, or that all the efficient people are in private employ and only inefficient in the public service. Neither of those conditions exists.

In the common phrase, you have got to hand it to Alexander Hamilton for devising a scheme that has stood up since Revolutionary days. It has not been fundamentally altered since his day. There has been no readjustment of salaries in the departmental service for sixty years. That implies a certain loyalty and faithfulness on the part of the workers. My only desire is to disclose the present condition of government employment; that good men are leaving, and that the present tendency, if not checked, will inevitably drive out of the service all of the efficient and leave only the mediocre and incompetent. I have said little myself, but have chosen to let the men working for the Government tell the story. Every assertion of fact in these articles comes from some responsible source or authority within the service. I am not making a criticism or attack from the outside, but merely serving as a mouthpiece for your hired men.

The remedy lies with you, working through Congress. Congress is responsible for all the disorderly array of circumstances and conditions disclosed in these papers. You are responsible for Congress. You can do as you see fit. You can take an interest in this archaic scheme of things that wastes your money, or you can leave it alone. It is your business, but there is no law except self-interest that can force you to attend to it. Through long neglect your public business is in a bad state of disrepair. You must decide how long you can endure the drain on your earnings and resources. There are able men in your public service who deserve to be rescued from the slough and rewarded, and there are incompetents who should be dismissed. It's just a big job of house-cleaning, and you know how unpleasant and necessary that is, but it has to be done. It isn't a job for a mop and a pail and a broom, but for a vacuum cleaner, and the sooner we get at it the better.

One more thing and I am done, for the present, with this subject. While there were being pointed out to me the leaks and the minor wastes I discovered where the big money goes, the big hole into which most of what you pay in taxes is poured. It is too long a story to begin here. It deserves a separate hearing of its own.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of four articles by Mr. Lowry. The last will appear in an early issue

WHAT'S THE WORLD COMING TO?

(Continued from Page 22)

Bulgaria has a surplus of wheat. Jugo-Slavia has enough of both grain and livestock to provide a surplus for export. Rumania has enough wheat to supply the needs of its population, and enough corn to export. Hungary has made but little progress in recovering from the effects of the war, but this year has a grain surplus, which helps the food situation materially. Bohemia is in bad shape, and thousands of children are being cared for by the American Relief Administration. Greece, though never entirely self-supporting, has been enjoying a period of mild prosperity, and is well able to buy its own food.

As to Germany, the prime necessities of the people now are credit, food and time. One investigator says: "If only the millions of Germany's unemployed industrial laborers are given the opportunity to earn their daily sustenance on a decent scale, a long step will have been taken toward stabilizing conditions in Germany." This same authority suggests that the Teutons are prepared to renounce practically everything not strictly necessary. He believes that America should furnish the Germans with raw materials for their textile industries. The materials shipped from America would remain the property of the senders, and would be returned to the United States after being subjected to manufacturing and finishing processes. In 1913 Germany purchased from the United States grain and cattle feed having a value of 400,000,000 marks; copper, lead and nickel worth 300,000,000 marks; petroleum, turpentine and benzine worth 120,000,000 marks; and skins and hides having a value of 73,000,000 marks. The United States had a surplus of practically all these commodities, and could spare the Germans large supplies of such materials.

Starving China

Though it would be difficult for the Germans to pay for these imports in hard cash, because of the condition of the country and the depreciated exchange value of the mark, it should be borne in mind that Germany has exportable products of her own. For example, the United States in 1913 imported potash and chlorate of potash having a value of 70,000,000 marks from Germany. America also paid German merchants that year nearly 100,000,000 marks for supplies of dyeing materials, toys, leather articles, trinkets, drugs, cutlery and surgical and optical instruments.

Close investigators are generally agreed that Germany's future depends upon the character of the reparation demands of the Allies more than upon any other one thing. The time and extent of Germany's business recovery depend upon the final interpretation of the peace treaty. The Germans contend that the foundation of their industrial production is coal, and that if the country is forced to settle its obligations in payments of coal instead of selling products made with coal, the entire industrial fabric of the country will be seriously injured, if not destroyed. It seems reasonable that Germany should not be forced to make reparation in such a way as to diminish her capacity for paying at all.

The Chinese situation as a whole is unfavorable. In some localities money is plentiful, but credits are difficult to negotiate. The Chinese banks have been decreasing loans, and the bank discount rates have been rising in recent months. Some of the cotton mills have declared dividends as high as 75 per cent during the last year, but piece-goods dealers have been affected adversely by the material decline in exchange rates. Chinese imports and exports are decreasing. The important tea and silk industries are suffering from a depression. In the north of China last year there was a crop failure, while in other sections of the country the crops were only from 60 to 80 per cent of normal. There is a general shortage of food, while the northern provinces are suffering from famine. The general condition of government finances was much more unfavorable at the close of 1920 than at the beginning.

In Japan the industrial depression continues unabated. Though hope is expressed that the worst of the business storm has passed, and that in the future there will be fewer failures, there are few definite signs of any immediate business recovery. After declining severely all during 1919, the imports and exports of Japan have remained at a low ebb. Bank rates are high and money is tight. One authority states that savings deposits are increasing and that, generally speaking, financial conditions are less severe than they were several months ago. There appears to be sufficient investment capital to meet the current demand. Such capital is now being directed to railroad construction and to manufacturing and electric enterprises. In some localities many workmen are idle, but the labor situation is less turbulent than it was six months or a year ago. The cost of living for several months has been stationary. Retail prices throughout Japan have not dropped in proportion to the declines in wholesale prices.

Business activity throughout South America has shown a decided slowing up in recent months. The currency of practically all of the republics is below par in relation to American money. Even the Peruvian pound, which held at par up until the fall of last year, has now fallen to a lower level than the exchange value of the money of some of the other South American countries. Most of the markets are overstocked. South America injured its own international trade through the overextension of credit to Europe and by purchasing too large a total of European bonds. Such a course of action diminished the gold supplies of the various republics and necessitated their restricting the importation of American as well as European products. Paraguay was compelled recently to resort to a moratorium.

Argentina in 1920 had good crops, and effected a notable increase in its exports of cereals. Brazil's coffee exports showed a material decline last year, while reports from the rubber districts claimed that that industry is in danger of extinction. The Brazilians contend that foreign manipulation is responsible for the plight of their rubber industry. Brazil's currency has depreciated, in terms of American money, more than 70 per cent. The business outlook in Chile is unsatisfactory, and reports indicate that government finances are not in good condition. The country's chief article of export is nitrate, and a contract recently closed assures a prosperous condition for this industry during the present year. Uruguay also is suffering from a period of dullness, partly brought about by the falling off last year in the exports of wool. Business in Peru has held up better than in most of the other South American republics, due to the country's sound currency. As a consequence of a record foreign-trade business in 1920, Peru is suffering from inflated prices, credits and an overstocked market. The business slump now under way finds the banks experiencing difficulty in contracting credit.

The Situation in Canada

Business conditions in Venezuela and Bolivia are nothing less than critical. Venezuelan coffee planters were obliged to sell last year's crop at the prices prevailing toward the close of the year. The Colombian markets are more overstocked than the markets of any of the other Latin-American republics except Cuba. Business in Ecuador is bad, while in Paraguay things are panicky, due to the paralysis of the cattle industry.

One of the big Paraguayan banks failed, and the country's congress was obliged to pass a law proclaiming a moratorium. There is labor unrest throughout practically all of South America, and none of the republics have escaped frequent strikes. Practically all of the countries overbought at high prices, and have now been caught on the reaction.

As concerns Canada, conditions there are certainly no worse than they are here in the United States. Leading Canadians feel that the country is well prepared to meet the shock of falling prices, restricted credits and deflated currency without serious impairment of her commercial and financial vitality. Many people across the line are in favor of the formation of a corporation to foster foreign trade so as to keep Canadian factories busy. Because of the large trade balance against Canada, the Minister of Finance has asked the people to refrain for the present from purchasing Canadian securities held abroad. Canada's government-controlled railway system is now being operated at a heavy loss, which is increasing the tax load. There is much talk of returning the roads

(Concluded on Page 53)

"New York *Styles* America"

"Monroe *Clothes* New York"

THE CLOTHES NEW YORK MEN WEAR

Go to the Monroe Clothier in your city, and see these famous styled clothes. Ask for a Monroe 2-Pants Suit. The extra pair means double wear. If there is no Monroe Clothier in your city, write us directly.

Special Proposition to Retail Clothiers:— If Monroe Clothes are not represented in your city, write or wire us for our special proposition. It will prove of immediate interest to you.

MONROE CLOTHES 55 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

SANICO

The RUST-PROOF PORCELAIN RANGE

As Easy to Clean as a China Dish

Because of its **25 YEAR GUARANTEE** and its quality, accepted by the public as the *Highest Class Porcelain Range in the World.*

The only range with elastic, non-breakable, heat-proof, metallic porcelain made by secret process, fused to both sides of all plates inside and out. All plates are rust-proof, pure, non-brittle, cold-rolled ingot iron, instead of cast iron commonly used. The only SNOW WHITE range. Also Azure blue or rich dark blue stippled. Heavy nickel trimmings.

Two complete ranges in one, two perfect baking ovens, one for coal and wood, the other for gas. Separate broiler oven. A quick cooker and even baker, easy to regulate, economical of fuel. A most convenient range. The cheapest range you can buy at any price. Write for catalog and sample of porcelain. Also made for wood and coal only.

EASTERN DISTRIBUTORS:
STOVE & REPAIR CORPORATION
New York, N. Y. Newark, N. J.

AMERICAN RANGE & FOUNDRY COMPANY

PACIFIC DISTRIBUTORS
HOLBROOK, MERRILL & STETSON
San Francisco Los Angeles

The Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Porcelain Ranges in America

MINNEAPOLIS: 500 MARQUETTE AVE. CHICAGO: [illegible] EAST ST. LOUIS: 3000 STATE ST.

(Concluded from Page 50)

to private owners. The price of money is materially lower in the Dominion than is money here in the United States, which condition is a tribute to Canada's good banking system.

The principal danger to industry in such a situation as exists is the likelihood of discouraging the individuals engaged in the business so seriously affected from continuing their maximum efforts along lines of development and production.

Too many people fail to keep in mind that the United States, so far as raw materials are concerned, is a plus nation. In other words, we produce more of many products than our domestic markets will consume. The moment foreign purchases cease nothing remains but for us to contract our industries that produce a surplus. Germany was once our most important customer for copper, but now the Teutons are unable to finance purchases on this side. During the war the price of copper reached 36 cents a pound; spelter, 22 cents; lead, 12½ cents; and tin, $1.10 a pound. At the close of 1920 copper was selling for less than 14 cents; spelter, 6.15 cents; lead, 5.25 cents; and tin, 36.5 cents. Copper and tin have recently been selling at prices which are considerably below the prewar average for the two metals. When we take into account that these low prices include increased freight rates, and that the transportation charges on low-priced metals is a large percentage of their value, it is plain that the metal producers are receiving prices that are abnormally low.

The Pendulum of Prices

In boom times prices go too high; in times of reaction the momentum carries prices too low. In the first period there is always too much optimism; in the second there is too much pessimism. In days of prosperity we are bold without justification; in times of depression we are fearsome when we should be brave. Foreigners have welshed on their contracts with American firms, and many of the latter have in turn failed to keep faith with the foreigners. Several million people have seen their stocks and bonds depreciate to record low levels, and they are nervous and blue.

About a year ago the price of raw sugar in Cuba was better than twenty-three cents a pound. The Cubans made more money than they ever dreamed of before, and prosperity was abundant. To-day sugar is selling for five or six cents a pound, and Cuba is trying to recover from a so-called business and financial panic. Where did the profits go? In various parts of the United States, under the influence of high prices for foodstuffs, farmlands increased in value from fifty to one hundred dollars an acre. The owners, under the spell of artificial prosperity, enlarged their expenditures and used larger amounts of credit, with the result that to-day whole farming communities are staggering under a load of indebtedness.

Where did the profits go, and what brought on the present situation? Hundreds of other instances might be cited and like questions asked. The mistakes that have been made are plain, and the important thing to-day is so to fix in our minds the lessons we have learned that a similar disturbance will not occur again.

The famous representatives of the leading nations have wasted months in needless discussions and arguments concerning the amount and terms of the reparation that will be demanded of Germany, while in the meantime the business of the world has stood still, waiting for this all-important matter to be adjusted. Until the reparation question is settled it is not possible for anyone to draw a balance sheet of Europe. There is little doubt that the fixing of the reparation will stimulate the world's business and tend to stabilize exchanges. Fortunately, according to the terms of the treaty, the matter must be settled no later than May. No one will complain if it comes sooner. With the fixing of the reparation, Germany and Austria will likely come to life, and Russia will then be the only country that is commercially dead.

The questions of the moment are, what are the remedies for the business depression and when will industry again become normal? Curative processes have already set in. The work-and-save doctrine has again come into favor. Before long there will come a revision of our tax laws, and the result will be less injustice and less restriction. Natural laws will persist in their action until the price reductions now prevalent in the wholesale field reach through to the consumers.

Everything possible must be done to stabilize the commodity markets; otherwise the depression will be prolonged. Steps will have to be taken to prevent the ruin of infant industries just to permit certain other industries to get cheap supplies. Arrangements will have to be made so that we can secure products in the shape of imports from the countries that owe us hundreds of millions of dollars. Unfortunately these European countries are high-cost producers, and if we reduce our duties to invite imports from them some of the nations of Asia and South America having low wage scales and low costs would undoubtedly step in and take the markets from Europe. For this reason many authorities favor the plan of having separate reciprocal agreements with the countries that owe us large sums of money which they can't pay.

If the proposed Foreign Financing Corporation, with $100,000,000 capital, and capable of extending $1,000,000,000 in credit to overseas customers, does not prove acceptable to the nation, or fails to materialize, some different and better plan must be worked out to help revive our foreign trade. There never was a time when science was so badly needed in the conduct and management of business as to-day. Just because labor is plentiful, we must not stop studying the labor problem. The present is no time for brutality or thoughtlessness, and employers who attempt to take advantage of the business reaction to swing the big ax will certainly repent their folly.

As to when the business reaction will end, that is a matter of individual opinion. My own guess, based on the trend of security prices, coupled with a study of the various index figures of reliable statistical organizations, is next July or August. Perhaps the turn will come sooner, maybe later. One fact must not be forgotten, which is, that security prices reach bottom and start their recovery months before the turn comes in actual business. Normal business can only be resumed on a return of confidence, and this will not come until there has been a thorough readjustment of costs and prices.

Some Favorable Factors

Industry undoubtedly will remain slack until the individuals engaged in any line of business will be able to deal with those engaged in other lines on a basis of fair exchange for the products of the respective industries. There can be no business equilibrium until every class of workmen banish the idea that they can enjoy the benefits of a reduction of prices in some other industry without prices in their own business being proportionately lowered. The circulation of goods must be curtailed just as long as trade relations are out of balance.

To anyone who will carefully analyze conditions the present situation is filled with optimistic facts. There never has been a time of business reaction and depression that was not accompanied by wild rumors having no foundation in truth. Business to-day is undertaken on a sound deflated basis. Luxuries are being cut out and essentials are coming into demand. Labor is more efficient, if for no other reason, because of the insecurity of tenure. Managers are being asked to exercise more thought and greater ingenuity. Overtime—and the high pay that goes with it—is not a good thing for industry generally, and there is little overtime to-day.

Since every nation on earth just now is suffering from industrial reaction, there is little doubt that the present readjustment period will be extended and the recovery slow. However, the situation throughout the world, and in America especially, will be better for the purging. We must not be influenced by the same old line of calamity talk that is so freely offered in times like the present. The people who would discourage us now are the same ones who could see no clouds a year ago. The country's resources are barely scratched, and given economy in government and thrift among the people the future will reveal a degree of prosperity never before equaled. However, with it all, let us remember that wealth consists of goods and services. The world has suffered untold losses, which can only be replaced by creating new wealth, not by creating more credit.

BRAKES

are safer and last longer with Johns-Manville Non-Burn Asbestos Brake Lining

Through—

Asbestos

and its allied products

INSULATION

CEMENTS

ROOFINGS

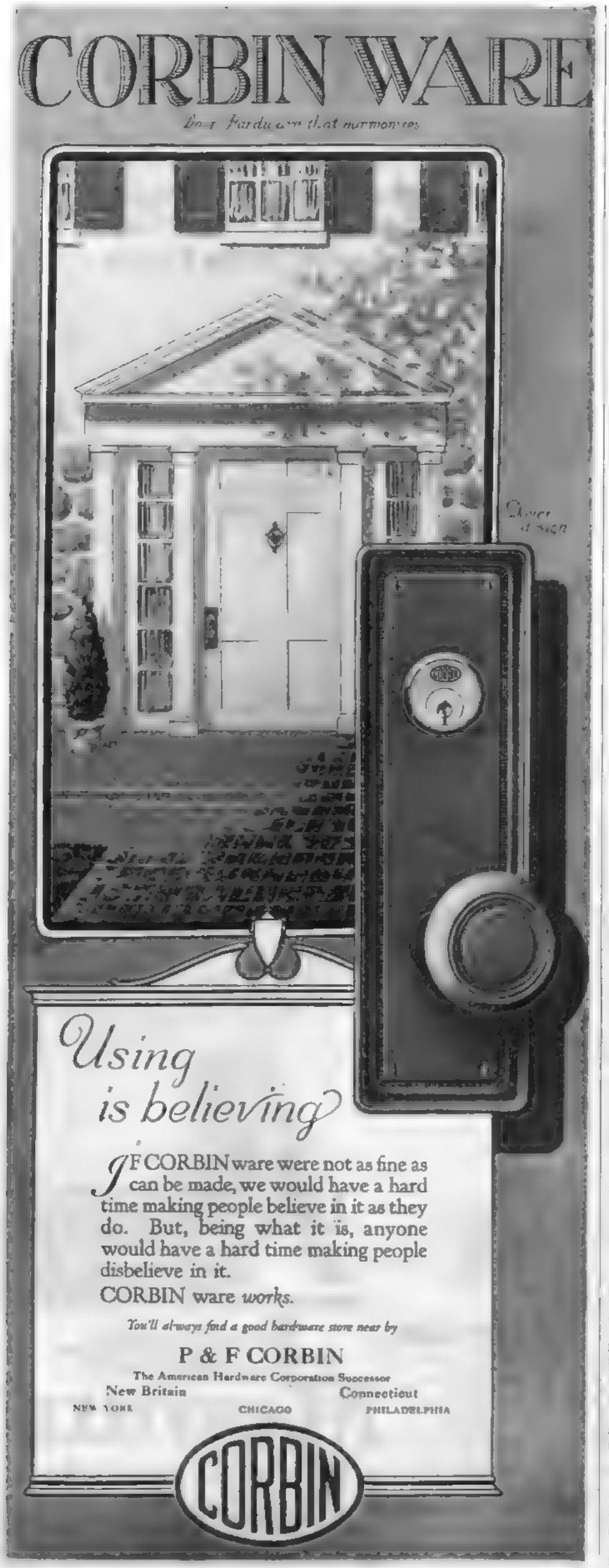
PACKINGS

LININGS

FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

JOHNS-MANVILLE

Serves in Conservation


CORBIN WARE
Using is believing
IF CORBIN ware were not as fine as can be made, we would have a hard time making people believe in it as they do. But, being what it is, anyone would have a hard time making people disbelieve in it.
CORBIN ware works.
You'll always find a good hardware store near by
P & F CORBIN
The American Hardware Corporation Successor
New Britain Connecticut
NEW YORK CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA
CORBIN

SAWMILLER'S JOB

(Continued from Page 13)

"This copy you wrote, Sawmiller, seems to have made a hit. Mr. Buford saw it in Engineering Plans. Asked me who wrote it. Says it's good. I thought you'd like to know."

Sawmiller went back and sat down. He was literally dizzy. Buford—the great Buford, president of Zodiac Electric, had praised his copy. Well!

Mark became instantly more thoroughly sold on his job than ever. A cog—yes, he was a cog. But a wheel has to have about so many cogs. All very well to talk about setting new teeth in gears that have been damaged. Mark whacked violently on his desk with his knuckles. Sam's successor at the next desk looked up questioningly. Being by several months Mark's junior in the service, he didn't make bold to inquire why Mark behaved thus. He just shook his head and went on with his work.

Not so long after that Mark's pay went up a trifle. He hurried home to tell Clare.

"Ability will get recognition," she said. "Congratulations, dear."

"Bull luck," said Mark, grinning. "Buford happened to see a piece of my copy in a trade paper; told Maltby; Maltby put through a raise for me. Maltby's lost three men since I came, so I guess he thinks he'd better make the jobs in his department a little juicier. I was satisfied though. I'd have been satisfied if I hadn't got a raise for another year."

"No, you wouldn't, Mark; you wouldn't have any right to be. You're a chump, Marcus Aurelius—a nice chump, but a chump just the same. And if you use that expression 'bull luck' to me again, ever, I'll—I'll—I'll bump you with the rolling pin, like comic-paper wives."

"But Buford only hap——"

"He recognized merit when he saw it. Wonder he wouldn't send for you and tell you himself how much he likes your copy."

"Oh, Clare, you don't know what you're talking about! Buford? Why, what am I to Buford? He wouldn't have any time for me. Much as he can do to find five minutes once in a while for Maltby. Don't kid me, oh, Clare de la Lune! Buford couldn't see me with a telescope."

"H'm!" said Clare. "Meek people give me a severe pain."

A year went by, and another. Mark stuck. In his estimation, Zodiac was greater, more wonderful than ever. Sawmiller was still flattered by his job. Once in a while he heard of someone in the general offices of the company getting fired. Always it gave him an uncomfortable, creepy feeling at the back of his neck. This was especially noticeable if the dismissed member was one of his seniors in the service.

Others left of their own accord. Mark hung on, watching them come and go. The personnel of the office changed so rapidly that the time came when Sawmiller found himself up among the half score men at the top of the seniority list. In the advertising department he was fourth.

Maltby had been succeeded as advertising manager by Story. Story took hold like a whirlwind, revolutionized Zodiac advertising in a month—in his mind—and got fired. The advertising continued in the same old rut.

Sawmiller didn't much care for the company's advertising policy. It was too restricted. It didn't, to his way of thinking, do the house half justice. Sometimes he used to dream and dream what he would do with it if he had a chance. Once he talked this over with Clare.

"You'll get a chance," she said.

"Clare, you don't know what you're talking about! Who'd listen to me round that office? I'm lucky to hold my job—darned lucky."

"You've held it four years, all right, all right," said Clare. "I guess they think pretty well of you round that office. They'd better!"

At this remark Mark looked frightened, but Clare's eyes lighted with defiance.

"They'd listen to you if you ever said anything," she went on. "Why don't you assert yourself?"

"I don't have to. I get along all right. It's a dandy place to work."

"What makes their what-d'you-call-it?—labor turnover so high then? You're always telling about someone's leaving for another job, or getting fired or something. Why don't they keep good men when they get 'em?"

"Well, Clare, that isn't the company's fault. Haven't they treated me all right? Haven't I had a couple of raises?"

"Oh, I'm not trying to upset your opinion of your job or of Zodiac. I was only asking —— Never mind. I guess it's something a woman wouldn't understand. It's splendid for you to be a Zodiac man. I'm awfully proud of you, Mark. I'm proud of the company too."

"You ought to be."

"Well, they ought to be proud of you, Mark Sawmiller. Haven't you done some perfectly spiffy work since you've been there? Who was it originated that phrase of theirs—'Zodiac, the Motor of Civilization'? Wasn't it you?"

"Sure! But they pay me for just that sort of thing. It's part of my work."

"I suppose you felt amply repaid when old Buford sent for you and shook hands with you!"

"Gosh, Clare, I'll never forget how scared I was!"

"How's your new chief doing—Edgerton? You like him?"

"Oh, yes, he's all right. Of course he's new to the job. I think he has vision, but it takes time to get used to the atmosphere of an office like ours."

"Funny they wouldn't have put you in charge—you don't have to get used to the atmosphere. You helped make it what it is."

"But, Clare, I haven't the ability, the weight ——"

"You're scared, Mark. What does Edgerton have to do that you can't do?"

"Oh, lots of things! He confers with Buford and the directors' committee on advertising in establishing policies ——"

"What does he know about Zodiac motors? Any more than you? I bet he isn't scared out of his boots every time Buford lowers an eyebrow."

"No, Edgerton isn't what I'd call shy."

"Well, I'm glad you like him, Markie, but I'd be better satisfied if you had the job. Four years ——"

"Oh, Clare, you don't understand!"

"No, I don't. Never mind—you'll land some day—I know it—if only you'll assert yourself. You can be sure Edgerton isn't singing your praises to Buford."

"Great Scott, aren't women queer thinkers?" rejoined her husband.

III

THE committee on advertising entirely disapproved of the attitude of Mr. Wilfred Edgerton on the subject of Zodiac publicity. Mr. Buford sent for Sawmiller. Mark turned the color of his own collar, adjusted his Adam's apple, pulled down his waistcoat and entered the president's office.

"Sawmiller—you are Sawmiller, aren't you?—I sent for you because we've let Mr. Edgerton go. We haven't any advertising manager, and won't have until we find exactly the right man. You take charge of the routine of the department meanwhile. I understand you're senior in that division. How long have you been with us?"

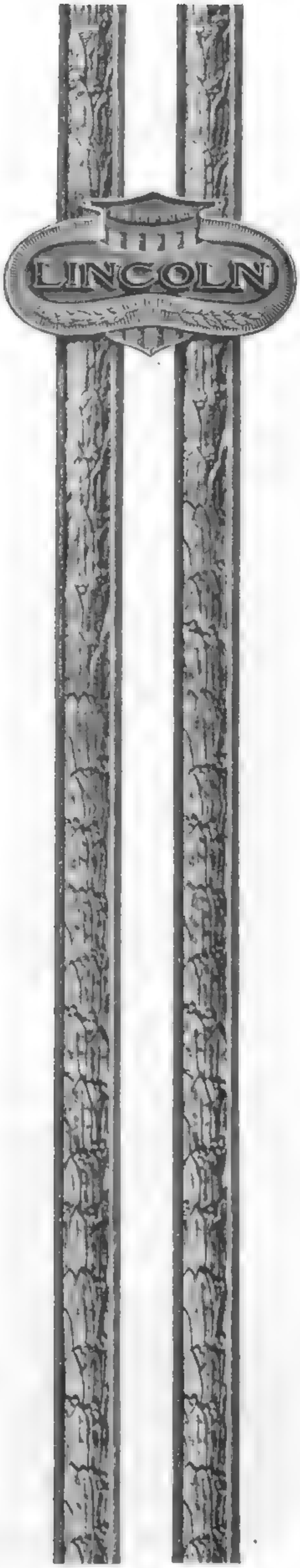
"Four years and two weeks, Mr. Buford."

"H'm! I presume you can keep the details moving for a little while. Don't initiate anything new. Don't make any important decisions without consulting me. That's all."

Mark went back to his desk. It really didn't make much difference in his status in the department. Things went along smoothly enough without much supervision. The change didn't show in his envelope. He didn't even say anything about it to Clare, largely for the reason that she would have set up a loud protest against his being saddled with the responsibility without the title or the salary. Mark was tired of defending the company against the spirited attacks of his wife. Dog-gone! If she had her way Buford would resign and Sawmiller step into his boots. Women are so blamed unreasonable.

Weeks went by, and the directors failed to employ a successor to Edgerton. His salary had been seventy-five hundred. Without an advertising manager that amount was saved the company, the boys in the department said. They said other things too. Of all the stingy-conservative outfits, Zodiac was the limit. Yessir! One or two quit, and Mark filled their places by

(Continued on Page 56)



ONE of the most conspicuous of its many outstanding characteristics, and one which immediately impresses itself on first acquaintance, is the LELAND-BUILT LINCOLN CAR'S remarkable ability to cover extensive distance in a limited space of time.

Nor is that ability of the turbulent, boisterous sort, but rather of the unassuming yet effectual and persistent kind which comes from inherent stamina and declines to recognize impediments that would prove discouraging to a car less able.

Endowed with energy extraordinary in a motor car, energy submissive, yet so responsive when there is need, it seems almost a creature of the driver's will.

Impaired and secluded roads which heretofore have been studiously avoided are negotiated with marked facility.

Hills and hummocks seem to fade away; yet there is a sense of buoyancy as the car apparently soars over them.

Along the well-kept highway the mode of travel is so delightful that the landscape seems quietly to unroll in a never-ending panorama.

And the design and manufacturing practice which enter into its making ensure the constancy of the LELAND-BUILT LINCOLN CAR after many miles of travel and many years of time.

The Leland-built Lincoln
Eight-cylinder Motor Cars
Comprise Eight Body Types

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 54)

promotion, drafting a couple of outsiders for the subordinate jobs. Those who profited by the readjustment said it was pretty decent of him. They thought the company might do the same by him—make him advertising manager. Damn shame!

For some reason or other the right man for the job didn't materialize. Buford sent for Mark again.

"We don't know just what we're going to do about an advertising manager," he explained—"that is to say, eventually. However, for the present you may go on running the department. I suppose you will expect more money, and so the cashier will attend to that. Your salary will be a hundred a week.

"As for title, you may, if you wish, sign your letters 'advertising manager,' but you'd better think it over. If we get another man you might not feel very comfortable surrendering your title to him. Do as you like.

"There are several reasons why we have decided to adjust the situation in this way. The most cogent is that we will cut down our advertising. We are heavily oversold. Orders are piling up faster every day. Why advertise goods you can't supply? It's just a waste of money. Therefore your immediate job is to cut down our space, cancel as many of our commitments as possible and reduce the personnel of your department. Get the entire advertising situation on a reduced basis.

"Your next duty will be to suggest a modified copy policy. Make it as simple as possible. We don't want our copy to sell motors. I should think if you make cuts of our trade-mark in various sizes and run them with practically nothing else in the trade papers it would answer nicely. The general magazines you will reduce to a minimum. No more double-page spreads and no elaborate designs or color work. We've been spending three-quarters of a million. You should save us two-thirds of that. It simplifies the work of the advertising department, so I am in hopes you will be able to swing it. That will be all. Good morning."

Sawmiller was not fool enough to feel flattered by any such promotion. Of course the few extra dollars a week would come in handy. Aside from that he felt he had reason to be profoundly depressed. There had been nothing gracious in the manner in which Buford had conferred upon him the accolade of managership. Quite the contrary, he had made it plain that if the job amounted to a tinker's hoot he would get someone big enough to fill it. For a makeshift campaign a makeshift department with a makeshift manager would do well enough.

And then of course Mark had to tell Clare. He fixed up a pretty little form of announcement, something sugar-coated, that would hide his chagrin. It would have been so much better, so much easier, if he could have reported the inauguration of a new chief in his division. He simply decided to dwell on his promotion, rather than on the manner of its bestowal or the reasons back of it.

Ever try to fool a really smart woman? Then you know just about how well Sawmiller succeeded when he tried to fool Clare. That is to say, not at all.

When the real truth was laid shamelessly bare, Clare told her husband just what she thought of Zodiac Electric. Part of this he already suspected; the rest just served to turn suspicion into conviction. Clare used comparatively few words, but they were good, competent, serviceable words for her purpose.

She placed them with precision, as a crack pistol shot places his bullets when he manufactures by the perforating process a picture of the President of the United States on a paper target at fifty yards. The picture Clare Sawmiller drew of Zodiac wasn't even half so flattering as the marksman's portrait of our first citizen.

Sawmiller heard her out, sitting with his head in his hands. When she had finished he looked up and began to talk. There was something in what Clare had said that stirred in him all the loyalty he had for four years so assiduously cultivated. He resented what Clare said.

It was because she didn't understand—something. Mark now made a supreme effort to help Clare understand Zodiac and his loyalty toward it.

He told her of Zodiac as he had always dreamed it and as, after four years of service, he still dreamed it. To Sawmiller Zodiac wasn't a business enterprise so much as a tremendous public institution, a power for civilization, a magnificent monument to American business enterprise. In his dream of Zodiac there was little if anything selfish or mercenary. In its bigness and its firm grasp upon its enormous market Mark saw only a huge implement for the service of humanity. It was an instrument of the Creator, built up and oiled and set going as a vast unit in the machinery of progress. He loved it, not for the personnel of its ownership, which was too aloof, too reserved, too cold to inspire affection, but for its power to help mankind, and for the benefit which it had already conferred upon the world.

"It isn't a matter of personality," he said. "Buford doesn't count. He thinks he's standing at the tiller, steering the ship. He can steer and be darned. The ship goes on in the direction God appointed.

"Now, I'm put out with Buford for the way he's treated me, but I'm not sore at Zodiac. That would be as childish and futile as getting mad at the ocean for kicking up a storm or at the sun for shining in my eyes. Zodiac is something more than a business house—it's a force, like the force of gravitation. Well, that's cutting it a bit thick, but—lemme see! It's maybe a spiritual force like—like—anyhow, something big and elemental and impersonal and—irresistible, I guess. It doesn't depend on the Bufords and a lot of directors. It'd go on without 'em, just as it would go on without me if I stepped out.

"But, darn it, I don't intend to step out! I don't intend to let it go on without me. I'm a part of it and I'm going on with it, and neither Buford nor anyone else is going to stand in my way. See, Clare? Don't you see?"

Clare thought a long time.

"Yes," she said, "I see. I never quite got it before. You know I'm ambitious for you and sympathetic with you, and when folks don't appreciate you it just makes me boil. I appreciate you. You don't. I know you are clever and strong and courageous and able. You don't. You will some day. I know when."

"When, Clare?"

"When you can go to the directors and to Mr. Buford and sell them their own company, just as you've sold it to me. Can you do it?"

Mark felt himself suddenly turning pale.

"Oh, gosh, Clare, what do you take me for? If they're not already sold who am I to picture their own business? Gee, they'd drop me in the wastebasket!"

IV

SAWMILLER sat for a long time that evening in the couch hammock on the porch and meditated. He wasn't much of a meditator. He thought things out swiftly and did them. A job was something to get accomplished and behind him. He had never before found just the words to make plain to Clare the exact quality of his feelings toward his concern. In truth, he himself had not known just what these feelings were. But now since talking with Clare, thinking out loud, the doubts and haziness were gone. His thoughts were like a fluid that is all murky and muddy looking until some chemistry chap adds the magic drop which renders it quite clear. In Mark's case his wife had been the chemist, and her resentment had been the reagent that clarified his thoughts.

The Sawmillers' home was on a middle-class street in a middle-class suburb; a smallish frame dwelling, sufficiently comfortable, featurelessly commonplace. The front yard wasn't big enough to be called a lawn, even if it had been well turfed. The grass was discouraged, mainly by the tramping of many children. The neighbors' houses sat so close that they seemed to be rubbing elbows in a dull fellowship of mediocrity. The front porch wasn't wide enough, but it was as wide as the porches on other houses along the street.

Sawmiller cocked his feet on the rail and puffed at his pipe. The electric light in front of the house drew a cloud of moths, and he watched them idly as they circled about the dazzling bulb and beat themselves foolishly against it. The weather was hot and Mark had taken off his collar. Up and down the street children raced and shouted. People clustered on other porches and on the steps leading up to them. There was only a trifling breeze, hot and stale.

Sawmiller could hear Clare moving about inside, clearing away the supper dishes, speaking to the children, rattling some utensil. Ordinarily he would be in there helping. Now he was meditating. He had come to a place where he must make a decision. It was a risky decision to make, because on it very largely depended his future. Mark wanted his future to be as closely as possible interwoven with the future of Zodiac Electric. The company was going on and on and on. His was the opportunity of going on with it. But in what relation?

In four years Sawmiller had seen the continual, never-ceasing change in personnel at the general offices. He could count on the fingers of one hand the people still there who had been there when he joined. One by one old faces disappeared, new faces came, grew familiar, and in their turn dropped out of sight. There seemed a fixed, invincible limit to advancement in the company, a sharp line between the board of directors and the workers, the job holders. None of the job holders ever crossed this dividing line. No one who worked in Zodiac Electric's offices was bold enough to look forward to the possibility of crossing it. That would be a sort of translation, in the nature of a miracle. Mark could see that this was bad for the office morale. It largely accounted for the excessive employment turnover among the department executives, the engineering group, the clerical help. It explained perhaps why Maltby, Story, Edgerton—all good advertising men—had successively given up their places, to say nothing of predecessors whom Mark had never known.

No one could get under the skin of the management. No one could approach Buford. He and his associates on the board held secret council, and asked nothing of their employees except compliance with orders, observance of hours and strict minding of their own business. The directors were not in the market for advice from the workers.

It was a cold proposition, yet Sawmiller had stuck. Other men criticized, complained, stirred up trouble, played politics, circulated all sorts of gossip. Mark avoided these things, because—he was afraid. Years of association with failure had taught him the value of success. He had landed this job through luck, he thought; he wasn't going to lose it through making an ass or a Bolshevik of himself. Gradually he had come, in the Zodiac offices, to be regarded as a conformist, a yesser. He wasn't unpopular, for he was never ill-natured or forbidding. He was merely quiet and unassertive. People guessing his age were prone to overestimate from five to ten years.

Well, he had come to a place now where he had to decide whether or not to go on being a yesser. He understood just what his decision involved. Suppose he continued as advertising manager for the present, complacently accepting the dictum of Buford and the advertising committee. It meant, after the first few weeks, while he was pruning down the appropriation and lopping off unnecessary help, a soft job. Later, if he were superseded, it was unlikely they would reduce his salary. He could go on indefinitely, earning a pretty good living and burdened with very little responsibility.

And now, it seemed, something was calling to him. It wasn't loyalty to Buford and the directors. They weren't his friends. They had done nothing for him, created no obligation on his part. He was just their hack, commonplace, reliable, a good enough makeshift when, in their view, a makeshift was what they needed. But what about Zodiac? Zodiac was bigger and more important than any individuals. Zodiac was a kind of goddess, impersonal, aloof, cold, but still a goddess. Willy-nilly, she claimed Sawmiller's devotion. She needed it. It occurred to him, sitting there in his shirt sleeves, without any collar, his feet cocked up on the railing of his too narrow piazza, that of all Zodiac's employees he was the one she could just now least afford to do without. Buford might resign, get sick, or go hang! Zodiac would continue to exist and prosper. But he, Mark Sawmiller, whipped dog, still afraid of his job, was pretty nearly indispensable. It was because he had an idea—an idea that old Buford and his collection of directors lacked vision to perceive. Yet if Mark went before the committee with his idea worked out in tangible form, with estimates and specifications and all that, instead of following the program Buford had laid down for him, the result would probably justify his worst misgivings. Nevertheless ——

He got up and went into the house, letting the screen door bang at his heels.

"Clare! Oh, Clare!"

"I'm out here," came a voice from the back yard. "I'm setting over these asters. Now don't you make a noise and wake the children."

Sawmiller descended the steps and crossed the small plot to where his wife stooped at the edge of a flower bed.

"Any skeets?"

"Not very many. I killed one. Why didn't you come out and help me? The ground is terribly hard."

"Where's your spading fork? Here, gimme. What you want me to do?"

"Dig up the beds, goose! Did you decide anything?"

"Oh, I guess so. I'm an awful nut, I suppose."

"Well, you can't help it. Goodness knows, I've tried hard enough to cure you! Tell me, did you reach a conclusion?"

"Yep. The wrong one, no doubt."

"Perhaps—but you must admit, even a wrong decision's better than none. Yes, it is. The only people who never make mistakes are those who don't do anything—that's a good old saying, Mark. Hand me that watering pot, you poor martyr to a gardening wife. Getting almost dark—I don't believe the neighbors would notice if you kissed me."

"Don't give a darn," said Mark.

V

THE advertising committee of the Zodiac board of directors consisted of President Buford, Mr. Roswell Spaith and Mr. Paxton Brill. Spaith was a lawyer, one of the biggest and richest in the city. Brill represented great banking interests. He was a man of figures, who used a mighty sharp pencil and a sharper tongue.

At the meeting called by Buford to consider the advertising for the next year there were also present Mr. Sawmiller, Mr. John C. Cawlber, sales manager of the company, and his assistant, Mr. Methelot, a rather colorless chap whose specialty was thinking pale-yellow duplicates of Cawlber's thoughts. Cawlber possessed a strong under jaw and a pair of rather prominent blue eyes, with which he glared terrifyingly at underlings.

"I trust you gentlemen will approve my action," began Buford, casting an oblique look at Sawmiller, "in appointing Mr. Sawmiller to the post of advertising manager. He understands fully that his responsibilities will be rather in the direction of economy than of production. He also understands, I believe, that we are not committed to any promises regarding his retention of the office at such time as we may decide to return to our former policies. You, Cawlber, will doubtless agree that it would be foolish to spend the company's money in advertising when we are already heavily oversold."

Cawlber thrust out his strong jaw, leaned forward and knit his brows as if in deep thought. You would have supposed it necessary for him to O. K. the announced decision of his chief.

After a second he replied in judicial tones, "We-ull, ye-uss, Mr. Buford; that would be about my idea."

Mr. Methelot nodded violently in acquiescence. Mr. Spaith and Mr. Brill preserved an appropriately vacant expression.

"I told Sawmiller," went on Buford, "that we should expect him to present the figures of an estimate reduced at least two-thirds from last year's appropriation. I also asked him to lay before us a plan for such readjustment of duties in the advertising department as would permit us to dispense with a part of the force. Sawmiller, you have the floor."

Sawmiller gulped hastily, rose, fumbled at the strings of a large portfolio he had brought with him to the meeting.

"Well, Mr. Buford and—gentlemen—I don't know—I guess—that is to say, it may be you will be—er—a little disappointed in—in—the—er—plans and estimates I have prepared for next year's advertising. Mr. Buford gave me instructions to do one thing, but—to tell the truth—I haven't exactly stuck to the program he—indicated. It seemed to me there were some fundamentals you—er—we—er—Mr. Buford hadn't taken into consideration at quite what they were worth."

Mark stopped and fumbled some more at the strings. He could feel the stony gaze of each of the grim counselors whom he had

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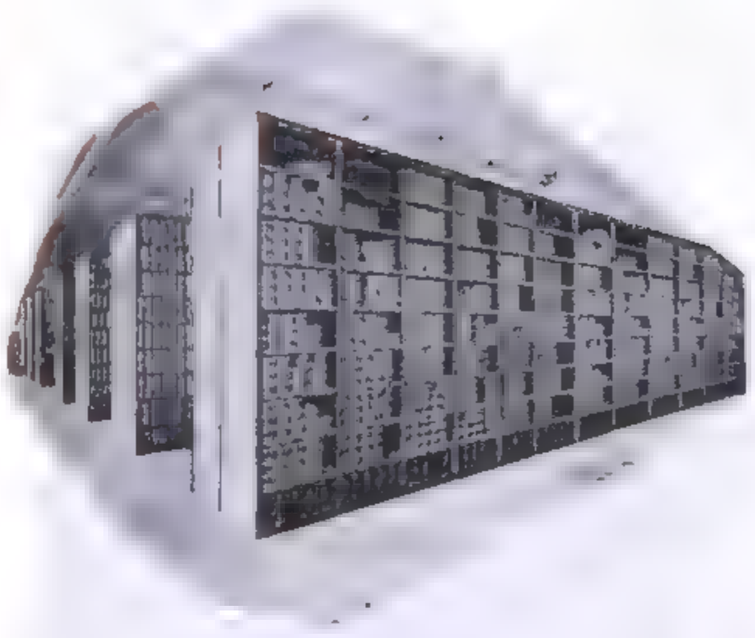

4,000 sizes of piston rings in the McQuay-Norris Factory Stock!

McQuay-Norris Piston Rings are made in every size and over-size to fit every make or model of gas engine ever made. To eliminate delays in securing proper sizes promptly, a vast nation-wide system of distribution is constantly maintained by the McQuay-Norris organization.

Jobbers in every center carry size assortments that will equip practically all motors. They carry standard over-sizes, too, that will equip rebored motors. Many repairmen stock the most generally used sizes. Every repairman can secure from a near-by jobber any size or over-size a motor may need. And he can secure it promptly.

In addition to this Jobber and Repairman service in the stock shown above, there are 4,000 odd and unusual sizes of McQuay-Norris Rings carried at the St. Louis factory—in sizes up to 30 inches in diameter. Orders for unusual sizes are shipped the same day they are received.

McQUAY-NORRIS PISTON RING EQUIPMENT

Insist on the Combination

Does your car need more power?

Perhaps its piston rings are leaking-wasting fuel - Ask Your Repairman

Sometimes a car owner takes a loss of motor power and oil troubles for granted before his engine is old enough to have anything fundamentally wrong with it. Leaky piston rings are usually the trouble.

If an engine's cylinders were as open-faced as the dash-board clock, you could actually see the importance of piston rings to gas engine power and economy. You could see the gas leaking past them—without ever being compressed into power—condensing—and wasting down into the crank case. This lowers the quality of your lubricating oil, with a consequent wear and tear on all working parts. You would understand why the fuel bills—and the hills—seem so high.

Leaky piston rings have still more to answer for. If gas can waste past them, lubricating oil does the same thing. It works its way up into the combustion chamber to cause oil and carbon trouble of every kind. This means a big waste of oil, fouled spark plugs, smoke, expensive valve grinding and repair work. For every oil and carbon trouble that poor rings can cause there is a corresponding loss of power.

No one kind of piston ring can correct all these troubles. It is necessary to use the McQuay-Norris combination—a Superoyl Ring in the top groove of each piston to control excessive lubricating oil—and the genuine Leak-Proof Piston Rings in all lower grooves to insure efficient cylinder compression by the *equal radial pressure* of their exclusive 2-piece design. Both rings are made of McQuay-Norris Metal (electrically refined iron).

Many thousands of car owners have settled their piston ring problems by installing the combination. It increases motor power, saves gas and oil, and decreases oil and carbon troubles.

The McQuay-Norris Piston Ring Combination is made in every size and over-size to fit every make and model of gas engine. Your repairman can install the combination promptly. He either has your size on hand or can get it at once from his jobber's complete stock.

Write for Free Book

It explains why gas engines lose power and waste fuel and oil and how you can restore their efficiency by installing McQuay-Norris Piston Ring Equipment. Address Dept. "B."

McQuay-Norris Manufacturing Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.

BRANCH OFFICES:

New York, San Francisco, Atlanta, Chicago, Kansas City, Memphis, Philadelphia, Seattle, Omaha, Boston, St. Paul, Dallas, Pittsburgh, Columbus

Canadian Factory:

W. H. Banfield & Sons, Ltd., 120 Adelaide St. West, Toronto

McQuay-Norris Mfg. Co., Dept. B, St. Louis, U. S. A.
Please send me "To Have and to Hold Power"
Name
Address

Copyright 1921, McQuay-Norris Mfg Co

A suburban road in Oak Park, Illinois, where, as on American highways generally, more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind

Copyright 1921, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR

Can You Afford to Ignore their Economy?

YEAR after year, on countless thousands of automobiles of every type, Goodyear Cord Tires for passenger cars have demonstrated a unique capacity for service.

This has been manifest, not alone in the additional comfort and security they provide but in the staunch and lasting resistance they exercise against wear.

It is a fact easily verifiable within your own circle of acquaintanceship, that mile for mile Goodyear Cord Tires actually cost less to use than ordinary tires.

Their steady advance into wide popularity, their increasingly secure hold upon the preference of the public, spring directly from this essentially practical cause.

Since the introduction of Goodyear Cord Tires for passenger cars, there has never been a lapse in the Goodyear effort to embody in them the highest possible value.

Against increasing costs of production, by repeated and serious improvement, they have held intact their superior measure of usefulness and worth.

Can you afford any longer to ignore the economy Goodyear Cord Tires insure, or deny yourself a kind of performance unapproached in any earlier type of tire?

Because Goodyear Tires and the sincere conservation service behind them afford uncommon satisfaction, more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
Offices Throughout the World

CORD TIRES

MOTOR
GARDNER
CAR

"IT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF"

100 PER CENT VALUE

TOURING CAR....$1195
ROADSTER .. . $1195
SEDAN $2145
F. O. B. ST. LOUIS

THE GARDNER LIGHT FOUR IS SO GOOD AND SO DEPENDABLE THAT IT HAS JUSTLY EARNED THE REPUTATION OF A REAL 100% VALUE.

OWNERS FROM COAST TO COAST THROUGH ACTUAL DRIVING EXPERIENCE HAVE LEARNED THAT IT IS A RELIABLE AUTOMOBILE FOR CONSTANT DAILY SERVICE.

EASE OF OPERATION, LOW COST OF UP-KEEP AND COMFORTABLE RIDING QUALITIES ARE OUTSTANDING FEATURES.

THE GARDNER MOTOR CO., INC.

ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

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come here to face—except that of Methelot, who didn't look stony, only horrified. It was utterly beyond Methelot's comprehension how anyone could disagree with a superior or venture for a moment to disregard instructions.

"Well, go on," put in Buford harshly. "We're here to listen, Mr. Sawmiller. I hope you haven't departed very radically from what I asked you to do."

Mark knew that he had made a rotten start. From the very first word he had displayed an egregious lack of strategy. He was licked before he began. Now, utterly rattled, he continued to pick at the strings of his portfolio. Finally, while he felt his face burn with embarrassment, he spread the covers apart and lifted out the first of a series of large drawings. This he placed on a table against the wall. It promptly fell down. Mark picked it up and managed to make it stay.

"This," he floundered, "is the first of a series of drawings I have taken the liberty of procuring from Mr. De Palma, the illustrator. He's a very good man. This design illustrates in a symbolic way early application of crude mechanical principles by our primitive ancestors—the first gropings in the development of power, so to speak."

Sawmiller paused and looked up. There was not the slightest evidence that any one of the gentlemen comprehended even faintly the significance of the picture.

"Pretty expensive drawing, it strikes me," observed Buford. "Our advertising doesn't call for large expenditures for art work, Sawmiller. That may be a very fine picture, but I hardly see its application to the sale of Zodiac motors. Do you, Cawlber?"

"Good Lord, no!" barked Cawlber. "Besides, that feller with the lever—why, his arm's too long! He don't look very intelligent to me. Kind of a cave man—anyhow, what's he represent, I'd like to know? Think folks are goin' to be interested in that kind of thing? I wouldn't be, and I guess I'm about average."

"Most extraordinary!" observed Mr. Methelot, playing safe. Mark longed, miserably, to strangle him.

"The point is," he began lamely—"the point is ——"

"In my opinion," remarked Buford, "an advertisement that requires an explanation is hardly obvious enough to make a very vivid impression on the public consciousness. Furthermore, it's miles and miles from the product. Now, Sawmiller, I honestly hope you haven't—you don't mean to say you've a lot more drawings along the same line?"

"A half dozen in all, Mr. Buford. I assure you they're very fine indeed. I consider them absolutely in keeping with the prestige and dignity of the company. It seemed to me an especially appropriate time for such a series, with conditions the way they are, and ——"

"Let's see the rest of the art exhibition," grumbled Buford. "I suppose you've obligated us to pay a fine price for this choice collection of allegories, eh? Well, set 'em out. We might as well know the worst."

Poor Mark, feeling about the size of Gulliver among the Brobdingnagians, arranged his pictures about the walls. They were awkward, they had curled slightly, they persisted in slipping and sliding and toppling and leaning; they were mostly in the wrong light; they suddenly lost, to their sole advocate, all significance. They became flat, banal, trifling, ephemeral. In that atmosphere of unsympathy Sawmiller conceived a flooding hate of a mistress so implacable, so toweringly aloof, so unbending. He hadn't a word to say in defense of a campaign which he had spent several weeks of the hardest thinking of his life to prepare.

"Very interesting, very interesting," said Mr Spaith. "Fine pictures, no doubt. I'm not a connoisseur in such matters. I don't venture to criticize, but I must say they're very far-fetched as advertisements for a commercial house."

"I told Mr. Sawmiller," explained Buford, "that the best thing he could do would be to make cuts of our trade-mark in different sizes and run them in the trade papers. That would do nicely until such time as conditions justified our placing our advertising on a normal basis again. Why he has come here with this astonishing collection of costly paintings is more than I can understand."

"But, Mr. Buford, don't you get the idea? It's the institutional thought—the big, broad, fundamental principle underlying the growth and success of Zodiac. It's the spirit of the business visualized and idealized for the public."

"Aw, that's all tommyrot!" put in Cawlber. "The public don't appreciate any such highbrow stuff. Besides, what if they did? This isn't any time to go piling up a lot of advertising expense. It's a sellers' market. The goods are absorbed before they're even routed through the factories. Institutional hell! This concern isn't any lunatic asylum or public hospital. That's what institution always means to me—some place where folks are confined—like a jail. Sing Sing's an institution."

"How about Columbia University?" asked Mark.

"Oh, that's different. Anyhow, Zodiac's no college—it's a business house."

Cawlber lit a cigar in a manner to express the utmost disgust, and Mr. Methelot asked timidly if anyone objected to his smoking a cigarette.

"The institutional idea in industry," began Sawmiller, "as represented in Zodiac Electric Company, is a comparatively new conception, crystallizing in the minds of the manufacturer and consumer alike the real significance of big business, when guided and molded for the public good. It ——"

"Wait a minute, Sawmiller," put in Buford. "We didn't ask you to come here to deliver a lecture on ethics, or whatever you choose to call your subject. I distinctly gave you to understand that you were to cut down our advertising expense and save us several hundred thousand dollars. We certainly can't consider seriously anything so radical as what you propose. And, by the way, what figures had you made? To what extent had you planned to reduce our appropriation?"

"In normal times," replied Mark desperately, "and under normal conditions, we have spent about three-quarters of a million. I couldn't figure this campaign going across in really effective fashion unless you spent practically the same amount. I have here the tentative list of publica——"

"I hardly think the gentlemen would care to waste their time or yours, Sawmiller, discussing such a list. I'm sorry you didn't see fit to carry out your instructions. It would appear that you are so far out of sympathy with our policies that you can hardly be expected to sustain the responsibilities of your position. It would perhaps be as well if you were to let me have your resignation."

Sawmiller sat for a moment gazing blankly about him. Buford and the rest merely swam in a confused circle of scarcely separable faces. He was aware that the gentlemen making up the council were rising. The odor of Methelot's cigarette was insistent, peculiarly atrocious. He rose and began slowly to gather together the De Palma drawings. He knew they were beautiful. He had worked out their subjects with the artist so painstakingly, and De Palma would be heartbroken. He was one of those temperamental chaps.

Well, Mark had taken a gambler's chance. He had lost. He had been a fool. He ought to have known his goddess had clay feet—clay? Yes, mud—sticky, noisome, common, sordid, mercenary mud! And he had considered himself her priest, guardian of her altar!

By George, she was some goddess, in spite of it all! He glanced over his shoulder at Buford, who was talking with Spaith and Brill. Buford was a big fellow, broad shouldered, powerful, a master among men, accustomed to have his way. He dominated and, like many dominating men, he didn't hesitate to be arbitrary. Arbitrary people are often prone to be unfair. Mark felt that he hadn't had a square deal. Reaction clutched his shoulders, spun him round, brought him face to face with the president of Zodiac Electric.

"See here, Mr. Buford, I'm not going to resign," he heard himself saying. He was terribly angry, but cold as liquid air.

"You're not? Well, I suppose we shall have to go to the trouble of discharging you. You may consider yourself dismissed from the service of this company without notice!"

"I'll consider nothing of the kind, Mr. Buford. I won't resign and you're not going to fire me. See here!"

Mark pulled out an envelope and displayed a little sheaf of stock certificates.

"There's twenty shares of Zodiac Common," he said. "It's voting stock, and I'm a partner of yours, Mr. Buford. I'm a coöwner in Zodiac Electric. I have a voice in the management of the company and I'm going to use it."

"Where'd you get that?" asked Buford curiously.

"An odd-lot man down in Wall Street dug it up for me. I guess it's about the only little block outstanding. Something you overlooked. It's mine. I paid for it. It entitles me to be heard. Now—I wish Mr. Spaith and Mr. Brill would sit down a minute or two. I want to say something to you people. It's incredible that you—you could be so—so infernally stupid!"

"Now, now, Sawmiller, we haven't time to——"

"I have," cried Brill suddenly. "I'm curious. Your advertising manager seems a many-sided man, Buford. It must be a long time since any of your employees have accused you to your face of stupidity."

"Where's Cawlber?" asked Buford.

"He's gone," said Mark. "And Methelot tagged after him. I'm glad of it. Now, Mr. Buford, I want to tell you about myself. I had that stock in my pocket, and I showed it to you to prove that I am a loyal Zodiac man. I put my money into it because I believed in Zodiac. That's more than your other employees have done. If it had been a listed stock that they could speculate in they might have done so—on margin. But I took money I'd been saving for years, and went out and chased down that twenty shares after weeks of effort. It's mine and I'm proud of it. I'd be proud of it if it never paid me a cent of dividends.

"Have you ever noticed how fast the personnel changes in the general offices—someone always leaving, some new face always popping into sight? In the four years I've been here the change has been almost a hundred per cent. In other words, I stuck when the others quit. They went elsewhere to get more money, as I might have done—but I didn't.

"You want to know why? Well, it's because I'm sold on Zodiac, and I always will be. I know it is one of the greatest industrial institutions on earth. It's one of the greatest powers for good that God ever created.

"You and the rest of the stockholders—I know there are only a few of you—you don't seem to have any conception of what it is you've developed. Why, damn it, I go home nights and lie and dream and plan and see visions about this company that I honestly doubt you'd understand if I tried to interpret them to you. You aren't sold on Zodiac! Not by a long shot! You don't know Zodiac! You think of it only as a big manufacturing concern capable of making each year several million dollars of profits. You plan and scheme to increase those profits. You're nuts on efficiency, man power, factory costs, overhead, product engineering. I'm a nut on Zodiac! It's in my blood. Let me tell you how it affects me.

"Over in the Jersey laboratory you have a bunch of highly paid technical men. Two years ago they worked out a series of small-unit power-plant designs, motors to be hooked up with individual machines. Instantly you began to plan how you could get a maximum number of these units made and marketed, thus adding to your profits.

"What did it mean to me? Did I think of the new designs in terms of dollars and cents? I did not! I thought of them in terms of labor saved. I saw long lines of garment workers bent over foot-power machines, intent, pale faced, muscle racked, not only guiding the work under the needles, but driving the sewing machines by stress of leg and back. I saw these same long lines of workers relieved of this terrible physical strain, their work improved, their output increased and their condition in every way made more tolerable.

"I saw the unit power-plant principle, which had already been applied in many shops and factories, here perfected and simplified, and by reason of reduced first cost and decreased current expense brought within the reach of thousands of small manufacturers. Even the cobbler at his bench might profit. Even the housewife might lighten her labor in a dozen different ways. In other words, I saw that Zodiac had gone a step further than ever before to lessen human burdens, to bring more leisure and comfort to make life worth living. And that is but a small part of Zodiac's contribution to civilization. It is only one more achievement added to many, one more guaranty of Zodiac's continuing usefulness.

"Do you see what I mean? Do you see why I am sold on Zodiac? It's because our trade-mark has come to stand for something more than a mere commercial device, a mark on merchandise. It is rather a symbol of progress for mankind. Franklin brought the lightning down a kite string, but couldn't use it to grind up a ton of wheat into flour. It has remained for science not only to discover the big uses of electricity, the moving of huge ships, the lifting of great burdens, but also those little everyday and commonplace uses that add to the convenience of small lives. And Zodiac stands for all this as I see it.

"That's why I well—I was going to say, worship Zodiac. Anyhow, it's something like worship. I get fair pay and I save some of it. I have a thrifty wife. If I wanted a job paying me fifty per cent more I could easily find it. I don't even consider it. I'm satisfied with the job I've got.

"Now you see why I won't give up my place here. I'm your partner, Mr. Buford, in spite of everything, and it would be a hell of a mean trick to turn on a partner, now wouldn't it? Besides, I'm going to put over my institutional advertising campaign. Maybe not now. But you'll see it in time. It'll dawn on you one of these days. Think of it! Isn't it a thousand times bigger than any little dollar-coaxing campaign of selling motors? Consider the reverence with which people regard Harvard, Princeton, the Rockefeller Foundation, the University of Chicago, Cambridge, Oxford! How about the big medical schools and hospitals? All institutions devoted to the happiness of mankind and the advancement of science—which in turn means the advancement of civilization.

"Isn't our company such an institution? Don't we make this world a better and more livable place for millions of people? And when it comes to hospitals and medical schools, what would they do without electric power in its hundred and one forms and applications? Then it's up to us to tell the people the truth about ourselves.

"Those De Palma designs are marvelous! When we get the right text for them they'll be the most interesting series of advertisements ever published. And interestingness is the test of good advertising. They will sell the public the idea of Zodiac as a whale of an institution. They will build up a sympathetic understanding on the part of the public toward us. They'll counteract a heap of anticapitalistic agitation. They'll create an invaluable good will against the time when we may be subject to political pressure. Why——"

Mark Sawmiller rose.

"I'm sorry to have disappointed you, Mr. Buford," he said, forcing his voice back to normal tones. He realized that he had been orating, pounding the table, shaking his finger under the very nose of the president of Zodiac Electric. "I had to get it out of my system. Anyhow, I guess, you understand why I refuse to resign. And I hardly see how you can fire me, when you consider everything."

He turned suddenly, tucking his portfolio under his arm, and went out swiftly. Buford, knowing not just what to say, swung his gaze back and forth between Spaith and Brill.

"Quite a forceful young man, when he gets going," said Spaith.

"H'm!" replied Buford.

"H'm!" confirmed Brill. "I should say so!"

"Hardly think we can spare him," remarked Spaith. "He's got the punch."

"H'm!" replied Buford.

"H'm!" confirmed Brill. "I should say so! I wonder if my car's outside."

"Sometimes," observed Spaith, "we older heads need a bit of a shaking up. So, Buford?"

"H'm!" replied the president of Zodiac Electric. "I dare say—I dare say."

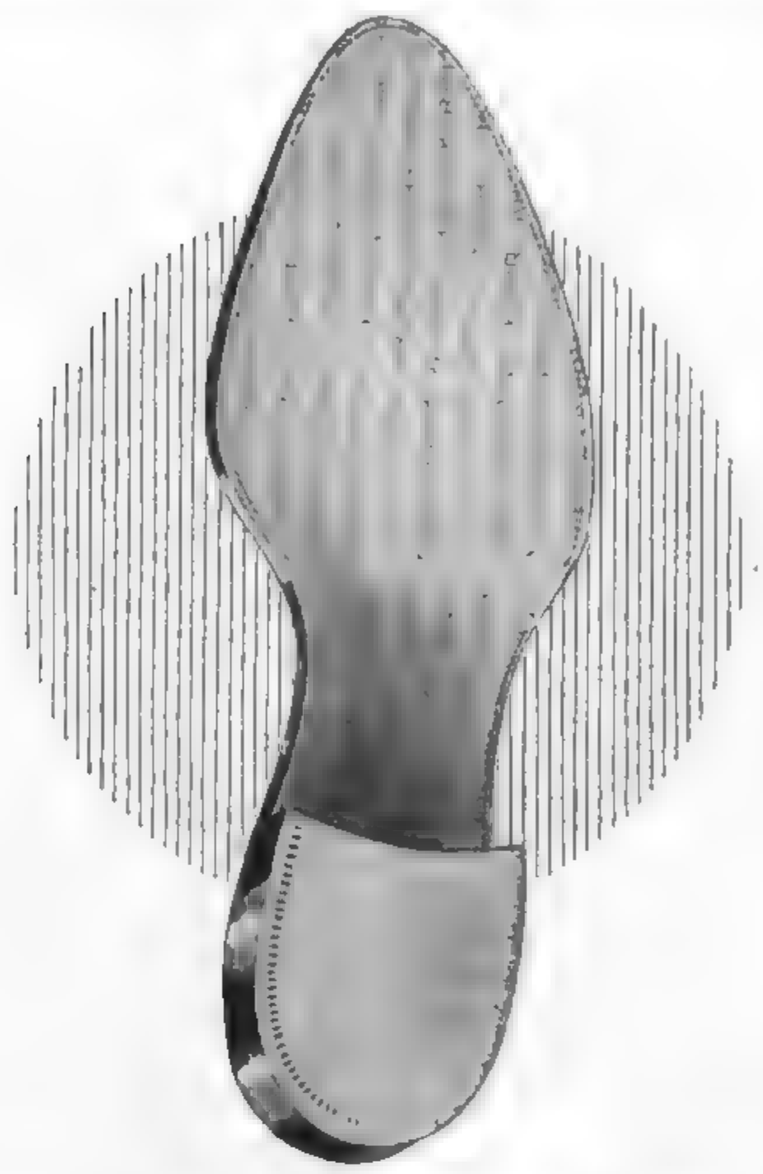
"Good afternoon," said Brill. "Give him a chance, Buford. But keep your eye on your own job. Institutional, eh? Well, well!"

He went out, followed shortly by Spaith. Buford turned to his desk, took up a pen and began to write.

"Now wasn't it the funniest thing," demanded Sawmiller, digging the spading fork vigorously into one of Clare's flower beds. "Wouldn't you have thought those men might have had a better perspective of themselves? Can you imagine my having to sell them their own possibilities like that?"

Clare looked quizzically at her husband, but he was busy breaking down a large lump of newly turned soil.

"Oh, I don't know!" she said.



Say to Your Repair Man

Korry-Krome

GENUINE LEATHER SOLES

Next time you have your shoes fixed ask the repair man to put on Korry Soles. They are real leather, tanned by a secret process that makes them wear twice as long. They are permanently waterproof, flexible, and won't slip in the wet.

If your repair man does not have Korry Soles in stock, he can easily get them for you. See that he does, for they are worth it. They will astonish you by their wearing qualities and their very great comfort. As good for dress shoes as they are for work shoes. Try them on your kiddies' shoes—that will be a real test.

There are two brands of Korry Soles and each has its name stamped on the bottom.

Korry-Krome

Korry-Krome is made from selected portions of the hide, and takes a somewhat higher finish. This is the most durable sole in the world.

Korry Special

As this sole is cut from the shoulder, it has a coarser grain; but Korry Special will outwear any other kind of leather except Korry-Krome, and costs less.

If your repair man does not have Korry Soles for you, send us $1.00 and we will send you a pair of Korry-Krome half soles (or two pairs children's sizes up to size 13), which any repair man can attach. Full soles, $1.75. Give size of your shoes.

J. W. & A. P. HOWARD COMPANY *Established 1867* **Corry, Penn.**

WILDCAT LUCK

(Continued from Page 17)

"How come, action? Action, what wid?"

"Action wid de freckled bones what knows 'rithmetic."

The Wildcat accepted the invitation. Here was a chance to retrieve the price of the drinks. He walked over to the corner.

"Where at's de bones?"

In allowing his opponent to supply the weapons he had committed a serious technical error, but the only other dice available were some taper cubes belonging to the Mud Turtle, and the Wildcat knew that the production of these dice in that congregation would probably result in his immediate disintegration under the blades of some hungry social razors. The boy on the opposite side of the table spoke.

"Shoots fifty dollahs!"

"You sho starts blooded." The Wildcat peeled fifty dollars from his roll. "You're faded! Roll 'em!"

The boy rolled them, and an ace-deuce bloomed under the electric light. A grunt of disappointment went up from several interested veterans of the banded brothers gathered round the table, and the rabbi plunged his way into the crowd.

"Git out o' de way! Gimme dem dice! How come you makes dis mistake?" He took the dice from the loser. "Wilecat, Ah shoots fifty dollahs!"

The Wildcat divided his winnings and laid fifty dollars on the table.

"Rabbi, roll 'em."

The rabbi breathed a fervent prayer upon the speckled cubes and cast them away from him into the outer darkness.

"Freckle tops, git right! Bam! I reads seven! Lets it lay! Shoots a hundred!"

"Roll 'em, youse faded!"

The Wildcat trimmed himself for another hundred. The rabbi made another throw.

"Luck dice, ketch dat Wilecat! Whuff! An' dey says five an' a six. Dey sho is lucky."

The Wildcat grunted.

"Lucky fo' you!"

"Pussonal luck is de luck I likes best. I lets it lay. You has yo' chance. Shoots two hundred!"

The Wildcat skinned his roll for two hundred dollars.

"Dis heah frog skin sho has got de quick dwindles. Youse faded! Roll 'em!"

"Tiger dice, claw me! Turtle dice, off de log! Soap dice, git slick! Clean dat Wilecat! Gun dice, pull de triggah—wham! An' I reads six-ace."

The Wildcat's fingers began to itch for the possession of the bones. He turned to the Mud Turtle, who was close beside him.

"Hot dam, boy, dat talk sho sounds nat'chul! Dat boy growed up some place else befo' he started de rabbi business."

His opponent slipped half the roll and laid it on the green cloth.

"Shoots two hundred! Fade me, is you reckless!"

The Wildcat was in too deep to back out. He pared two hundred dollars from his roll and laid it beside the other's stake.

"Boy, yo' luck's got to bus' sometime. Roll 'em an' see kin you roll to de po'house."

The rabbi spoke confidentially to the dice for a few moments, and then his voice lifted above the murmurs of the congregation.

"Snow babies, let de soot specks read seven! Rooster dice, crow de pay call! Hen dice, hatch de money eggs! Mule dice, kick dat boy into de riveh! Bam! An' I reads five-dooce."

This triumph was a signal for a revolt on the part of the Wildcat.

"I quits! I craves to handle dem bones pussonal. Does you own 'em all de time, I quits!"

The rabbi handed a pair of dice to the Wildcat.

"Roll 'em, does you crave to," he said.

The concession was made only after he had switched the dice. The Wildcat got hold of twin dice which were loaded to come out deuce, trey or twelve on the first throw. He warmed the dice to a functioning temperature in the palm of his right hand. In his left he held the remainder of his roll. He laid the money on the center of the table.

"Shoots it all! Two hundred dollars! Fade me, boy!"

The rabbi counted out two hundred dollars, but before the Wildcat threw the dice the Mud Turtle beside him spoke up.

"I shoots fo' hundred on de Wilecat's luck. Shoots fo' hundred! Fade me, boy!"

The rabbi grunted and dug into his roll for another four hundred. The Wildcat turned to the Mud Turtle.

"Boy, us is bust does I lose!"

"I been bust befo', Wilecat. So is you. Roll 'em! See kin you git double or nuthin'."

The Wildcat said a few words to the dice and an instant later they rattled across the green cloth.

"Whuff! An' I reads—ace-dooce. Doggone, Lady Luck, whereat is you?"

The Mud Turtle grabbed the Wildcat by the arm.

"Come on heah befo' dey gits yo' clothes."

The Wildcat turned away from the table.

"Us sho needs 'at mascot goat. Was hard luck a minny us done ketched a whale. Trouble wid luck it's always changin'. Don't stay on de good side long enough fo' a boy to git settled down." He bade farewell to the rabbi. "You sho is right! I'll say gin comes high! Fo' hundred dollars a drink!"

The rabbi laughed a hollow laugh.

"Come on back heah an' try de thousan'-dollah gin when you feels strongeh."

"Does I find Lily an' Lady Luck I comes back an' shows you some million-dollar gin—mebbe."

"On your way, boy—'at's de quinine talkin'!"

Launched by this parting taunt, the pair made their way out of the place. On the street the Wildcat set the course toward Twelfth Street. His companion pounded along as best he could for a while, and then voiced a protest.

"What for is you got such a hot foot?"

"Come on heah, ol' Mud Turtle. I craves to meet up wid dat Lily goat befo' any mo' calamity ketches up wid me."

"Whah does you 'spec' to fin' dat doggone goat?"

"San F'mcisco some place. Ah tol' you once. De blue-fezant boys went to San F'mcisco on de train, an' de las' I seed o' Lily she was penned up along wid 'bout nine o' dem boys. 'At goat's in San F'mcisco."

"How long you 'spec' it take you to fin' 'at mascot in San F'mcisco? You know how big 'at town is?"

"Boy, I been dere. I been clear from downtown out to de Presidio, where at dey keeps de ahmy boys an' de ginerals. I seed 'at town befo'."

The Mud Turtle grunted.

"You ain't seen nuthin'. 'At town's ten times 'at big. Was Lily fo' yeahs ol' when you started lookin' she'd be eight hundred fo' you foun' him 'less you had luck."

"Does I fin' her I gits all de luck I needs. Us wins both ways, 'cause all de bad luck I could git wouldn't be no worse'n what us has now. Ise plum busted. How is you?"

The Mud Turtle audited the depths of his pocket.

"Nuthin' but some ravelin' lint an' fo' bits."

"'At's enough. Don' look so mean, ol' Mud Turtle. Does us see anotheh rabbi walkin' down de main street us better take de alley fo' he sees us. Dem boys is just like a ticket to de po'house."

At eleven o'clock the pair landed at the ferry building in San Francisco. As a precaution against lunch money they saved the change from the Mud Turtle's half dollar and walked toward the center of the town. They landed finally at Union Square. The Wildcat flopped down on the grass and the Mud Turtle joined him.

"Mud Turtle, what's dat big house oveh there?" He pointed at the St. Francis Hotel.

"Boy, I thought you told me you was here once befo'. Dat's de St. Frantic Hotel."

"How come de boy frantic what dey named de hotel fo'?"

"'Spec' he drunk some hoof oil. Sho is a fine day."

"All de days I seen in de town was fine days 'ceptin' some evenings when de fog gits heavy."

"Ol' fog comes in mighty handy does you owe money. Boy kin lose hisself fum a bloodhoun' easy in de fog."

The Wildcat stretched himself out and prepared to go to sleep, but before he had accomplished his purpose he was interrupted by his companion.

(Continued on Page 65)

Fifty Seven Million Proofs That the Principle Is Right

Since that day more than twenty years ago when a Timken Tapered Roller Bearing was first installed in a motor vehicle, Timken principle has remained unchanged.

Yet, during those years, American and European manufacturers have used more than fifty-seven million Timkens. And, as far as we know, not one of those fifty-seven million Timken Tapered Roller Bearings has ever been replaced by any other bearing.

Fifty-seven million Timken Bearings! Twenty years of service! Not a single Timken that we know of replaced by any other make! Hardly a motor car, truck, or tractor in America today that does not boast of its Timkens!

Could one ask for more convincing evidence of the correctness of the principle, design, and construction of Timken Tapered Roller Bearings?

Surely those years of service, those millions of applications bear out the basic claims of Timken Tapered Roller Bearing superiority in ability to carry *all* loads no matter from what direction they come—

to withstand the *highest speeds* encountered in automotive practice—

to carry those loads at those speeds with *negligible frictional loss*—

and when the inevitable wear that must follow motion does come, to provide a quick, simple adjustment or take-up that makes a Timken Tapered Roller Bearing function as if it were new.

The Timken Roller Bearing Co., Canton, Ohio

Timken Tapered Roller Bearings for Passenger Cars, Trucks, Tractors Trailers, Farm Implements, Machinery, and Industrial Appliances

TIMKEN *Tapered* ROLLER BEARINGS

SCRAPPED

MILLIONS of dollars go into the scrap heap every year. Much of it is waste—useless extravagance—careless buying.

Each year the genius of American engineers is employed to fight the scrap heap—to build automobiles that will last longer, with individual parts that wear out more slowly and break less often under hard everyday stresses and strains.

The greatest stride forward ever made in the fight against the scrap heap was the discovery and employment of Mo-*lyb*-den-um Steel in the automotive industry. This super steel possesses unprecedented properties of endurance, strength and resistance to the jolts, jars and strains of the road. Springs built of Mo-*lyb*-den-um Steel are practically unbreakable. It is almost impossible to strip Mo-*lyb*-den-um Steel gears. Axles made of it firmly resist all the twisting strains of uneven travel. Every part of an automobile, truck or tractor can be made stronger and longer lived by the use of Mo-*lyb*-den-um Steel.

A car built of Mo-*lyb*-den-um Steel is lighter for its strength and stronger for its weight. This means reduction in tire and gasoline bills, lower repair bills and higher resale value. Be sure your car or truck is made of Mo-*lyb*-den-um Steel.

The world's chief source of Molybdenum is at Climax, Colorado. The United States is dependent upon importations from foreign countries for all steel alloying elements except Molybdenum.

CLIMAX MOLYBDENUM COMPANY, 61 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
ASSOCIATED WITH THE AMERICAN METAL COMPANY, LIMITED
Climax Molybdenum Company is the Largest Producer of Molybdenum in the World

Mo-lyb-den-um Steel

The American Super Steel

(Continued from Page 62)

"Wilecat, look at dem boys on de hotel steps. Dey sho looks like dem blue-fezant nobles you was speakin' 'bout."

The Wildcat rose to his knees and looked across Powell Street. Sure enough, there before his eyes stood two of the blue-fezant gentlemen. He lost no time in going toward them.

"Come on heah, Mud Turtle! I knowed we'd meet some o' dem blue-fezant boys. Come on heah!"

A moment later the Wildcat and the Mud Turtle confronted the two nobles of the Mysterious Mecca. Each of the nobles was festooned with a golf bag. The pair were headed for Lincoln Park. The Wildcat spoke to the larger of the two gentlemen.

"Cap'n, suh," he said, "I was de poteh on a special cah fum Chicago what hauled some of you blue-fezant gemmum out heah. Kin you-all tell me whah at Lily, mah mascot goat, is?"

The blue-fezant gentleman looked at the Wildcat for a moment.

"Seems to me I heard about that goat. Some of the boys got him some place."

The second man interposed some additional information.

"You mean the white goat? He's out with Jim and Frank on the golf links."

The first potent noble turned toward the Wildcat.

"He's out where we're going now. Come with us and maybe you'll find him. Is he your goat?"

"Cap'n, suh, you sho soun' good! Does I meet up wid dat Lily, I beats 'at goat to death—mebbe. Lily sho is mah goat. I raised him clean fum France." He turned to his companion. "Mud Turtle, take 'at bag fo' de gemmum. Cap'n, suh, us carry dis stuff."

The potent nobles smiled at each other.

"These boys can caddie for us. Do you boys want to caddie for us?"

Without knowing exactly what it was, the Wildcat signed quite a contract.

"Cap'n, yessuh. Whatever you wants, us does. How come dis caddie business?"

"You carry the bag round while we go golf hunting."

The Wildcat spoke lowly to the Mud Turtle

"Golf hunting? What's dis heah golfs? Nevah seed one pussonally."

"Boy, don't you know what golfs is? Sumpin' like a dog, only smaller. Born wild. Dey gin'ally gits wilder when dey grows up."

"How big does dey git?"

"Dog size—some bigger sometimes."

"Nevah seed none in Memphis."

"Dey's tame down dere; out heah dey grows wild. Some parts de wild golfs run roun' so thick a man hardly kin plow his fiel' 'thout carryin' six or eight shotguns on de plow. Dis country was 'fested wid golfs till de Indians got heah."

"'Fested wid Indians till white folks got heah too. I guess could de Indians kill a golf us is safe."

He turned to one of the potent nobles.

"Cap'n, suh, what does you kill dese here golfs wid?"

The noble was quick to take up the deception.

"We beat 'em to death with those clubs. If you get a small blue golf you beat him with an iron club. For the savage red ones you use that club with the piece of brass on it. The whisky golf is the worst, though. He sort of sneaks up on you. You use those little clubs for them. They're called putters. They're shorter so you can use 'em in close places—short and deadly."

The quartet were presently seated in an automobile which was retrieved from O'Farrell Street. On the way to the Lincoln Park golf course the party detoured through Golden Gate Park. The car drove past an inclosure wherein leaped a dozen full-grown kangaroos. One of the potent nobles pointed to the awkward animals.

"There's some golfs now, if you boys never saw any."

A restless kangaroo made a thirty-foot leap.

"Cap'n, does you kill dem debbils wid clubs? I craves a cannon an' forty miles range, or else one o' them airplane flyin' things."

"All you have to do is to stand right close behind me and you'll be safe."

The Wildcat's training had taught him to trust the word of a white man.

"Cap'n, yessuh."

As far as he was concerned, the conversation was ended; but in spite of the potent noble's reassuring words a feeling of uneasiness seemed to undermine him. At the hunting preserve in Lincoln Park it became evident that luck was not with the two golf-killing nobles of the Mysterious Mecca, because about all these two gentlemen did was to continue the monotonous business of knocking a couple of innocent white balls across the landscape. Every now and then they would come upon a grass lawn with an iron cup in the center of it, and then each potent noble would waste a lot of time urging his ball into the cup with the short and deadly putter which was normally used for slaughtering whisky golfs which sneaked up on you.

After the first mile or two the zest of the chase was dulled by the Wildcat's habitual languor. He edged over toward the Mud Turtle.

"Mud Turtle, 'spec' dese gemmum gwine to give us fo' bits mebbe fo' me'p'n' 'em hunt dese golfs what we ain't seed. Ah feels dismal. Every time dey shoots 'at ball s'posin' you an' me shoots ten cents?"

"How come, Wilecat? You knows us cain't monkey wid dis huntin' game."

"I don't mean monkey wid de huntin'," the Wildcat returned. "Is you got a lead pencil? S'posin' us marks de li'l' white balls wid de dice freckles an' reads 'em when dey drops. Fust you take one time, den I takes anotheh. Us plays some mountain dominoes. Got to do sumpin', else us goes to sleep. Den like as not some ragin' golf'll sneak up an' eat yo' innards 'fo' you has a chance to wake up. Le's try shootin' some sevens at de scenery."

Action followed the Wildcat's words, and presently the two golf balls then in use were marked with a pattern of black dots running from the gentle ace to the belligerent six spot. Thereafter the two potent nobles had reason to wonder at the sudden industry exhibited by their caddies, who leaped after each ball almost before the club had touched it.

"Bam! Look at that boy go, Jim! I wish we could get caddies like that in Chicago. The lazy devils never will go after a ball. These fellows are bears."

"They're all good. The best caddies I ever had were niggers in the South—after you got 'em woke up, that is."

Meanwhile out at the destination of the golf ball the Wildcat and the Mud Turtle were inspecting it where it lay.

"Three up!"

The pair raced to the point where the other ball had fallen.

"She reads fo'! Fo' an' three is seven. Wilecat, dog-gone you, you wins again!"

"Sho I wins! Didn't dem blue-fezant boys say dis heah mascot goat ob mine was roustin' roun' out heah? Whah eveh dat goat is, so is Lady Luck. Fo' long I meets up wid Lily, an' den I shows you some winnin' what is."

The two potent nobles holed out at the ninth and the party crossed the road under the trees to the tenth tee.

"Cap'n, suh," the Wildcat asked, "what's 'at rock cabin oveh dah widout no roof an' de rock wall?"

The potent noble looked over at the Chinese tomb.

"That's where some Chinaman is buried," he said. "That's a Chinese tomb."

"Tomb! Some dead boy layin' in it?"

"I'll say so—maybe a dozen of 'em. This whole golf pasture is built over a graveyard."

The Wildcat stiffened and looked at the Mud Turtle.

"Mud Turtle, us cravin' to meet Lady Luck, an' walkin' roun' in a graveyard! Sho makes me dwindle up inside. No wondeh dem man-eatin' golfs is so ragin' out heah. Wish I could fin' dat dog-gone Lily goat." He turned to one of the potent nobles. "Ain't we startin' downtown, cap'n, fo' it gits dark?"

"It'll be two hours yet before it gets dark. We've got time to hunt another golf or two. Shut up while I drive."

"Cap'n, yessuh."

At the sixteenth tee the potent noble looked down at the heavy fog which was rolling in through Golden Gate. He addressed the ball. He jumbled round on his feet and took a couple of practice swings. Perfection was in every movement. Then as he drove the Wildcat sneezed. There followed a blast of profanity whose equal the Wildcat had not heard since his army days. He edged over toward the Mud Turtle.

"Nevah seed a boy change so quick. Heah he is, pleasant one minnit, an' den he hits dat ball an' goes hog wild. Seems like ——"

He was interrupted by the potent noble, who had calmed down.

"Git out in the rough there and find that ball I sliced!"

"Yes, suh."

The Wildcat started out through the fog to find the freckled white sphere. He threshed round in the trees and underbrush for a while, and then to his mind came a memory of the horrible words which the potent noble had spoken—this place was a graveyard! The Wildcat shuddered extensively and abandoned the search for the golf ball.

He looked up, and there before him was a tombstone!

"Lady Luck, where is you?"

Automatically his feet began to work, and they were aided an instant later by his racing legs. He went away from there through the fog. The next thing he knew he had made a forty-foot dive over a sand bank. He rolled for a moment in the shifting sand before he brought up against a stunted cedar.

"Where at is I?"

The fog cleared and the Wildcat saw the sand dunes stretching below him. At the edge of the slope were the waves of the Golden Gate. Then the fog closed in again and everything about him faded out of the picture. Above his head, out of the drifting fog, a flight of sea gulls started a little gossip. To the Wildcat's ears came their shrieking remarks.

He stopped his wild shuddering and began to moan.

"'At's dem ghost boys! I know 'em! Lady Luck, take dem boys away! I ain't talkin' wid no ghosts."

He turned and started up the bank. He began throwing sand out from under his feet like a record-busting rotary snow plow. His legs ran for ten minutes, but his mind was crippled; and in the shifting sand he covered a space of less than twenty feet. Exhausted with his effort, he flopped down on the sloping bank.

"Dey's got me!" he moaned. "Dey's got me! I knowed it! I knowed dem graveyard ghosts would git me, once I gits divo'ced fum dat mascot goat. Lady Luck, here I is!"

The Wildcat curled up and covered his head with his arms. He lay in repose for less than ten seconds, for suddenly out of the fog in midchannel came the booming siren whistle of a liner heading out of the Golden Gate.

"Wh-oo-oom! Wha-oo-oom!"

The Wildcat moaned.

"I heahs you, Gabriel, I heahs you! Heah I is, Lawd, heah I is."

"Wh-oo-oom! We-ow-oom!"

"It's me! It's ol' Wilecat! What fo' you askin' who? You knows who! Ghosts got me, Gabriel! Here I is! Lady Luck, good-by!"

Then from Fort Miley crashed the report of the evening gun that marked retreat, and a moment later the clear notes of a bugle floated out of the fog. For a moment life on earth again claimed the Wildcat, and instinctively he responded to his army training. He got to his feet and stood rigidly at attention. Into the fog to an unseen company he yelled a series of commands:

"Come to 'tenshun! Silence in de ranks! Shut up an' stan' up! 'Tenshun! Lily, come to 'tenshun! Cap'n Jack, suh, de company is fo'med."

He saluted and made an about face as perfectly as he could in the shifting sand beneath his feet. As he did so he felt his brain rattle. Ten feet above him, tangible as iron, real as gold, festooned with hair and horns, stood Lily, the mascot goat. The Wildcat stood fixed for an instant, looking with incredulous eyes at the mascot. Then he made an excess demand on the motor muscles of his legs and in six wild leaps he had gained the goat's side.

"Lily, is you back? Goat, hot dam! Lady Luck sho heard me!" The Wildcat grabbed the leading string which dangled from the mascot's neck. "Come heah! I aims to git me some han'cuffs an' lock one end round yo' neck an' otheh roun' mah leg. Goat, us sho is proud to meet up wid you. Does you leave me once mo', nex' time I knocks yo' hawns down yo' throat."

Lily evidently approved the arrangement. She looked at the Wildcat, and then from her skinny throat a faint bleat sounded.

"Say dat again! You sounds noble."

"Bla-a-a!" answered Lily.

(Concluded on Page 68)

A Hot Letter from a Pipe Smoker

Forest City Live Stock and Fair Co.,
North Randall, Ohio,
1050 Leader-News Building, Cleveland, O.

Larus & Brother Co., Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

I am more than surprised to discover that you are advertising Edgeworth and are offering to *give some of it away*.

It has never been my policy to advise other people concerning their business, as I have had enough to do to take care of my own affairs. *But* if I manufactured Edgeworth, I would see all the smokers in the world dead and buried before I would give away as much as a pinch of it.

Three years ago my dentist heard me complaining because I could get no pipe tobacco that was worth a cent a carload. He immediately introduced Edgeworth. If I had a million dollars I would be almost willing to give half the sum for what he did for me. Since that time I have smoked Edgeworth and nothing else. And it has the same flavor today that it had the first time I smoked it. I have told a thousand friends about it and they are now all Edgeworth devotees. Pipe smokers who come to my house go "daffy" over my Edgeworth. Hence I cannot understand why you have to give any of it away.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) H. J. Kline,
Secretary, Forest City Live Stock and Fair Co.,
General Manager, The Forest City Fair,
Secretary, The Grand Circuit.

Mr. Kline has expressed surprise that we give Edgeworth away. Yet until a friend gave him some, he knew nothing about its quality.

There are still thousands of pipe-smokers to whom Edgeworth is an unknown quantity. That's why we offer samples to anyone willing to buy a postcard to send for them.

It's good business for us to let men unfamiliar with Edgeworth smoke it. If these samples didn't make regular, happy, and often enthusiastic smokers of Edgeworth, we would stop offering them.

The above letter came to us from Mr. Kline seven years ago. We wrote to learn if he still held the same high opinion of Edgeworth. He replied:

Trojan Laundry Company,
Flint, Mich.

Gentlemen:

My opinion of Edgeworth has not changed, for the very good reason that Edgeworth is still the same. I would make my endorsement stronger than ever if I knew how to do it.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) H. J. Kline,
Ass't Sec'y & Treas. Trojan Laundry Co.

Our offer to send samples of both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed to any man sending for them is still open.

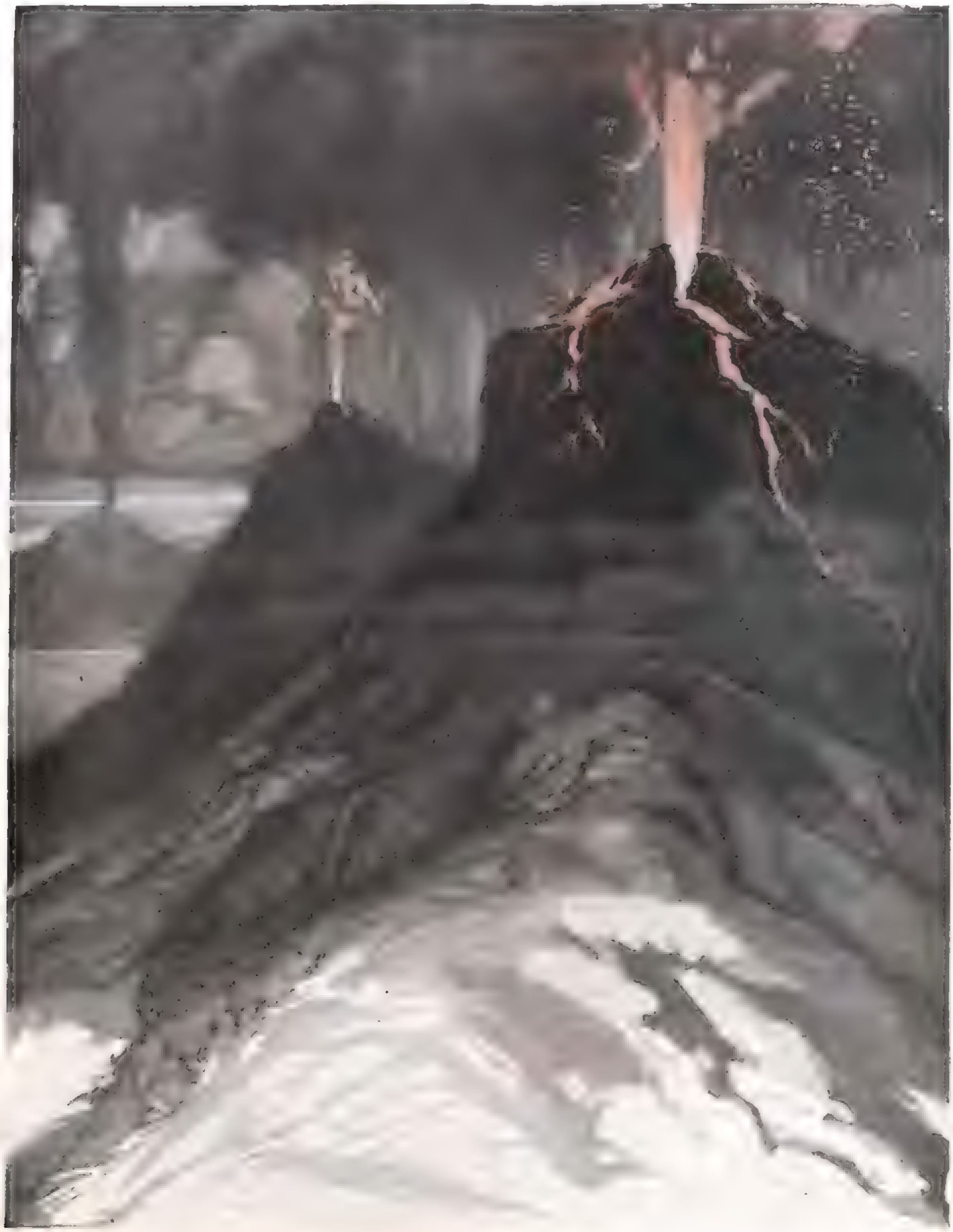
Edgeworth Plug Slice is formed into flat cakes and then cut into thin slices. One slice rubbed for a moment between the hands furnishes an average pipeful.

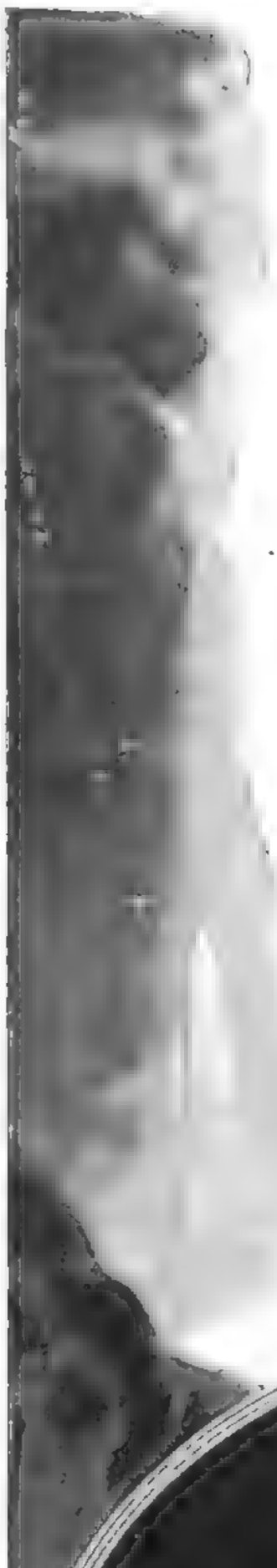
Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is already rubbed up for you. You pour it right from the little blue can into the bowl of your pipe.

Both kinds pack so nicely that they burn freely and evenly to the bottom of the pipe.

For free samples, address Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.





The heat that molded mountains awaits your commands

NOT since the mighty upheavals of creation has the world known a flame so intensely hot as that produced by burning acetylene gas combined with oxygen.

No instrument has yet been devised capable of accurately measuring the terrific temperature of the oxy-acetylene flame which is estimated at 6300° Fahrenheit.

Thanks to modern industrial enterprise this tremendous heat has been confined, harnessed and converted into energy to serve American manufacturers —a worker of miracles controlled by a twist of the fingers!

Under the oxwelding flame the hardest of metals are indivisibly fused.

Cracked and broken parts are remade in an incredibly short time and at surprisingly low cost. Worn surfaces are built up to their original dimensions—every bit as serviceable as when new.

And—the tiny oxweld cutting flame slices through iron and steel as a knife cuts butter—making a clean-edged cut in less time than it takes a man to saw through a corresponding thickness of wood.

The applications of oxwelding and cutting to both production and reclamation are apparently limitless. The process is being used, at a great saving of time and money, in thousands of plants.

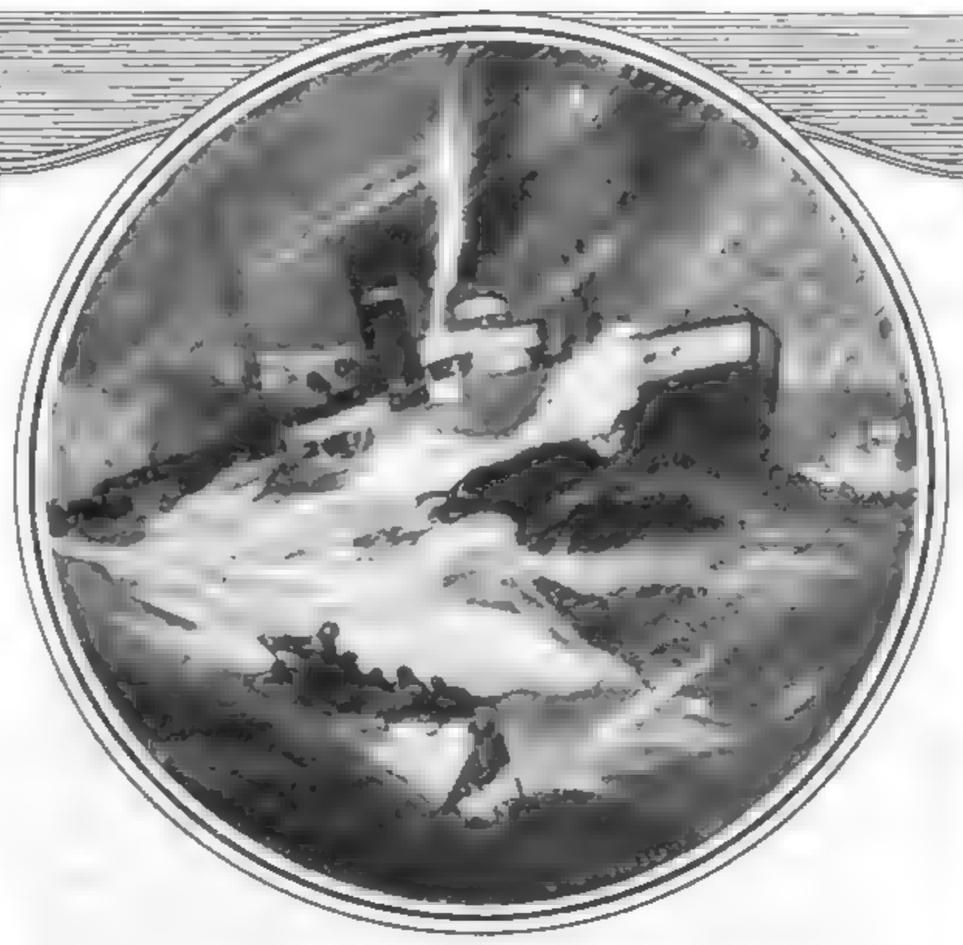
Oxweld Service Engineers, stationed in more than fifty centrally situated cities, are ready to demonstrate how oxwelding and cutting may be applied to *your* advantage in *your* plant. A word will bring one of these experts to your door.

Write, wire or telephone to the nearest address below for immediate attention.

An illustrated book, "Oxweld Can Do It!" will be sent on request. It tells what Oxweld is doing for others and what it can do for you.

80-1

OXWELD ACETYLENE COMPANY, Newark, N. J., Chicago, San Francisco
World's largest maker of Oxy-Acetylene Equipment for oxwelding and cutting metals
SALES REPRESENTATIVES IN THE PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE WORLD



Up from the bottom of the Pacific

A LETTER and a check started one winter night in 1910 out of Cordova, a little Alaskan town, on their way to the States. The ink on the envelope linked someone in the north to something the C. E. Davis Supply Company had in stock in Seattle; the letter set forth his needs, his handwriting on the check gratified these wants. A few pen strokes defied the interval of a thousand miles of ocean.

In February, the letter left Valdez in a sack in the hold of the Yucatan. On the afternoon of February 17 the Yucatan stuck her nose into a whipping blizzard. Then she rammed an iceberg and sank.

Passengers and crew made Chichagof Island in the ship's boats, and at last the precious mails were saved.

Most of the addresses on those soggy letters were washed away. But not this letter.

The letter was delivered, the check cashed, —for they were written in CARTER'S

THE address was as clear, the check as valid, as the day they were written.

Your correspondence may never meet a shipwreck, nor a fire, nor a flood. But the supreme emergencies Carter's Inks have met in the past fifty years prove that no ink that will fail at the big test is good enough for the little tests of daily use.

And the Carter Laboratories control the quality of inks to protect your name and your company records as they were written. Whether you buy two ounces or a quart, you get that unchangeable protection.

THE CARTER'S INK COMPANY

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CARTER INX PRODUCTS

Writing Fluid, Fountain Pen Inks, Red Ink [Carmine], Real-black Ink, Ink Eraser, Cico Paste, Photolibrary Paste, Cement, Glue Pencils, Great Stickfast Mucilage, Copying Inks, Drawing Inks, Indelible Inks, Stamping Inks, Vel Vet Show Card Colors, White and Gold Inks, Violet, Green and Blue Inks, Typewriter Ribbons, Carbon Papers, Numbering Machine Inks.

(Concluded from Page 65)

The Wildcat looked round him. His fear of the shrieking ghostly voices from the sky overhead had melted into the fog. No longer did the howling devils of mid-channel disturb him. No longer did he fear the raging golfs. With his mascot goat at his side, no evil luck could touch him. Courage returned, and with it extravagant language.

"Lily, no dog-gone ghos' better git uppity wid me. I'd bus' a ol' ghos' in de head did I ketch one."

With Lily beside him, he gained the level ground of the fairway. There over a wide expanse of golf links the fog had lifted clear. The Wildcat saw the two blue-fezant nobles poking round near the Chinese tomb in search of the ball which had been lost a little while before.

"Come on heah, Lily." He dragged the mascot to the Chinese tomb near which the Mud Turtle was halted.

"Ain't you foun' 'at little white ball yit, Mud Turtle?"

"Not me, Wilecat. Dat ball landed inside dis heah graveyard tomb. You don't git me in dere fo' a million dollahs. What's at? You foun' yo' goat?"

"Boy, out o' mah way!" The Wildcat walked toward the Chinese tomb as fast as Lily could cover the ground. "Git out o' mah way! Me an' Lily looks in dat tomb place. Us ain't scared o' no ol' ghosts no mo'."

One of the blue-fezant gentlemen called to the Wildcat, "Son, where th' hell have you been?"

Something in the potent noble's tone made the Wildcat think of Captain Jack and the gone-away days in France.

"Cap'n, suh, no place. I was jes 'cumulatin' mah mascot goat."

He entered the roofless Chinese tomb, and there on the stone floor lay the golf ball.

"Cap'n, suh," he yelled, "heah's yo' freckled pill." He called less loudly to the Mud Turtle: "Otheh ball read three. Dis one heah's got de fo' spot up. At's seven! Mud Turtle, you loses. Come in heah an' look at it."

The Mud Turtle's dread of the Chinese tomb was still with him.

"I 'cepts yo' word for it, Wilecat. Dog-gone you, boy, you wins fo' times runnin'."

"Boy, fum now on I wins steady. Lady Luck done sent back mah mascot goat. I can't lose."

He turned to his four-legged companion.

"Kin us, Lily, whilst you's wid me?"

"Bla-a-a!" answered Lily. "I should say not!"

YOUR NERVES AND YOUR JOB

(Continued from Page 15)

until too late. It is a true saying that many a good mechanic has been spoiled in the making of an indifferent doctor or preacher. It is just as true that many a poor mechanic would have done better in a profession.

A great many people do not achieve their proper measure of success because they are miscast. Struggling against the inexorable law of mental levels they attempt tasks beyond their ability; they worry and fret and ultimately break down. There are many C men in B jobs, at which they are at least relative failures.

Take our friend Weeks, for example, who stands for the nervous, overwrought, irascible type of person. Isn't it possible that he is mentally an underweight, or at least that he is not doing the kind of work for which he is best suited? Some of the Weekses are, that is certain. Some of them would better be on a farm or in a mill than in an office, encompassed about with harassing details and responsibilities.

And on the other hand there are plenty of B or A men doing C work, either because of a scarcity of the higher jobs or by reason of an inherent diffidence or on account of a combination of circumstances not within the power of the individual to control. The law of mental levels does not predicate that everyone will achieve success or reach that station in life which he deserves. It merely states that each of us has a certain capacity for intellectual development beyond which he cannot rise. It has nothing whatever to do with our efficiency or success in life within our limitations. A person of C intelligence may be as successful in his way as the man on a higher plane. And the latter may be as much of a failure as the former.

Efficiency depends not only upon the ability to learn but upon the amount of useful knowledge we acquire. In this respect we are the masters of our souls, the arbiters of our destiny. We are like mountain climbers; some have strength to reach the topmost peaks, others can climb but to lower levels. And some of us are content to let others, weaker than ourselves, except in spirit, pass on and leave us behind.

This may be due in part to lack of ambition. But it may be due also to temperament. The word "temperament" is used here to indicate our reactions to the smaller annoyances of life; in other words, the proneness to worry or the ability to keep from worrying is an important factor in efficiency. It may be contended that this in itself is a manifestation of intelligence or the lack of it, but on the other hand worrying is largely a matter of habit, and bad habits are due to early training, carelessness and self-indulgence.

Provided one chooses wisely the things to worry about, a reasonable amount of worry is not bad. This is well illustrated in the case of Wells. Doolittle, on the other hand, does not worry at all. But Weeks is a chronic worrier and uses no discrimination. It is usually the petty annoyances that cause the most trouble to a chronic worrier, as might easily be seen if you were to spend a day with the Weekses.

You would note that he jumps every time the office boy slams the door. He fumes because his stenographer chews gum, and watches her with intense fascination until he arrives at a state bordering on delirium. At home, in the evening, he keeps shouting at Willy to stop that constant clearing of his throat. Mrs. Weeks also has her pet aversions. She insists that Susie sit in another chair because the incessant rocking nearly drives her crazy. In this manner the pleasant family intercourse proceeds until finally Weeks jumps up indignantly and storms out of the room, saying that he cannot stand all this bickering. With each of them intolerance of little things has become a habit.

Another bad habit is intolerance of the personality or opinions of others. Some of us live in a little world of our own in which all our companions are of like tastes and thoughts, all cut to a pattern. Those who do not conform with our ideas are outside our circle.

Weeks hates Thompson because he boasts, and Robinson for his cold and distant manner. Now Thompson is a rather fine chap when you get to know him. He has a harmless exuberance of spirits and a tendency to mild exaggeration which strangers sometimes mistake for boastfulness, but he is really rather modest. And Robinson's aloofness is due to diffidence, not to indifference. Really Weeks has developed and nourished a spirit of hypercriticism that has not only made him uncompanionable and unhappy but has influenced his usefulness in business.

Another source of worry to many people is the weather. They are constantly quarreling with it. The day is either too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry. A dull day depresses them, their spirits sink, their minds turn inward, they conjure up imaginary troubles and magnify little ones. Someone has suggested that instead of fighting the weather we make friends with it. We should remember that as long as we live at least three days out of four will not meet our desires in this respect and that worrying about it is of little use.

It is the same regarding health. If Mrs. Weeks gets a slight pain or a bit of indigestion or a headache, at once she begins to think of all the possibilities that may occur. She finds it difficult to believe the doctor when he tries to assure her that nothing serious is wrong. There are people like Mrs. Weeks, who have an ideal of perfect health which they seldom attain. They do not reason that they cannot feel perfectly well all the time, and when they do not they become apprehensive.

When certain ideas become so persistent that they obtain possession of us they are called obsessions. In the strict scientific use of the word an obsession is a harmful idea, one which interferes with the orderly conduct of our lives, usually based upon a fear. Most of us have at least one or two

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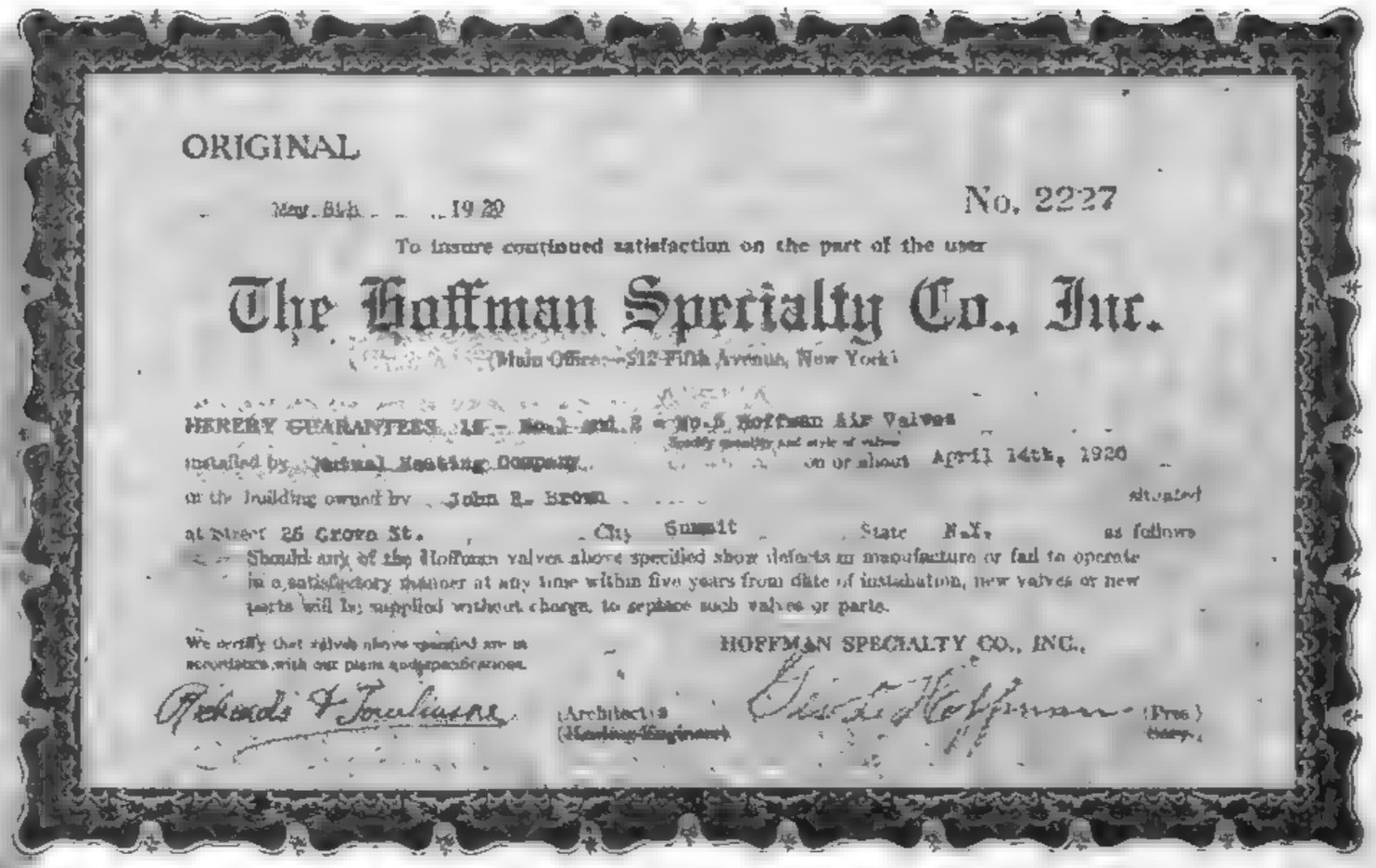

ORIGINAL

May 8th, 1920 No. 2227

To insure continued satisfaction on the part of the user

The Hoffman Specialty Co., Inc.

(Main Office—512 Fifth Avenue, New York)

HEREBY GUARANTEES, If Needed, 8 No. 8 Hoffman Air Valves
(Specify quantity and style of valves)

installed by Central Heating Company on or about April 14th, 1920

on the building owned by John R. Brown situated

at Street 26 Grove St. City Summit State N.J. as follows

Should any of the Hoffman valves above specified show defects in manufacture or fail to operate in a satisfactory manner at any time within five years from date of installation, new valves or new parts will be supplied without charge, to replace such valves or parts.

We certify that valves above specified are in accordance with our plans and specifications.

Richard F. Faulkner (Architect or Heating Engineer)

HOFFMAN SPECIALTY CO., INC.

Charles Hoffman (Pres.)

—"and here is your Guarantee of a warm cosy home

—and small coal bills!"

For every radiator and every pipe line that requires it, is equipped with a Hoffman Air Valve. These valves are guaranteed to give perfect, satisfactory and uniform operation for at least five years—guaranteed to you in writing by the manufacturer.

Now you can be sure of steam heat in abundance—heat that has a clear track and comes up at express speed to get your radiators hot from end to end—and keep them that way.

Now you can be sure of real comfort—steam heat that is neither seen nor heard—but goes busily about its work silently and efficiently.

All because Hoffman Valves can be entrusted with the vital task of venting the air from your radiators and pipes—and preventing the escape of steam and water!

With Hoffman Valves your radiators never bang or pound or thunder.

With Hoffman Valves steam never spouts or hisses—water never drips over costly rugs or stains hardwood floors. They eliminate damage. With Hoffman Valves radiators cannot remain cold or only lukewarm while the fire in the furnace is blazing.

With Hoffman Valves you never need to meddle—they operate automatically—are fool-proof and non-adjustable.

Foremost architects everywhere insist upon Hoffman Air Valves—for radiators and pipe lines. You can be guaranteed warmth, comfort and small coal bills by having your architect specify Hoffmans throughout your new home or building. To be sure, they cost a trifle more—but consider the guaranteed dividends they pay each year for *at least* five years, in coal saving and in increased comfort.

To repeat, Hoffman Valves are guaranteed to you in writing for at least 5 years' perfect operation. Architects are supplied with blank guarantee forms. They only await your name and our signature.

Your heating contractor can equip your *present* home and building with Hoffman Valves, without alteration to the steam system. Consult him today.

"More heat from less coal"

A booklet of facts you want to know about your steam heating. Written with technical phrases left out, it is an interesting story. You can have it by dropping a post card to our Waterbury office. Mail it today

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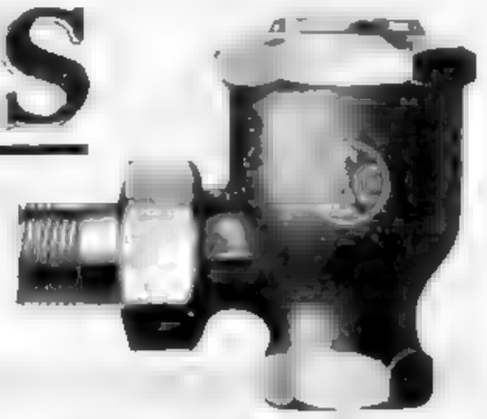
MAIN OFFICE AND FACTORY, WATERBURY, CONN.

NEW YORK	CHICAGO	LOS ANGELES
512 Fifth Ave.	130 N. Wells St.	408 S. Hill St.

HOFFMAN VALVES

more heat from less coal

The No. 1 Hoffman Siphon Air Valve—watchman of the coal pile. For one pipe systems



The No. 8 Hoffman Return Line Valve. For vapor or vapor vacuum systems

Printzess
DISTINCTION IN DRESS

5th Ave. at 42nd Street
New York

A day comes

when a little patch of sky, between tall buildings, shows a smiling blue, and warming sunlight sparkles on the windows of the shops. Heeding the call of the morning, hundreds of smartly tailored women throng the sidewalks of the Avenue.

Among those hundreds, many an envious eye will follow the women wearing Printzess Spring Suits—which represent all that is best in Paris and America.

Although price is usually the last thing considered in connection with Printzess garments—the value is so self-evident, the enduring charm so well-known—you will learn with surprise how moderately these Spring models are priced.

The leading merchant in your city is probably the one who has the exclusive agency for Printzess coats and suits. Visit him. See why the Printzess Label always means—"Distinction in Dress"

THE PRINTZ-BIEDERMAN CO.
Paris CLEVELAND New York

Since 1893

Printzess DISTINCTION IN DRESS

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The Printz-Biederman Co

(Concluded from Page 68)

fears which, if we acknowledge them at all, we call superstitions.

You are walking down street with a friend when he suddenly clutches your arm and drags you toward the curb. "You almost walked under that ladder," he says, and you both laugh. But you didn't walk under it, although it would have been much more convenient than to go around. In the morning you start to put on the left shoe first when you suddenly remember that it might bring bad luck and you take it off.

Exaggerated self-consciousness is another and more serious handicap in the pursuit of success and contentment. Nearly everyone is painfully self-conscious at times. On entering a street car, if your mind is not preoccupied, you may be suddenly aware that all eyes are centered upon you. For a second you are disconcerted. Then you realize that the gaze of the idle always follows a moving object, and your momentary bashfulness disappears.

Suppose, however, that you dread to enter a car or a crowded room, that when compelled to do so you become agitated, you tremble and blush furiously; your whole body becomes hot and suffused. Your agitation is increased by the knowledge that your state of mind is apparent to others.

If you are a victim of this morbid type of self-consciousness you have what the psychologists call erythrophobia, or the fear of blushing.

Between these two extremes there are many degrees of bashfulness, all of them more or less disconcerting at times and the more severe types positively painful. Strange to say, this failing is not based upon diffidence so often as upon an exaggerated self-importance. If we could see ourselves always in proper perspective we should not be so shy. We should understand that what we do or say, how we are dressed and the manner in which we conduct ourselves at the moment are of very much less concern to others than to ourselves.

A still more fertile source of worries is doubt. All of us have our moments of doubt and uncertainty, even about comparatively trivial matters. Night is an especially favorable time for doubts because then our minds are not distracted by more important things. As we are about to fall asleep, or if we awaken toward morning, a disconcerting thought about an occurrence of the previous day presents itself. We wonder if we offended Jones when we addressed to him that facetious remark. It wasn't funny anyhow, and would have been better left unsaid. Or we are uncertain about that important contract, whether anything essential was omitted. Or it occurs to us that we may not have locked all the windows before retiring.

"Suppose Agin, She Shouldn't"

The occasional appearance of such doubts is perfectly natural. But if they continually assail us, preventing sleep and harassing our waking hours, they are becoming morbid doubts. Suppose, for example, that we are impelled to get out of bed not once but several times every night in order to assure ourselves that the doors and windows are locked. Then we should be obsessed by the folly of doubt.

The doubting folly has many phases, of which the following are instances taken from life:

A certain business man spends a precious hour or two each morning reading the carbon copies of the previous day's letters because he is afraid that he may have omitted something important from one of them. The president of a bank in a small town insists upon locking the safe and the doors himself at the close of banking hours. Then, part way home, he invariably returns and tries all the locks.

Others who have the doubting folly are chiefly concerned with the future. They are always afraid that whatever they contemplate doing will turn out badly. "Suppose," they argue, "that I should do so and so, and such a thing should occur." And so they don't do it. Sometimes their doubts are as baseless as those of the little girl who, when asked why she was crying so bitterly, said that she had been thinking that if she grew up and married and they had a child and the child grew up and there should be another war, he might be killed.

The antidote for this kind of doubting is to insist upon thinking the opposite.

"Suppose she'd shiver and go down, when save ourselves we couldn't!"
The mate replies,
"Oh, blow me eyes!
Suppose agin, she shouldn't."

Doubt often takes the form of argumentativeness. When the argumentative doubter is told to do a thing he can advance a dozen reasons why it should be done differently or why it should not be done at all. In this way he consumes more time and energy than would be required to do what he is told; he exhausts both himself and others.

The habit is easily acquired by the young if parents, in their desire to be fair, are willing to listen to argument upon every subject proposed. The judicial attitude toward children is proper enough, but it may be carried too far. Children, and adults also, often argue not from stubbornness but because they are in doubt about what course to pursue. If allowed to bring every act into court for prolonged discussion children are in danger of becoming chronic doubters, never sure of themselves or of others, never going straight toward a goal by the shortest route.

The ability to go straight toward a goal, however distant, is an attribute of intelligence. Provided the object to be attained is worthy of the effort, the more difficulties that must be overcome to reach it the greater the intelligence required. This brings us logically back to the law of mental levels, which predicates that intellectually we are not all cut to the same pattern.

But granting that we cannot all be intellectual equals, that literally it takes all kinds of people to make a world, success and failure are only relative. It is also perfectly evident that, within these limitations, if one sticks to the kind of work for which he is best fitted both by intelligence and training he can be as successful and as happy in the consciousness of achievement as the fellow just a little higher up or a little lower down in the mental scale.

Fussers and Doubters

A few of the conditions that surround us are not within our power to change. We cannot change our ancestry or our early environment, for instance. But we have something to say about our habits, both good and bad. And among these perhaps the habits that have the most influence over our daily lives are those of worry and irritability of temper.

The habit of fussing about little things has its source in an exaggerated ego. Those who fuss will utter an indignant protest here—that is, provided they can be brought to acknowledge that they do fuss. However, they do, either consciously or unconsciously, look inward instead of outward. Their personal feelings, tastes and predilections have been magnified out of all proportion to their real importance.

Exactly the opposite state of mind—diffidence, unsureness of oneself, from which arises the folly of doubt—is the next most potent factor in retarding one's progress. This can be cured only by cultivating the ego, which is often a long and tedious process but which will eventually bring results. The best antidote for the small worries of any kind is to take one's weakness out for a mental airing every now and then. Hold it up to the light and look at it. Compare it in all its puny insignificance with the bigger things of life. Laugh at it. Laugh at yourself.

Not long ago a successful business man was asked how it was that he could carry so many great responsibilities without showing or feeling the wear and tear. He answered in nine words, but they deserve a paragraph all their own:

"I always play the game with the white chips."

For the benefit of that small minority of persons who are not familiar with the national indoor sport it may be said that the white chips are the least common denominator of exchange in poker.

A good poker player does not give too anxious consideration to the value of the chips. He plays the game to the best of his ability, unhampered by doubts and worries. And, win or lose, after one hand has been played there will be a new deal.

In the game of life each day's hand should be played for all one is worth. If fortune does not favor to-day, don't worry! To-morrow there will be a new deal.

90% of all washing is the plain and heavy things

Force Is Necessary To Wash Heavy Things

What would you think of a laundress who tried to clean dirty clothes, socks, underwear, dresses, etc., by gently dipping them in a pan of water? You'd tell her that gentle dipping is all right to wash out a dainty chiffon scarf on Saturday night, but that *force* and elbow power are necessary to handle a two weeks' wash on a Monday morning.

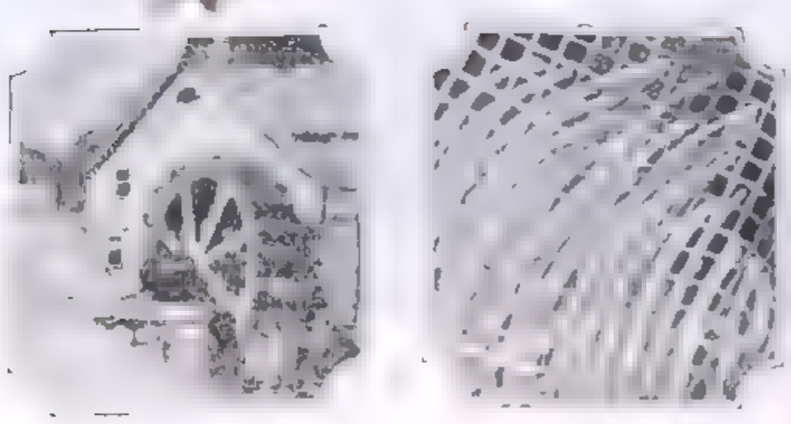
That's the basis on which the Maytag Cabinet Electric Washer is built. It is a washer that is especially adapted to handle the regular family washing, because the famous *Millrace Principle* supplies the necessary force and elbow power to get the dirt out—yet will not injure even the dauntiest things.

Go see the local Maytag dealer. Have him demonstrate the *Millrace Principle*. Note how the sudsy water gushes into the aluminum cylinder through the 5 millrace gates. Also inspect the all-metal, adjustable, reversible electric wringer. If you do not recall the Maytag dealer, write us now.

THE MAYTAG COMPANY, Dept. 100, NEWTON, IOWA

Branches at Philadelphia, Pa.; Indianapolis, Ind.; Minneapolis, Minn.; Kansas City, Mo.; Portland, Ore.; Winnipeg, Man., Can.; and The Maytag Company of Eng., 323 Caledonian Road, King's Cross, London

Makers of Maytag Multi-Motor, Electric, Belt and Hand Power Washers



The Millrace Principle

Note the Millrace. Its function is to increase the velocity of the placidly flowing mill stream, giving it power to turn the heavy mill wheel. It is upon this principle of increasing the force of the water that the five gates of the Maytag cylinder are designed Hence, the term Millrace Principle

All fabric is woven like a screen. Dirt clogs the pores or meshes. Flushing this dirt out requires forcefully moving water. This action is produced by the Millrace Principle

Maytag

Cabinet ELECTRIC WASHER

"The Gray Machine with the Red Stripe"

FLORENCE
OIL COOK STOVES

For Fewer Kitchen Hours

YOU can plan to the minute the time you spend in your kitchen when you use a Florence Oil Cook Stove. For it gets your cooking done on time.

No fussing about getting it started. Burns kerosene. Touch a lighted match to the asbestos kindler and soon the Florence gives the right heat for any cooking—quick, medium, or slow.

The final goodness of many dishes you make depends on the way your cook stove works. And when you have a Florence everything turns out perfectly. A Florence-equipped kitchen is comfortable, because the powerful Florence burners direct the heat close up under the cooking; very little escapes into the kitchen.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us for name of nearest dealer and free illustrated booklets.

CENTRAL OIL & GAS STOVE CO., 349 School Street, Gardner, Mass.

Makers of Florence Oil Cook Stoves (1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 burners), Florence Portable Ovens, Florence Tank Water Heaters, Florence Oil Heaters.

Made and Sold in Canada by McClary's, London, Canada

THE BEER WORSHIPERS

(Continued from Page 7)

flock the very cream, or *haut ton*, of the drinking fraternity.

Next below the saloon bar is the private bar, which is a cross between the glittering elegance of a saloon bar and the sawdust-floored unostentation of the public bar. The public bar caters exclusively to the lowest classes, such as dock laborers and cabmen and teamsters and unskilled laborers generally. The saloon bar caters to a rather indefinite lower-middle class—salesmen and stockbrokers' clerks and other white-collar men—which is as high as the pubs need to go in the catering line, since the upper classes and the upper-middle class do their drinking in their homes and at clubs. The private bar therefore purveys liquid refreshment to a class between the two—skilled laborers and hard-boiled white-collar men. In addition to all these different departments into which the bars of English pubs are divided, there is one more—the bottle-and-jug department. The bottle-and-jug department is an appendage of the public bar; and to it come the hoarse-voiced gentry in need of a little something on the hip, or the ancient crones who wish to take away with them a few shillings' worth of gin to solace them during the long night watches, or those youthful and active individuals delegated to rush the growler, as the saying goes, for their more slothful parents.

In the Wrong Bar

There is a slight difference in price between the drinks one gets in the different divisions of an English pub. In a public bar, for example, one gets a large glass of dejected-tasting beer for fourpence ha'penny—which, translated into American money at the existing rate of exchange, is seven cents. In the private bar the same large glass of so-called beer costs a ha'penny more. In the saloon bar, surrounded by plush and elegance, one pays the same price for a glass as in the private bar; but the glass is much smaller and thinner—sweller, as the patrons of the saloon bar explain.

That, then, is the English drinking machinery. Each pub has its saloon bar, its private bar, its public bar and its bottle-and-jug department; and if it is sufficiently large it crowns them all with a saloon lounge or superbar. Into these different divisions its patrons fall with absolute and unfailing certainty. A man whose social position entitles him to enter the saloon bar would never enter the public bar; and a regular patron of the public bar wouldn't dream of entering the saloon bar. If he were to do so no objection would be raised by the barmaids or the other bar flies, but his own discomfort at being out of his element would be excessive.

In the course of an exhaustive examination into the pubs of London and environs I collected four young men from the public bar of a Camberwell pub and led them to the saloon bar of a pub on the next corner. They were typical young men from the London slums. They were runty and thin, with bad complexions and buck teeth and mufflers around their necks in place of collars, and they were violently attached to an offensively bitter dark-brown fluid known to them as stout. One of the young men had served in France. He alone of the four followed me into the saloon bar, and he wasn't wholly at his ease by any means. The three others stood outside and wouldn't come in until they were dragged in by main strength. With glasses of stout clutched in their right hands and with their narrow chests pushed firmly against the bar, they felt and looked uncomfortable because they were in the saloon bar instead of in the public bar where they belonged.

There are 80,000 pubs in England, to say nothing of 80,000 statisticians busily engaged in proving that the 80,000 pubs are either the salvation or the ruin of the nation. A good prohibition statistician can take a column of figures and demonstrate conclusively with them that unless England stops drinking in eleven years she will be occupying a pauper asylum. An antiprohibition statistician can take the same column of figures and prove with them that if England should stop drinking she would have to convert her navy into coal barges and subsist entirely on boiled parsnips and suet pudding. One of these statisticians has announced that in England there is one drink shop to every 200 adults of twenty years of age and upwards. I cannot vouch for the reliability of these figures, since a long experience with golf handicappers and Central European politicians has convinced me that the man who remarked that there were lies, damned lies, and statistics, remarked a mouthful. My investigations into London pubs, however, have more than once made me think that if there is one pub to every 200 adults, 198 of the adults must frequently spend their evenings in the pub attempting to absorb the entire beer output of the country.

Unless a foreigner has made a round of the pubs in an English city he will have difficulty in realizing the hold which drinking has on the English people. Drinking in England reached a higher stage of development centuries ago than it reached in America even during the hectic period when young ladies removed and checked their corsets on arriving at dances, and were unable to be their natural selves unless they had about a pint and a half of whisky beneath their corsages. Drinking in America was a sort of side line; but in England it was for hundreds of years and still is an accepted portion of the daily routine. The professional man, the business man—almost every man whose income is of any size at all—has beer or whisky-and-soda with his lunch, and is inclined to follow it up with a glass of port. With his dinner he has champagne or a light wine or a whisky-and-soda, as his fancy dictates, and again tops off with a glass of port. Go to any of the countless quiet hotels in England to-day; and in every dining room you will find austere elderly ladies sucking up bottles of champagne with their dinners. As people grow poorer they get down to beer; but it isn't much of an exaggeration to say that all England drinks with its meals. There never has been the sentiment against drinking in England that existed in America. It is not at all unusual for English business men, after lunch, to be the proud possessors of penetrating, sixty-candlepower beer or whisky breaths; but if my memory does not fail me the average American business man three years ago would have had an apoplectic seizure if two or three of his employees had come back from lunch exuding even the faintest of groggy odors.

The Good Beer at Rugby

As I have remarked elsewhere, the English have been sopping up beer and ale and everything else of an alcoholic nature that they could find ever since the days of Hengist and Horsa. In that celebrated book on English public-school life in the early '40's, Tom Brown's School Days, you will find a description of a Saturday-night singing at Rugby. On Saturdays the boys had a double allowance of beer with their supper. They saved it and took it to the schoolhouse hall and lapped it up in concert; and the older boys, of the ripe old age of seventeen, brought in bottled beer and shared it with the younger boys of ten and eleven when the school beer had been consumed. And Brooke, the hero of the school, made a speech in which he advised the boys to keep away from the bad spirits and punch of the public house because "you get plenty of good beer here, and that's enough for you." Beer has always been regarded by the English as being a harmless—nay, a healthful and almost essential part of their daily life, like soggy vegetables and damp bed sheets.

It is in the pubs that one finds the British beer worshipers practicing their most mystic rites, subject to the regulations of the Liquor Control Board, which during the war ordained that pubs should be open for two and one-half hours at noon and for three hours in the evening. And I would like to state once more that even with these restricted hours the liquor bill of the United Kingdom was about $2,000,000,000—more than triple the entire national expenditure of England in 1907.

To an American the most striking feature of the English pubs is the enthusiastic and whole-hearted manner in which the women join with the men in all their ground-and-lofty drinking. Possibly I have selected the wrong phrase when I say that the women join with the men. In some cases men and women enter the pubs together—a man and his wife, or a young man and his sweetheart and then again a woman comes in alone and tosses down a couple of drinks; or a couple of women come in together and call for two Burtons, and lean up against the bar and discuss what Ella said to 'Arry, or the cost of hostrich plumes, punctuating their remarks with long silent draughts, and paying no attention to the male drinkers around them.

Lest this matter be misunderstood in America I wish to make it plain that drinking is far more general in England than it ever was in America, and that if women of certain classes in England happen to prefer a glass of beer or ale or port or sherry to a cup of tea they drop into a pub and get it, just as they would drop into a tea house for a dash of orange pekoe, and nobody thinks any the worse of them for it. You see all sorts of women in the pubs of English cities. In some sections of London you see painted ladies and drabs leaning against the bars; in others you see quiet young business women in neat tweeds snatching a solitary glass of beer or sherry; you see venerable ladies in their best silk dresses, and dowdy housewives with ratty false fronts projecting from under their frowzy hats, and women of the slums in greasy dresses and ragged shawls—all getting their bitter or their Burton across the bar and hoisting the brimming schooners with the aplomb of a longshoreman.

Catching Them on the Fly

A great many of the women who drink in the pubs are all right; and a great many of them make beasts of themselves, just as the men do. Generally speaking, there are four men convicted for drunkenness in England each year for every woman that is so convicted. Nearly 11,000 women were convicted for drunkenness in England during 1919—and the number convicted is necessarily only a small percentage of the number who were drunk. The number, too, was small because of the wartime restrictions on the sale of liquor, which are still in force. In 1913 the number of women convicted for drunkenness was nearer 40,000.

My first pubbing expedition in London was made on a Sunday in company with a vice consul from the American consulate. Sunday is a great day in England for steady drinking among the working classes, for there is no work to distract their minds from the matter in hand. The men and the women flock to the pubs, which are so crowded that one must fairly fight his way up to the bar. If the woman is unfortunate enough to be handicapped by a baby in arms she cannot settle down to an uninterrupted drinking bout, but must catch her drinks on the fly, so to speak. The English Government allows almost everything in the drinking line; but it ungallantly refuses to allow a woman with a baby in her arms to line up at the bar of a pub, nor will it permit children under fifteen years of age to enter a pub for liquid refreshment or for relaxation and amusement or for any other reason. If a mother who has a small baby is also fortunate enough to possess a baby carriage, she can—and frequently does—park the baby carriage outside the pub while she herself goes in to hoist a few scuttles of suds with the other members of her sewing circle. If she does not own a baby carriage she must hang around the door of the pub while a friend goes in and gets a great, big, cold, wet glass of ale and brings it out to her.

The pubs close at three o'clock on Sunday; and when three o'clock struck my vice-consular companion and I found ourselves in the public bar of a pub in the slums which lie just beyond Hyde Park and the Marble Arch. We were with five English laborers—all of them undersized, undernourished and unhealthy-looking as a result of the undigestible food and the oceans of beer which they and their ancestors had consumed—and at the direction of the pub owner the seven of us took our glasses and stood on the sidewalk outside the pub in the pale smoky sunshine of a London autumn afternoon.

Five feet from us, as we stood and talked about prohibition and the peculiarly nasty taste which the British brewers had succeeded in imparting to the beer, stood a woman with a baby over her left shoulder and an enormous glass of stout in her right hand. A friend, also nursing a glass of

(Continued on Page 76)

Your Assurance of Satisfaction

JUST as other household necessities of a kind differ from one another in quality, so there is a difference between "Wear-Ever" and other aluminum utensils

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are made to give complete satisfaction. The sheet metal from which they are made is thick, hard and enduring.

Only after it has been passed again and again through gigantic rolling mills under tons and tons of pressure is it considered dense and hard enough for "Wear-Ever" utensils.

No joints and seams are found in "Wear-Ever" the surface is smooth and clean with absolutely no lodging place for food particles. "Wear-Ever" utensils cannot rust cannot flake—are pure and safe.

Sold by leading department, hardware and housefurnishing stores

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

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The manufacturers of the cars listed on the opposite page have selected Threaded Rubber Insulation for their cars because:

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What's Between Your Battery Plates?

Are the plates of your battery *insulated* from each other—is your battery insured against separator troubles for the full life of the plates?

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Is it a Willard Threaded Rubber Battery?

Or just an ordinary battery with ordinary separators that carbonize, puncture, warp and crack, that sooner or later have to be replaced at your expense?

Willard Threaded Rubber Battery—insulation that outlasts the plates—*more miles of uninterrupted service per dollar.*

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Consolidated
Corbin
Crawford
Cunningham
Daniels
Dart
Davis
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Diamond T
Dixie Flyer
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F W D
Fargo
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Franklin
Fulton
G M C
Garford
Giant
Glide
Great Western
H C S
Hahn
Hatfield
Hawkeye
Haynes
Henney
Highway
Holmes
Holt
Hupmobile
Hurlburt
I H C
Independent
Indiana
Jordan
Kissel
Kohler
Lancia
Landa
Lewis-Hall
Lexington
Luverne
M H C
Madison
Marmon
Master
McFarlan
McLaughlin
Menges
Monomner
Mercedes
Mercer
Mercury
Merit
Meteor (Piqua)
Metz
Miller
*Mitchell
Napoleon
Nash
Nelson
Nelson & LeMoon
Noble
Noma
Northway
Ogren
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Oneida
Oshkosh
Paige
Parker
Parrett
Paterson
Peerless
Peugeot
Phianna
Pierce Arrow
Premier
Premocar
R & V Knight
Rainier
Renault
Reo
Republic
ReVere
Riddle
Robinson
Rock Falls
Rowe
Sandow
Sayers
Seagrave
Shelby
Signal
Southern
Standard
Standard 8
Stanley
Stewart
Stewart Y F
Studebaker
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Townmotor
Transport
Traylor
Twin City
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Unus
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THREADED RUBBER BATTERY

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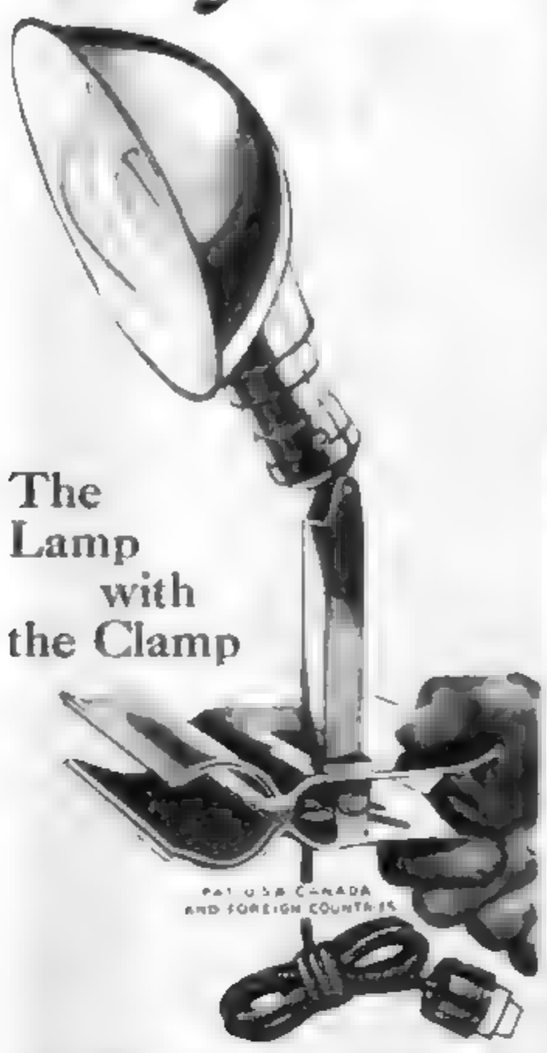

The Lamp with the Clamp

Adjusto-Lite
A FARBERWARE PRODUCT

Adjusts to any position

A NEW, wonderful invention, ADJUSTO-LITE, a lamp that you can attach anywhere—to bed, shaving mirror, table, desk or chair. Stands perfectly wherever an ordinary lamp is used. Throws the light exactly where you need it most. Prevents eye strain. Cuts lighting cost.

Gripping clamp is felt-faced and cannot scratch. Compact. Durable. Solid brass. Guaranteed for five years—price $5.75.

Ask for Adjusto-Lite at the store where you usually trade. If they don't carry it, order direct.

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141-151 So. Fifth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Prices in U. S. A., complete with 8-foot cord, plug and socket. Brush Brass finished, **$5.75**; *Statuary Bronze or Nickel finish,* **$6.25**. *Far Western prices,* **25c** *per lamp higher.*

Dealers: Write us for particulars of this fast selling specialty.

TRADE MARK

Adjusto-Lite
A FARBERWARE PRODUCT

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stout, stood beside her; and while the fond mother buried her nose in the stout the friend cooed and glugged at the baby, poking a tentative finger into its cheeks, pushing a penny into its fat fists, and breathing warmly on it with her stout-impregnated breath. Beyond this mother there were two other mothers with babies in their arms, both drinking busily; and there were five other apparently unattached women, all burdened with huge glasses of beer. The children of the neighborhood played among them joyously; and altogether it was a scene of great peace and contentment. When the beer had been consumed the owner of the pub came out and collected the glasses, and the gathering dispersed.

The pubs, on the whole, are infinitely more quiet and orderly than similar institutions ever would have been in America. The drinks in English pubs—except in the public bars of the poorest pubs—are dispensed by maidens of various ages; and their presence appears to have a refining and chastening influence on the clientele. I call them maidens because they are known generically as "Miss." They neither understand nor answer to any other term of address. Diminutives, terms of endearment, or familiarities, such as Ducky, Sister, Sweetheart, Little Honeybunch and Kid, are received by them in stony and contemptuous silence. If you want anything from them you must call them "Miss." "Two stouts, Miss, hif you please," "Miss, two Burtons" are the phrases that echo through every English pub without cessation. During crowded hours the frequent repetition of "Miss, Miss, Miss" that rings out on the beery air occasionally attains the proportions of the angry hissing of a second-gallery audience at an unpopular play.

The Children on the Step

In the larger pubs the staff of Misses is ruled by a Miss of wide experience and mature years. She is supreme behind the bar; and beneath the bar she usually maintains a very large glass. Whenever a customer fails to drink his entire drink the residue is poured into the glass of this duenna of Misses. When it is filled she repairs to a spot where she is comparatively free from observation and drinks it hastily. Usually she has a false front, a hard yet watery eye, and a nose which inclines towards ruddiness and bulbosity. Whenever a customer becomes overfamiliar in his manner of addressing one of the younger Misses, the duenna is summoned. She surges majestically to the scene of hostilities and opens on the unfortunate offender with the verbal ammunition which she has acquired through years of careful attention to barroom conversation. The offender usually lasts about three seconds and is then led away by his friends, if he has any left.

The pubs reopen at six o'clock on Sunday evening and remain open until nine o'clock. We resumed pubbing at six o'clock, working from the poor district known as Elephant and Castle out to the equally poor district known as Camberwell. The pubs were jammed with people and there were no other sorts of shops open, except candy shops and tobacconists'. Movies can be open on Sunday evenings also; but in the large amount of territory which we covered on that particular Sunday we didn't happen to see a single moving-picture theater, though we passed and entered scores of pubs. In every pub there were women; and outside of almost every pub there were little children waiting for their mothers.

At a little before nine o'clock we found a corner pub in Camberwell with four entrances. In each of three of the entrances, on the cold stone step, were seated two little girls; and crowded on the step of the fourth entrance were three little girls. I spoke to each one of the nine in turn, asking whom they were waiting for. The answer in each case was "My mamma." They were all attractive-looking children, surprisingly well-dressed. There was nothing ususual about this incident. You can run across such spectacles in any section of any English city on any night in the year—except the nights when the pubs are closed.

I have seen large masses of working people in many large cities of America, Asia and Europe; but I have never seen such universally miserable-looking specimens of humanity such runty, stunted, malformed, buck-toothed, obviously malnourished, diseased and generally wretched specimens as those I saw among the lower classes of England in my tours of the English public houses. These people are the people who worship beer. They are the working people; and the English records show that out of the £410,000,000 which was spent on intoxicating liquors in the United Kingdom in 1919, £270,000,000 was spent by the working classes. The climate may have something to do with their physical state; the soggy, vilely cooked food which they eat in such vast quantities may have something to do with it; the bad housing and the lack of healthful recreation may have something to do with it; but if any man can go among the beer worshipers while they're at their devotions and not blame the most of their troubles on beer, he is, to put it conservatively, singularly unobservant.

In 1853 the United Kingdom Alliance, an association of temperance and social reformers, was formed in the city of Manchester with the sole and avowed purpose of dealing a deadly wallop to the liquor traffic by means of public opinion, working through local option. England, as I have said before, has no option in the matter of liquor. Licenses to sell liquor are granted by licensing justices appointed—frequently for political party service—by the Lord Chancellor. The people of a neighborhood in which a license is requested have no effective voice in saying whether or not the license shall be granted.

The fight of most of the temperance workers of England to-day, as in the past, is a fight to permit the people of England to express themselves on the subject of liquor. The fight of the liquor interests—or of the trade, as it is always spoken of more or less affectionately in England—is a fight to prevent the people of England from expressing themselves.

The United Kingdom Alliance has been the father of practically all the temperance organizations that have sprung up in Great Britain and her colonies. It was the father of the Scottish Permissive Bill and Temperance Association, which succeeded in obtaining local option for Scotland. It was the father of alliances in Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa—which places have either gone dry or are about to go dry with harsh, dusty crashes. In 1908 the United Kingdom Alliance nearly got a local-option bill made into law. The bill struggled through the House of Commons successfully; but when it went gayly and innocently up to the House of Lords, the noble lords—being deeply interested in breweries and having large quantities of the family currency or jack invested in them—drew long keen knives from their boots and cut the bill to shreds.

The Move for Local Option

The United Kingdom Alliance is a political as well as an educative organization. It fights the liquor trade, and representatives of the liquor trade, and candidates who sympathize with the liquor trade. Then there are other strong organizations, which keep out of politics and limit themselves to putting out books and pamphlets and posters showing the evils of drink, or to persuading people to sign the pledge. Among these are such organizations as the National Temperance League, the Temperance Council of the Christian Churches—which is headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury—the British Women's Temperance Association, the Women's Total Abstinence Union, and many other active organizations.

The United Kingdom Alliance has worked always for local option, and has devoted its energies exclusively to that. When, during the war, Great Britain was adopting strong measures to stop waste and increase the efficiency of the nation another organization whose efforts were directed against the liquor trade came into being. This was known as the Strength of Britain Movement. In the beginning it was composed of business men who recognized the fearful waste caused by the production and consumption of intoxicants, and who demanded in rude and raucous tones that the government stop the production and the sale of liquor for the duration of the war and for six months after—who demanded, in other words, that the strength of Britain be conserved. Business men swung in behind this movement in tremendous numbers, and subscribed enough money for an advertising campaign.

The first advertisement showed a huge tank labeled Britain's Strength. There were three little leaks in the tank, entitled The Pleasure Motoring Leak, Coal and Electric Lighting Leak and The New Clothing Leak. The government was noticing and plugging these leaks. Then there was a fourth enormous leak out of which Britain's strength was pouring in a mighty flood. That, labeled The Big Alcohol Leak, was the leak which the government couldn't see at all. The Strength of Britain Movement gave the liquor trade in England the greatest fright of its life, because its statements were both true and unanswerable. Incidentally, if its statements were true in 1916 they were equally true in November of 1920, when the government of Great Britain was warned by Sir George Paish that unless the necessary steps were taken within the immediate future Great Britain herself would be in financial difficulties within twelve months. In 1916 the Strength of Britain Movement demanded wartime prohibition from the government. The demand came within an inch of being granted. At the last moment Lloyd George refused to take the whole step; but he consented to reduce the beer output by two-thirds, cut down the spirit output by one-half, stop distillers from making whisky, and greatly curtail the hours during which the pubs could be open. As a result of this, food was conserved, efficiency was increased, and the number of convictions for drunkenness was cut from 188,000 in 1913 to 28,000 in 1918.

Temperance Forces Split

Now a great many of the members of the Strength of Britain Movement advocated prohibition only during a period of national stress. Some of them were beer worshipers, a lot of them liked a little jolt of port before crawling into bed at night, and an appreciable number said emphatically that life was scarcely worth living in this beastly climate unless one could have a bit of a peg with his lunch, what? Consequently many of the Strength of Britain people left the organization flat on its back at the end of the war and took no more interest in prohibition than they would have taken in a fund for indigent German submarine captains.

The Strength of Britain Movement grew weaker and paler day by day. Finally a campaign was started to unite the United Kingdom Alliance and the Strength of Britain Movement. It progressed nicely for a time, until the leaders of the alliance, hearing that the Strength of Britain Movement had been on the verge of disbanding, refused to make any concessions to the other side. It chanced, however, that the movement suddenly developed unexpected tenacity of life, and started spasmodically off on the up grade again. I mention these things not because I take pleasure in rattling dry bones in an ancient grave but because the rebirth of the Strength of Britain Movement marks an unnecessary split in the temperance workers of England. The United Kingdom Alliance still advocates and fights for local option. The Strength of Britain Movement says that local option is futile and hopeless, and strongly advocates a bill that will permit a vote on three questions, to wit: Whether or not the manufacture and sale of spirits shall be prohibited; whether or not the output of beer shall be limited to one-half the prewar quantity; and whether or not there shall be a further gradual reduction of the beer output until it entirely ceases at the end of five or seven years.

The argument of the Strength of Britain people is not unsound. Local option, as advocated in England and as in use in Scotland, allows a city to vote on the liquor question by wards; and each ward is a unit by itself. Thus, if there are ten wards in a city and nine wards vote overwhelmingly dry while the tenth ward votes wet by a very narrow majority, the tenth ward continues to sell liquor, though the total vote of the city has been dry. Consequently the Strength of Britain people claim that even though the people of England were given the right to vote on local option they would be fifty years or more in getting a dry England. That opinion was echoed by most of the prohibition leaders in Scotland.

"The English will never vote to give up their beer," they said. "They're soaked in it—sodden with it. Only a miracle can make England dry!"

So the Strength of Britain people scoff at local option, and demand a bill that will make it possible to return to the conditions that existed during the war—conditions

(Continued on Page 79)

QUALITY MARK

DELICIOUS, tempting food may be prepared quickly and conveniently on the "Hotpoint" Electric Grill.

Crisp, sizzling bacon; hot, evenly browned toast; a golden omelette and even pancakes may be prepared right at the breakfast table with this light, portable, dependable electric appliance which has three degrees of heat.

And appetizing dishes of food for lunch, dinner or an after-theatre supper may be cooked, with all the advantages connected with electric cookery, on the ever-ready "Hotpoint" Electric Grill.

With the "Hotpoint" Electric Grill you may boil, broil, fry or toast—any two operations at the same time at the cost of current for one; and when the "Hotpoint" Ovenette is used with the grill you may quickly bake a pan of light, flaky biscuits or cook a delicious, juicy five-pound roast.

The "Hotpoint" Electric Grill and Ovenette outfit is especially adapted for kitchenette cooking. It is portable. It takes hardly a square foot of room. It is economical.

Twenty-two thousand progressive dealers sell the famous "Hotpoint" electric appliances, the largest-selling line of its kind in the world. They make it convenient for you to start enjoying the advantages of this handy cooking appliance today.

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., Inc., CHICAGO

NEW YORK ONTARIO, CALIFORNIA SALT LAKE CITY ATLANTA

In Canada: Canadian Edison Appliance Co., Ltd., Stratford, Ontario

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Service Stations in All Principal Cities

Always Fresh!
PLANTERS 5¢
BRAND
SALTED PEANUTS
In Glass Jars
for Home Use.
Everywhere in the
5¢ Glassine Bag.

(Continued from Page 76)

that cut the convictions for drunkenness from 188,000 to 28,000 —and gradually to better those conditions

There is a third class of temperance workers, whose efforts are directed in still another channel. These are the people who advocate nationalization or state purchase of the liquor traffic. Some of the advocates of state purchase are genuine temperance enthusiasts, and they believe implicitly that state purchase would be a stepping-stone to prohibition. There are other rooters for state purchase, however, who do their rooting because they are very sure that if the government owned the liquor traffic it would need the money so badly that there would never be any decrease in the amount of liquor manufactured, and consequently no prohibition. Some, indeed, go so far as to say that the original suggestion for state purchase came from the brewers

There are still other state-purchase enthusiasts, who hold their views because they belong to the little coterie of serious thinkers who believe in the nationalization of everything. At any rate, all the other temperance workers give the state-purchase advocates the bird or razz. Local optioners burst into hoarse and contemptuous guffaws at the idea of state purchase; and some very pungent remarks are thrown off about the Chancellor of the Exchequer going into the liquor trade, about a Minister for Drink in the cabinet, and about attempts to make the state a minister of evil to the people.

These three classes of temperance workers, though seeking results in different ways, have constantly dinned into the ears of the English the great truths about the use of alcohol—that it impairs the efficiency of a nation; wastes the resources of a nation; increases crime, poverty and disease; and the thousands of lesser truths about the use of strong drink. Consequently a good part of their work is efficacious. Until they unite entirely in their aims, however, their efforts will always have less strength than the efforts of the liquor trade, whose sole object is the defeat of any movement that will tend to decrease the manufacture, sale or consumption of beer, wine or spirits.

Enter Pussyfoot Johnson

At the close of the war the English people were heartily sick of the many infringements on their personal liberty which the war had brought about. An Englishman is a veritable glutton for his personal liberty. He talks about it constantly during political campaigns; and whenever there is any alteration in policemen's uniforms or a change in railroad schedules or a proposal to muzzle dogs or any talk of increasing the size of the grand stand of the football field in the town of Mushroom-Under-Glass, Herts, he always views the project with deep suspicion as being a possible infringement on his personal liberty. What the government did to the Englishman's personal liberty during the war almost comes under the head of a crime; so when the war ended, all Englishmen were anxious to do away with all wartime regulations and restrictions. The manufacture and the sale of liquor had been tampered with by the government, and the people had benefited tremendously by the tampering. Nevertheless, the people wanted to get back to a prewar basis in that as in everything, because they considered that their drinking was a part of their personal liberty. As a result, at the end of the war nobody was paying much attention to the arguments of the temperance workers, and the chances of prohibition looked as thin as boarding-house consommé.

At this juncture there were alarums and trumpets without, and Pussyfoot Johnson entered from America.

Pussyfoot Johnson is a tall, thickset, neutral-tinted person with a soft, soothing voice, an air of surprised and wide-eyed innocence, an enormous store of facts of a nature to disturb a supporter of the liquor interests, and a nervous giggle which he interjects unexpectedly after ridding himself of a statement particularly damning to an antiprohibitionist. His name is as well known in some sections of America as is that of George Washington or Babe Ruth or Charles Chaplin. In other sections it isn't so well known. In England there isn't a town or a village or a tiny hamlet that doesn't know about Pussyfoot Johnson. From the chalk cliffs of the Channel and the unpronounceable coal-mining districts of Wales up to the wild islands off the coast of Scotland where the natives weave their tweeds in the mingled atmosphere of acrid peat reek and Scotch whisky, the name of Pussyfoot Johnson is a household word. He has become the sign manual of the temperance forces and the living embodiment of prohibition. When the wets attack the prohibition movement they attack it through Pussyfoot Johnson. His name has become the generic term for every variety of temperance worker and prohibitionist. A prohibitionist is a pussyfoot. So is a temperance worker. The verb "to pussyfoot" means to engage in prohibition work.

Pussyfoot Johnson did his first big anti-liquor work as chief special officer of the United States Indian Service, charged with suppressing the illegal selling of liquor to the Indians on Indian reservations. He was a game fighter, and a two-fisted fighter, and a gun fighter to boot, when the occasion demanded it. He got his nickname from the silent manner in which he would travel from place to place and then drop like a ton of lead pipe on the unsuspecting head of a lawbreaker. The stories of some of his fist fights and gun fights in New Mexico, Oklahoma, Utah and Minnesota are of the type to make the fiction of Old Sleuth and Old King Brady sound as innocuous as the Flaxie Frizzle books. Soon after he left the Indian Service in 1911 he became the managing editor of the American Issue publications, which are the publications of the Anti-Saloon League of America. He visited Russia and wrote a good account of the vodka monopoly, and in other ways made his name known in Europe as a highly successful temperance worker.

The Campaign in Scotland

In the summer of 1918, when prohibition in America was almost as sure as death and taxes, the prohibition forces in Scotland wrote to Johnson and asked him to assist in the Scottish local-option campaign. He at first refused. Then, later in 1918, the Anti-Saloon League of America, looking around for more wetness to conquer, conceived the idea that the time was nearly ripe for starting an international society to war against the liquor traffic. It was further determined to send Johnson over to England to see whether England offered fertile ground for the planting of an international dry seed; so Johnson decided to strangle two wet birds with one sponge, as one might say—help the Scotchmen and look into the prospects for the international prohibition society. The Anti-Saloon League of America paid Johnson's salary; the Scottish Permissive Bill and Temperance Association paid his expenses. Neither his salary nor his expenses are particularly large, in spite of the claims of the liquor trade that the American agitators are paid fabulous sums.

So Johnson for three months helped the Scotchmen by making speeches which told the good things that prohibition had done for America. Then he went down to London and started work on his international society. The drys, he said, snapped at it, and the result was the World League Against Alcoholism. Johnson is a sort of press agent and special investigator for this organization. He has an office in the heart of Fleet Street, which is the big newspaper street of London; and the inscription on the big plate-glass window, at the level of the second story of the passing double-decked busses, reads, American Issue Publishing Company. The American Issue Publishing Company, remember, is a subsidiary company of the Anti-Saloon League of America.

Shortly after Pussyfoot Johnson's arrival in London in 1919 a representative of the London Daily Mail saw him and wrote a long interview in which Pussyfoot was quoted as saying that the Anti-Saloon League proposed to take an active part in British elections and show the British temperance organizations how to make the country dry. Johnson assured me that he was misquoted in that interview and that he said no such thing. I asked him whether he had remonstrated with the reporter who wrote it, and he said that he had not. He did, however, get a long interview into the Manchester Guardian soon afterward, explaining carefully and at great length that neither he nor the Anti-Saloon League had ever had the slightest intention of interfering in any way with British affairs, and

(Continued on Page 81)

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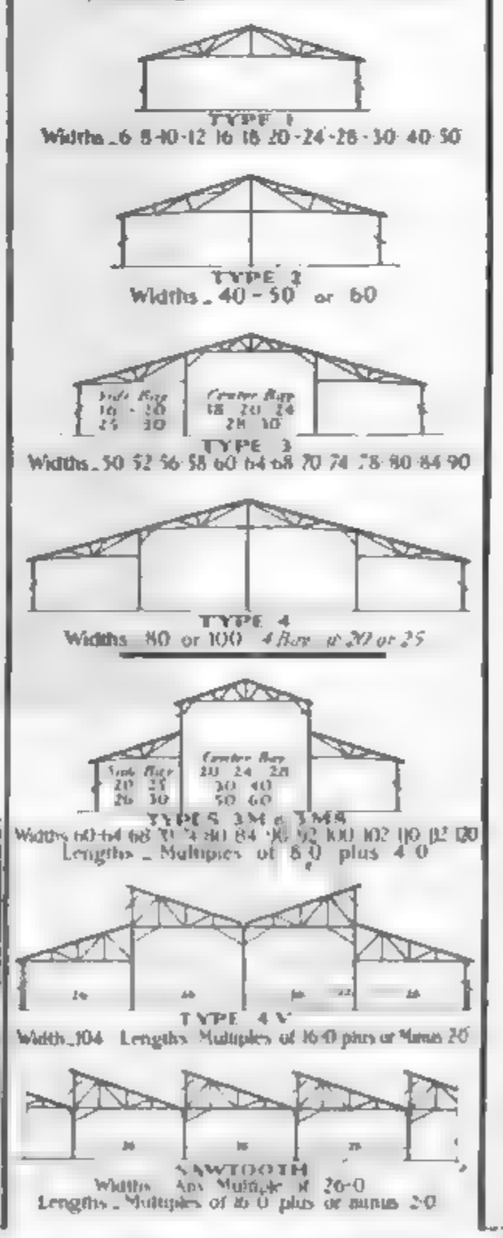
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Widths 6 8 10 12 16 18 20 24 28 30 40 50
TYPE 2
Widths 40 - 50 or 60
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Widths 50 52 56 58 60 64 68 70 74 78 80 84 90
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that they intended to take no part whatever in any British elections.

Whether he said what the Mail said he said, or whether he didn't, the harm had been done. The interview raised a hue and cry that broke all records for hue-and-cry raising. The hue was raised about three miles higher than a hue had ever before been raised, while the cry was raised so high that it hasn't come down yet. There were passionate howls to the effect that America was sending an army of workers and millions of dollars to England to interfere with the personal liberty of the British people. There was a violent concentration of public interest in the prohibition question. The name of Pussyfoot was feverishly hated on every side.

Pussyfoot made speeches in various parts of the country and was greeted with what the less refined elements of English society know as the bird, and what corresponding elements in America delight to term the razz. Finally, at a prohibition debate in London some University of London students, by way of a jolly little undergraduate prank, started a riot against Pussyfoot. The riot spread and became unmanageable. Police reserves were called out, and just as the reserves were about to rescue Johnson someone threw a rock which put out his right eye. Johnson is, and always has been, a game fighter. He suffered intense pain for many days, but never had a word of blame for anyone. An evening paper started a popular subscription for him, and Johnson asked that the money be turned over to St. Dunstan's Hospital for blinded soldiers. There was a great revulsion of sentiment in his favor.

A Gem of Wet Thought

The interest in prohibition continued to grow, and the liquor interests in England began to be more and more worried. The definite arrival of prohibition in America afflicted them with some extremely poignant pains. The rumbles of the local-option campaign in Scotland were distinctly audible in England, and added appreciably to the spiritual unrest of the wet element. The evident success of prohibition in America put an enormous amount of valuable antidrink propaganda into the hands of the United Kingdom Alliance, the Strength of Britain Movement and all the other British temperance organizations. Most important of all, influential British business interests began to get firmly fixed in their heads—which are slow to get a new idea and very reluctant to let go of an idea that has once been grasped—the idea that a wet England cannot compete with a dry America.

It thus became the duty of the higher interests to convince the people of England that prohibition would be a very bad thing for them, and that their general health, prosperity and well-being would be promoted by a continued indulgence in liquor. Their chief method of doing this has been to attack violently the interference of America in British affairs, to hint darkly at the vast quantities of money that are being poured into England by American prohibitionists for some presumably ulterior motive, and generally to imply that the people of England should fight prohibition because it is a foreign movement that is striking at their sacred liberty.

One of the first and most widely circulated posters that the wet interests got out was a crude affair headed "Pussyfoot" Nosey Parker from "Across the Sea." It showed a funereal-looking person standing on the shores of the United States. His tremendously long nose stretched all the way across the Atlantic and was thrust neatly into a house labeled John Bull—Private. On his head he wore a Stars-and-Stripes hat, and in his hand he carried a valise labeled Dollars for Dirty Work in England.

On thousands of billboards throughout England in the autumn of 1920 there appeared a poster showing a large John Bull holding up a glass of beer in one hand and plucking a diminutive Uncle Sam out of the beer with the thumb and forefinger of his other hand. "Lor' lumme!" John Bull was exclaiming. "There's a microbe in my beer!" The principal liquor organizations, when I attempted to get copies of this poster, denied any definite knowledge of its source. They said that the poster had been originated and posted by an obscure organization of brewers, and that it had been ordered down by the liquor people as likely to cause ill feeling between the English and American people.

A small pink handbill put out by the liquor people made some very mysterious insinuations which were doubtless intended to bring a hot flush of shame to American cheeks and to convince Englishmen beyond cavil that the prohibition movement is one of singularly sinister import.

"What is the game?" asks this handbill without circumlocution. "Do the Yankee Prohibitionists want to provoke a revolution in Britain?" There, indeed, is a question calculated to make any Englishman upset his beer in consternation. "Results of shortage of beer and spirits," continues this valuable document: "During the war there was a great shortage of beer and spirits, and the Home Secretary, Sir George (now Lord) Cave, stated in the House of Commons that it had led to unrest, discontent, loss of time, loss of work, and in some cases even strikes were threatened, and indeed caused, by the very fact there was a shortage of beer. These are serious facts."

Serious, maybe; but wait until you read farther.

"What," asks this pink paper, "what is the game of the Yankee? In many parts of the country active disturbance took place. That was due to shortage in wartime. What would be the position if, in the piping days of peace, well-organized teetotalers were to jockey the nation into seizing the supply altogether? Many thoughtful men believe it would spell revolution.

"Can it be in the interests of some Americans to foment a great upheaval of trade in the United Kingdom? Scrutiny of the list of subscribers to the huge cost of this campaign of interference in the everyday life of another nation might supply the answer.

"Is it to ruin our industries? The American speakers are preaching the doctrine that if the Briton will give up his liquor greater efficiency will be secured. We seem to remember that the abolition of vodka in Russia had a very different result, and during the war the shortage of liquor was the main cause of great industrial unrest. The Home Secretary admitted it.

"Do strikes, loss of work, loss of time, unrest and a general feeling of discontent lead to efficiency?

"But isn't it, to say the least, a strange thing that American manufacturers, who contribute so large a part of the funds for this invasion, should be so anxious that our efficiency be improved so that we may be better able to compete with them for the world's trade? We had never before regarded them as so altruistic.

"What is the little game? Think it over."

For 100 per cent piffleism this gem of wet thought would be difficult to beat. None the less it goes big with the sturdy Briton when, with four or five glasses of stout swashing around in him, he gives it the benefit of his undivided attention.

The Dread of Local Option

I procured a set of antiprohibition pamphlets at National Trade Defense Headquarters—the organization that looks after the interests of the entire liquor trade. These pamphlets usually depict a clear-eyed, perfectly proportioned, nicely dressed British workingman or workingwoman in close juxtaposition to a bottle of ale, engaged in an altercation with a cadaverous-looking, frock-coated, gloomy-faced temperance worker. The pamphlets assure the honest British workingman that the prohibitionists are, among other things, sour-visaged, jaundiced old ladies of both sexes, fussy zealots, professional propagandists, fanatics and artful dodgers.

"It is just at this time," declares pamphlet Number Thirteen, "that a horde of Yankee mercenaries have come over to assist our sour-visaged Prohibitionists to make the United Kingdom bone dry. They propose to do it by stages—Local Veto is to be one. . . . Make no mistake. Local Veto is the first step towards Prohibition—as it was in America—and should be resisted now if you want to avoid widespread poverty. There are employed in and dependent on the liquor trade, and trades dependent upon it, about 1,000,000 persons. If you allow anti-drink fanatics to have their way, you will rob that vast army of their living. Imagine the competition there would be for jobs. Can it be doubted that the result would be a large and general decline in wages? Don't sell yourselves into slavery at the dictation of jaundiced teetotalers. Preserve your freedom and self-respect. Vote against Local Veto—the first step that would put you on the slippery slope to Prohibition. Write to your M. P. and tell him that if he supports Local Veto you won't support him."

The wets insist continually that the people of England cannot preserve their freedom and their self-respect if the country goes dry. Their reasons for this statement are somewhat obscure, but the sturdy Briton who worships his beer wastes very little time asking for reasons.

Another favorite argument of the wet pamphlets is that which begs the voter to consider the analogy between prohibiting drink because a few get drunk, and prohibiting shoes because some are too tight—or similar instances.

"What would you think," virtuously asks pamphlet Number Twenty-seven, addressed particularly to workingwomen, "if a silly man said: 'Some women squander a hundred pounds on a dress; the remedy is for all women to go without'? That is what teetotalers say about drink. . . . If you let these busybodies have their way, the next move will be against your tea, or your husband's tobacco—as in America."

Another Rich Specimen

This same pamphlet assures the workingwoman that the prohibitionists "have huge sums of money which they are spending to bring about Prohibition," and states that "these people have now got the help of scores of Yankees—highly paid agitators—who have come over with unlimited funds to interfere in a matter that does not concern them. Teetotal fanatics pour out an endless stream of half-truths and 'downright lies.'"

I have a handful of antiprohibition pamphlets issued by the National Trade Defense people, and not one of them has recourse to statistics that tend to disprove any of the countless charges against drink which the prohibitionists have made. All of them appeal to class hatred or race feeling, or use arguments which only seem to bear on the subject.

Here, for example, is pamphlet Number Nineteen.

"Doctors by the score," says this pamphlet, "warn us that excessive tea-drinking is more harmful than excessive use of excisable beverages. Are we to have polls on the question of prohibiting the importation and use of tea? Milk is the most deadly beverage known. Tuberculosis, typhoid fever and scarlatina are milk diseases. Are we to poll in every parish on the question of prohibiting milk or reducing the number of dairymen's shops? Thousands are slaves to drugs—particularly since whisky became so scarce. Is the remedy to be found in polls on the question of closing chemists' shops? Thousands smoke to excess, and do themselves much harm thereby. Must we poll on the question of prohibiting the use of tobacco? Absurd! you will say. So it is. But it is the same plan that is proposed by teetotal faddists."

Such stuff is, of course, a particularly rich specimen of drivel. If a country prohibits the carrying of concealed weapons because there are too many murders it does not necessarily follow that that country will attempt to abolish the ocean because a man was drowned in it.

The statements of the wet interests in England are extremely inaccurate, and are frequently put out with the evident intention of misleading the people of England in regard to the results of prohibition in America. One of the best-known distillers in the United Kingdom took full-page advertisements in the English magazines in the late summer of 1920.

"Prohibition in America," said this advertisement, "is the rankest hypocrisy. This company is constantly asked to send whisky to America, but it refuses because it will not deal with hypocrites."

Another very large distiller recently made the statement that he was unable at present to supply the American demand. During the first week in November the manager of one of the largest distilleries in the United Kingdom—the same one, by the way, that refused to deal with hypocrites—stated that he was shipping 1000 gallons of whisky to the United States each week, and that the total shipment of whisky from the United Kingdom to America was larger than it had been before prohibition took effect. Statements similar to this have been given to the English press by the liquor interests throughout 1920.

I checked the figures for the exportation of spirits from the United Kingdom to the United States, just out of curiosity. I checked them from the British Government figures, and from the figures at the American consulate general—for no liquor shipments over $100 in value can be made to America without an American consular invoice.

Both the British and American figures showed that a matter of 35,006 gallons of spirits had been shipped to America from the United Kingdom during the first nine months of 1920, and that 1,239,750 proof gallons had been shipped in 1916.

Mr. Robert P. Skinner, the American consul general in London, laughed at the statement that more whisky was being shipped to America than before prohibition took effect.

"Our consular figures are correct," said he, "and the statements of the whisky people are foolish, because when they make their figures larger than ours they presuppose an impossible chain of illegality. They presuppose illegality on the part of the shipper, the buyer, the British bonded-warehouse people, the customs officials and the bank which gives the seller the money for his shipment on presentation of the consular invoice. One or two or three men in a chain might be crooked enough to make our figures worthless, but when you work the number up to fifteen or twenty, and include bank employes and customs officials, you're getting beyond the bounds of probability."

Every melancholy incident that can be connected with America and prohibition is eagerly seized by the wets and circulated quickly throughout England. The English are told that America is turning to new forms of intoxicants, which destroy the reason and the stomach lining at one fell swoop. Doctors, they are told, spend all their waking hours writing drug prescriptions for those who are obliged to satisfy their wild appetites for stimulants. One London paper recently published a story to the effect that three New York physicians wrote 1,500,000 prescriptions for drug addicts within a period of six months. This statement provoked loud cries of delight in wet circles until some skeptical soul pulled out his pencil and figured that three physicians, to write 1,500,000 prescriptions, would have had to work twenty-four hours a day, Sundays included, for six months. Prohibition has done some strange things, but it hasn't yet made it possible for physicians to go without sleep for six months.

Pussyfoot Burnt in Effigy

The Englishman believes that every American home is equipped nowadays with hot and cold water, a private still, electric lights and a miniature brewery. The English are assured that America is troubled with furious strikes on the part of men deprived of their beer, and that her citizens are frightfully unhappy and morose because of their beerless state. Great emphasis is laid on the report that America went dry because the dry legislation took place unknown to the people. Ancient stories are disinterred and dead bones are rattled feverishly. Visiting Americans are questioned closely regarding the results of prohibition; and usually each visiting American drains his cocktail glass with evident enjoyment and says "My boy, prohibition is a great thing! I never believed that they could slip it over on us, and I wouldn't have voted for it for five dollars; but it's done now, and, believe me, it's great stuff! I'm for it, and if I ever had another chance to vote for it I'd vote the Prohibition ticket straight. Yes, sir! George, bring us a couple more of those cocktails, and just spear that cherry with a toothpick, will you?"

Then the Englishman who is questioning him shakes his head in a dumb, puzzled way and decides ponderously and irrevocably, after the British fashion, that the American is a liar and a hypocrite.

The wets defend themselves chiefly by attacking Pussyfoot Johnson and stirring the workingman to vote against the American invader. Pussyfoot Johnson is a good fighter and an agreeable man; but his presence in England is the best antiprohibition argument in the wets' bag, and a constant irritant to the British. The average Britisher thinks that Johnson was sent to England by the American nation to interfere with England's affairs. He doesn't know that Johnson is employed by the

(Continued on Page 85)

HERE YOU can see how quickly and easily Beaver Board rooms are built. On the opposite page you will see the finished Beaver Board result—the attractive panelled effect you can expect when Beaver Board walls and ceilings are used.

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There can be no question about shoes which from year to year have made old friends of their new friends, until fourteen great factories have grown from the original one. The value of such shoes can not be concealed. Their perfection of style, their all-leather quality, their long wear, are definitely known.

Because of these revealed values in Selz Shoes 30,000 dealers choose them. Because each one of these progressive dealers wants your permanent patronage he prefers to offer you Selz Shoes.

Passing years have marked many style changes in shoes in the half century of Selz Shoe making, but the principles of quality remain unchanged. The choice between right and wrong is always the same. Unfaltering refusal to cheapen the concealed values in Selz Shoes, no matter how remote the possibility of detection, is the force which has made the Selz organization endure and grow.

Such principles have eternal youth. They are as young today as they were 50 years ago.

1871 SELZ 1921

CHICAGO PITTSBURGH

(Continued from Page 81)

Anti-Saloon League and that the Anti-Saloon League is scarcely regarded as a government organization in America—and that he came to Great Britain at the invitation of Britons. The wet interests encourage the average Britisher's erroneous beliefs. Most of the English prohibitionists, for that matter, resent Johnson's presence and think that the Anti-Saloon League would be wiser to keep him at home. Most Americans would think so, too, if they knew the irritation that has been stirred up against Johnson and America by the antiprohibitionists. On Guy Fawkes Day—November fifth—each year the English children burn Guy Fawkes in effigy for his Gunpowder Plot against the Houses of Parliament. During the past few years, however, many of them found Guy Fawkes too tame, and started burning more concrete enemies of England. During the war they burned the Kaiser. In 1919 they burned Lenine or Trotzky; and on November 5, 1920, large numbers of them burned Pussyfoot Johnson in effigy.

The temperance workers of England are confronted by a political situation that would make even a Pollyanna burst into tears and kick the shins of anyone who could find any gladness in it. In order to get local option, which is the measure for which the majority of the temperance workers yearns, the temperance workers must get through Parliament a bill that permits the people of England to vote on the liquor question.

Mr. Lloyd George's Position

The present Parliament, however, is very kindly disposed toward strong drink. There are a couple of bars in the House of Parliament, and the members go in keenly for their grog. One of the most conservative of the temperance leaders assured me mournfully that the present Parliament lapped up more liquor than any Parliament in history. It is a Coalition Parliament, and the Coalition whip or boss is Sir George Younger, owner of Younger's Scotch Ale. In addition to Sir George Younger there are twenty-seven other members of Parliament directly connected with the liquor trade, either as distillers, brewers or sellers. The introduction before these gentlemen and their colleagues of a bill aimed to remove the brew from the breweries and the still from the distilleries would leave them more or less cold. It would unquestionably cause them to burst into hoarse, blood-curdling peals of English merriment, and to destroy utterly the features of the bill before it left their presence. Mr. Lloyd George, the present Prime Minister, is personally in favor of prohibition; but ministerially he refuses to be either for or against it. As an individual he made the statement over a year ago that if America kept dry for ten years England would have to go dry as well, because England could not afford to give America the benefit of the 10 per cent advantage in efficiency which prohibition would bring. As Prime Minister he will not commit himself. If he did, Sir George Younger, the Coalition whip, would—according to the dope dispensed by both the wets and the drys—round up his gang and leap gayly on Mr. Lloyd George, leaving him bruised and jobless on the cold pavement.

In short, the temperance people don't dare to ask anything of the present Parliament for fear that they may get something which they don't want—a local-option bill, say, that would permit them to start voting in the year 2020, and oblige the temperance people to poll 75 per cent of the registered votes in order to obtain any success. Consequently they are devoting all their efforts to educating the voters so that when the next Parliament is elected, in six months, or a year, or two years, it may contain men who are more favorably disposed toward the suppression of the liquor traffic.

The temperance people have put out a large amount of excellent propaganda since America went dry; but oddly enough the most striking and useful piece of antidrink propaganda has just been published by the Board of Education at the government's expense. This is called The Hygiene of Food and Drink; a Syllabus of Lessons for Use in School, and Notes for the Assistance of Teachers. It is published by His Majesty's Stationery Office in London, is distributed free to schools, and may be purchased for twopence.

What this pamphlet does to old John L. Barleycorn is little short of criminal. It goes into the matter deeply, in a cold, detached, unemotional British way, and proceeds to show with great vigor, éclat, élan and bluntness that the drinking of alcoholic beverages results in uncritical self-satisfaction of the individual with his words and actions; disregard of occurrences and conditions normally requiring caution of word and act; trespass of rules and conventions previously respected; impaired appreciation of the passage of time; talkativeness; an argumentative state of mind; quarrelsomeness. One might think, if he were a careless thinker, that alcoholic drinks, outside of these few bad features, were all right, but the pamphlet proceeds to show that their use weakens the heart and the body, diminishes the power and capacity to work, lowers the resistance of the body to disease, causes undernourishment, causes loss of bodily heat in cold weather and predisposes to sunstroke in hot weather.

Having thus warmed gradually to its subject the pamphlet figuratively removes its coat and vest, rolls up its sleeves and—as the saying goes—hops to it. The United States is a prohibition country; and in presenting the arguments of the Board of Education my intention is not to discourage home brewers in their pleasant pursuits or to wean the perfumery drinkers from their secret vice, but to show that though the working classes of England may be beer worshipers the children of the beer worshipers are being educated to follow other gods.

"The man who drinks to excess," says this plain-spoken government document, "even if he is never intoxicated, degenerates in character and capacity. He becomes unfit to work, and in many cases unemployable. Diligence and application become distasteful to him. Ill health, and not unfrequently disease, follows such excess, and he becomes pauperized and even a burden on his family, and to the State. Even moderate drinking may, in certain circumstances, impair the full development of a man's mental capacity. Thus the drinker may suffer socially, physically, mentally and morally. Further, a person who is intemperate in one way is likely to be intemperate in other ways; the loss of self-control in one respect indicates a predisposition to moral weakness in other directions also. Sexual immorality is often dependent on alcoholic intemperance. Moreover, a person who takes too much alcohol becomes unfit for a good day's work, and is among the first to be discharged when employment slackens. Intemperance, therefore, leads to pauperism. The association of alcoholic excess with crime is well known; the effects produced in the home and family life are disastrous."

Competition With Sober Nations

"The children of drunken parents start life with many disadvantages. With their physical health and energy below the average, they lack the care, nourishment and protection which all children require if they are to grow up well and strong; they are accustomed to squalor, poverty, and a low standard of comfort, and therefore often have no desire or ambition to aspire to better things, and, being thus badly equipped from the outset both in mind and body, their chances of leading happy and useful lives are greatly lessened. . . .

"The evils of drinking too much are not limited to the man himself and his family. He may also influence others to follow his bad example, and the harm done by one man may thus be widespread. 'One degraded or ill-conducted worker will demoralize a whole family; one disorderly family inexplicably lowers the conduct of a whole street; the low-caste life of a single street spreads its evil influence over the entire quarter; and the slum quarter . . . subtly deteriorates the standard of health, morality and public spirit of the whole city.'

"We must therefore consider the effects of intemperate habits on the nation as well as on the individual. Money spent by the nation on drink must be reckoned as money which is largely wasted, because there is no proper return for it. The expenditure of £400,000,000 or more in a year is a drain on the resources of the nation and the direct cause of not a little national poverty.

"Whilst these facts demonstrate the grave evils which may arise from the drinking of alcoholic beverages to excess—and *it must be remembered that unsober nations have to compete with sober nations*—they do not prove that the moderate use of such articles always does harm, though it is obvious that for many persons the only certain way of avoiding all risk is to abstain altogether from the consumption of alcohol. Some States have for this reason sought to prohibit the consumption of alcohol; others have sought to restrict its use by law or regulation temporarily or permanently. During the European war restrictions were introduced into most areas of Great Britain, with the result that there was a remarkable decline in convictions for drunkenness (by 85 per cent); cases of delirium tremens; deaths from alcoholism."

The thought that the statements in this booklet are to be taught in the schools of England for years to come almost makes the liquor people actively ill. They were raising prolonged, wolf-like howls about it when I was in England. Most of the liquor people were blaming the booklet on Pussyfoot Johnson. Some of them said that he wrote it, and all of them said that he inspired it. As a matter of fact he had no more to do with it than he had to do with inspiring or writing Down Where the Wurzburger Flows. The wets blame Pussyfoot Johnson for everything. If England goes dry in ten years the wets will blame Pussyfoot, though he will be very little to blame. The wets think that Pussyfoot is a sort of magician, with strange, occult powers, whereas he is nothing but a good-natured plugger against liquor, with a lot of horse sense and bull-headed nerve. The gambler at Monte Carlo almost invariably plays a system; and when he goes broke he blames the system instead of the gambling.

The wet advocate in England is always ready to blame his troubles on anything except drink.

Wet Lies Nailed

The prohibition workers have excellent propaganda pamphlets, though their lack of money causes them to get them out in very restricted numbers. Their greatest difficulty lies in reaching the drinking public. The wets reach the drinkers through advertisements in the pubs—an avenue which is practically closed to the drys.

The drys have pamphlets showing the improvement in conditions which has taken place under prohibition in America. One reproduces messages from the governors of twenty-seven states in the United States. One stated: "I believe that every decent American is in favor of the closing of the saloon, but when we go further than the teachings of Christ and say that a man shall not take a drink, we are adopting a law which is and always will be a failure." The twenty-six other governors had sent enthusiastic messages in favor of prohibition. Booklets show how the hiring of nondrinkers in certain plants has eliminated waste and inefficiency; produce figures to show how alcohol increases accidents; give figures on drunkenness; go into the economic side of the drink question and show the tremendous yearly expenditure on drink; give all the figures on the capital involved in the liquor trade; give the results of prohibition in countless cities, states and industries in America; and jump suddenly and heavily on the wets who make false statements.

The Brewers' Journal quotes an authority as saying that "the use of alcohol is beneficial if partaken of moderately, at sufficient intervals, and adequately diluted."

The United Kingdom Alliance at once gets out a broadside declaring that this statement does not occur in the quoted authority, calls the Brewers' Journal a liar in a quiet way, and asks it to put up or shut up.

Lord Dewar returns from America and is quoted as declaring that Henry Ford said he has seen no benefits from prohibition, and that prohibition has made millions of lawbreakers. The United Kingdom Alliance at once cables Mr. Ford and asks whether Lord Dewar had quoted Mr. Ford correctly. Mr. Ford cables back: "Statement relative Mr. Ford is not correct."

The drys get out all the details concerning Lord Rowallan's estates—7000 houses with 30,000 people in them, not a pub allowed among them, and applications for houses pouring in by every mail; concerning Toxteth Park, in Liverpool, where nearly 30,000 people live without complaint in a restricted area which allows no pubs; about Letchworth Village, a garden city where

(Concluded on Page 88)

FORD OWNERS

On the Shell

—It's your protection against inferior timers.

See the Red Star and you KNOW you are buying a sure-fire timer—one that will make your motor hit smoothly, give it pep and power

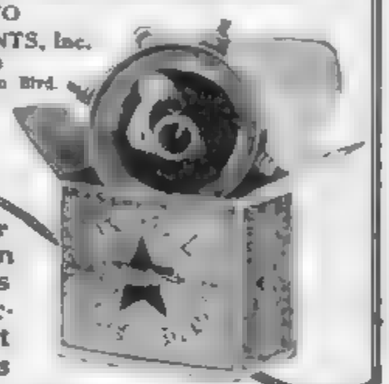
Red Star Timer

FOR FORD CARS-TRUCKS AND TRACTORS

Read How Well It's Made — Every working part of Red Star Timer is machined and ground. Only the very best materials are used. The rotor on a timer, a special Red Star material, is made with the race. The race of time-cured, bone-hard fibre, polished on three sides, does not pit or get bumpy.

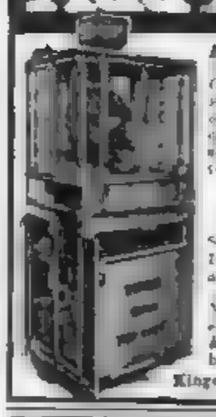
Some inspectors make sure that workmanship and material are perfect. Your garage or repair shop has Red Star or can get one for you. They are carried in stock by all wholesale houses. If you're not sure that's going right put on a Red Star Timer—it will surprise you.

AUTO COMPONENTS, Inc.
Dept 700
1903 S. Michigan Blvd.
Chicago



A Red Star stamped on the shell is your protection against inferior timers

Add Pop-Corn

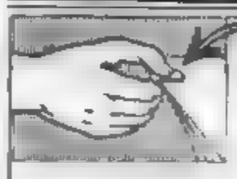


And Add Profit. Other dealers are doing it. Get our No. 990 Combination Outfit and start a business of your own. Complete outfit includes all necessary supplies, such as corn, oil, seasoning, etc. Write today for catalog and full particulars.

KINGERY
Corn Poppers and Peanut Roasters

Add Pop-corn and Add Profit. Free book-let now. Write today.

Kingery Mfg. Co. Dept 121, Cincinnati, Ohio



No finger pricking or slip-ups with the ARGUS PAPER CLIPS

Vise-like form holds papers with Bull Dog grip. Flat shape fits them best to go through mails. Curved shield *prevents* contact with sharp point—wonderful

IMPROVEMENT

Busy offices find great economy in placing on every desk a box of ARGUS PAPER CLIPS.

Ask your stationer for ARGUS PAPER CLIPS or send us $1.50 for five boxes Prepaid

ARGUS MFG. COMPANY
402 N. Paulina St., Dept. 61, Chicago

$5.

Neverout
Hand Warmers
(Electric)

Made in voltages for all cars. Real Winter driving comfort. If your dealer cannot supply you, sent prepaid on receipt of $5 east of Rocky Mts.

ROSE MFG. CO., Dept. A, Philadelphia, Pa.

PATENTS. WRITE for free illustrated guide book and "EVIDENCE OF CONCEPTION BLANK." Send model or sketch and description of invention for our free opinion of its patentable nature.

Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS BOOKLET FREE
BEST RESULTS HIGHEST REFERENCES
PROMPTNESS ASSURED

Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 624 F St., Washington, D.C.

How to Sell in a

No use to discuss all the *whys* and *wherefores* of this buyers' market—the one big vital point that interests *you* is that *you've got to get more business.*

And there's just *one* solution—"the way to get business is to *go after it.*" You've got to fight for business as you haven't fought for years. You've got to use *every* legitimate selling help you can lay your hands on.

But this buyers' market is nothing new to *you,* though it may be to many of your men. If *you* could get out on the road *right now* you'd know just how to *turn the trick.*

The Franklin Simon Co., New York, use the Multigraph every minute of the day in every department of their store for printed matter and sales letters.

But of course you can't handle the problem that way. Besides it would take *weeks* for you to cover a single state—and what you've got to get is *quick action* in every nook and cranny of your field.

And Here's How You Can Do It!

At *small expense* and with all the *vim* and *push* you would put into it yourself if you could *talk* with every salesman, every customer, every prospect. A single idea, but a mighty big one—*sell with the Multigraph.*

Start with the sales force. Why not fill the boys full of *your* pep, speed and hard-earned knowledge, *your* selling power, *your* inside information, *your* day by day slants on the situation?

No, no need to call a sales conference. You've got to keep the boys on the firing line *every minute.* But you can have weekly, even daily "talks" with *every one of them* just as if they were right across the desk from you.

With the Multigraph you can keep *every* man right up on his toes *every minute* of the day, *every day* of the year. You can get every ounce of your own personality and enthusiasm over to him. You can show him that the home office is pulling for him *strong.* You can shoot him trade tips and information an hour after you get them. You can show him how to increase his efficiency, how to build up his sales totals.

But Why Stop There?

Why not make the Multigraph *actually take part in the sale* by using it to break down sales resistance *before* the salesman arrives on the scene.

With the Multigraph you can lay down such a barrage of sales letters, folders, booklets—printed *overnight* if need be, and *always* at small expense—that when a salesman hits a town he'll find the latch string out. The Multigraph will have given all the necessary advance information so that the salesman can devote his *entire* call to *landing the order.*

And Between Calls—

No need to let the customer's good-will cool, no danger of a competitor picking off an order when your salesman's back is turned. The Multigraph, with its quick-fire printing, will enable you to keep a stream of your personality and sales power flowing to the customer *all* the time. A house organ full of up-to-the-minute stuff (you don't have to wait to print it on the Multigraph)—a two minute talk on trade conditions as they exist today—a new price list—a folder describing a new product released by the factory just 24 hours ago—shot after shot from the Multigraph that *won't let the customer forget you for a minute.*

The Multigraph is No Experiment—

It has been doing all these things, and *more, for years.* It has built up many businesses from the start. It has put across the final punch for many an advertising campaign by localizing and intensifying the appeal of publication advertising. There is no end to the goods it has sold by mail. It has collected funds. It has turned the business building tricks for banks—

In fact it's almost impossible to find any business concern—wholesaler, retailer, manufacturer or financial institution—that can't use a Multigraph and make it pay and *pay big.*

The Ronald Press Co., New York, keep their two Multigraphs busy printing sales letters, office forms, and letters to their customers.

Write For Free 32-Page Booklet

These paragraphs merely hint at how "Sell with the Multigraph" can be applied to your business. Our free, 32-page booklet, "How to Sell in a Buyers' Market," gives complete vitally important information—*facts* and *figures* that *no* business man can afford to do without. Ask for your copy now!

Wire, phone, write or use the coupon!

SELL with the

Print it on the Multigraph

The Multigraph is a *small,* compact, *rapid rotary printing press.* It *prints* from real type, or from curved electrotypes, with real printer's ink. Colors if desired. And you can use illustrations. Electrically driven or hand operated.

It is also a *multiple typewriter.* Reproduces highest grade typewritten letters in quantities, through a ribbon or direct from type.

The equipment includes an *easily operated typesetter,* which sets typewriter and other type faces.

Equipments to Fit Every Business

There is such a wide variety of equipments and attachments to choose from, so many different combinations that can be made to meet the peculiar needs of any business, that it is impossible to set up hard and fast standard equipments.

The simplest way to find out exactly how the Multigraph will *sell* and *save* and *earn* for *you* and just what sort of equipment *your* business needs is to check the list on the opposite page, fill in the coupon and mail to us at once.

Sales and Advertising Portfolio

With every Multigraph Equipment for Retailers we furnish, FREE, a portfolio containing valuable business building suggestions and 50 sales letters written by Frank Farrington, the well known authority on retailing.

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO., CLEVELAND, OHIO

Offices in Principal Cities

THE INTERNATIONAL MULTIGRAPH CO. (Britain) Ltd.
London, England, 15-16 Holborn Viaduct, E. C. 1.

THE MULTIGRAPH SALES CO., Ltd.
Toronto, Canada, 84-88 Bay St

Offices in Principal Canadian Cities

THE INTERNATIONAL MULTIGRAPH CO.
Paris, France, 14 Boulevard des Capucines

Buyers' Market

The Central Union Trust Co., New York, use their Multigraphs for printing stock receipts, reports, deposit slips, form letters, and the like, as well as the many file cards and forms needed by a large bank.

MULTIGRAPH

FILL IN AND MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

The Multigraph, 1800 E. 40th St., Cleveland, Ohio—Send me, without obligation, the free booklet, "How to Sell in a Buyers' Market," and full information about the Multigraph. I am interested in the Multigraph for printing the various items checked below.

Manufacturing Department

___ Shop Forms
___ Time Cards
___ Delivery Slips
___ Shipping Notices
___ Special Notices
___ Bulletins
___ Stickers
___ Tags
___ Wrappers
___ Labels

Sales Department

___ House Organs
___ Mailing Cards
___ Envelope Enclosures
___ Dodgers
___ Booklets
___ Folders
___ Form Letters
___ Circulars
___ Bulletins
___ Order Blanks
___ Price Lists
___ Imprinting
___ Post Cards
___ Sales Letters

Office and Administrative Departments

___ Letterheads
___ Envelopes
___ Invoices
___ Statements
___ Collection Letters
___ Office Forms
___ Post Cards
___ Memo Pads
___ Blotters
___ Notices

Firm _____

Our Line is _____

Name _____ Official Position

Street Address _____

Town _____ State _____

S. E. P. 3-14

Save Your Drill Points

The "Yankee" Automatic Push Drill No. 44 is the *only* push drill with adjustable tension spring. You can make the pressure exactly right for each job and save breakage of drill points.

Boring a ¼" hole in brittle stuff you turn cap on the handle to left. Tension is eased and fine drill point is protected. With a bigger drill in tough wood, turn cap to right, increasing tension.

Seven different tensions! Eight drill points, ⅛" to ½". Practically a special tool for every job!

"YANKEE"

Automatic Push Drill No. 44

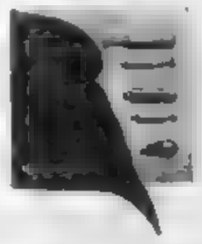
Lets you work faster and better. Drill points are held conveniently in magazine in handle, as illustrated. It opens UP. No need to turn tool upside down to change drills. All drills in sight at once.

Another "Yankee" Automatic Push Drill—No. 41—is made without adjustable tension for workers not requiring the adjustable feature.

Your Dealer Can Supply You

Here's the "Yankee" Quick Return Spiral Ratchet Screwdriver No. 130. The spring in the handle makes it as unique a tool as the No. 44 "Yankee" Push Drill.

The whole list of ingenious "Yankee" Tools are pictured and explained in this free "Yankee" Tool Book. Hand, breast, chain and bench drills, tap wrenches, vises, screwdrivers. Write for your copy today.



NORTH BROS. MFG. CO.
Philadelphia

"YANKEE" TOOLS

Make Better Mechanics

(Concluded from Page 85)

thousands of workers live and express themselves so strongly against pubs that none is allowed; of the mining community near Nottingham whose inhabitants subscribed money to keep out pubs because they owned their own houses; of the estates of Arthur Balfour, where pubs aren't allowed, though he himself is a supporter of the liquor traffic; of Usher's Whiskey estates, where pubs are not permitted; and of many other similar examples.

They remind you of the words of Mr. Justice Bailhache, who, after passing sentence on a man who had confessed to a particularly revolting murder, said to the crowded court: "You have just witnessed the trial of a man of good connection and of good upbringing. You have seen to what a pass drink has brought him. I want to beg you, with all the force I can put into my words, to take warning by his example, and for God's sake to keep away from drink."

And the dry pamphlets name over the ever-growing list of big bankers and shipbuilders and merchants and manufacturers and labor leaders who are insisting strongly that England must either go dry or have local option.

The man in the pub, however—the genuine soaked-in-the-malt, soused-in-the-suds beer worshiper—hasn't a very good idea what you're talking about when you talk prohibition to him. Usually he laughs heartily at any mention of prohibition, conceiving such mention to be the height of facetiousness or a reference to a delicious drollery like tunneling to China. Sometimes he takes it seriously and takes his lips away from his stout long enough to curse Pussyfoot Johnson fluently. My vice-consular companion and I bought a number of drinks for an out-of-work carpenter in a pub about three hundred yards from Marble Arch. We then broached the subject of prohibition to him. He couldn't get the word at all, though each of us bawled it into his ear in turn. He didn't know what it meant. The only pro he knew anything about was pro-German. However, our efforts got him started.

He had had his drink, he said, ever since he was able to stand up at the bar and take his own. Some drinkers, now, make a great mistake—because they go without all the week and then hog it down on Saturday. He had never made that error. He always got his, regular—five or six times a day. He needed a shot of beer at 10:30 every day, and now that the pubs weren't open until noon he never felt right in the morning. These new, outlandish closing hours, he observed, were awful on the bus drivers and the other early workers, who suffered keenly unless they could get an early morning drink. He brooded over this to such an extent that he began to cry.

A Clubman's Views

We interviewed scores of workingmen on prohibition, and out of the number we found only one who had a good or a thoughtful word to say for it. That one man said that he'd just as soon it would come as not; if it came he might be able to save money a little faster and get over to Canada sooner, where a feller had a chance. The rest confined themselves to complaining bitterly because of the restricted hours for selling liquor, and to cursing the weakness of the beer. Before the war it was 5 per cent alcohol, during the war it was 3 per cent, and at present it is 4 per cent alcohol.

An English clubman gave me a good average wet English talk when I asked him about prohibition.

"What I mean," said he—the average Englishman is troubled with the what-I-mean affectation just at present; he likes to start a new sentence with "What I mean" even though nothing with any meaning at all has preceded the remark—"what I mean, it's a terrible thing for a rich country like America to inflict such a horrible thing on the rest of the world for money, you know. What I mean, the general effect of the idea is deplorable, what?"

"Just what has this, if true, got to do with prohibition?" I asked.

"Look here, old chap," he said, "what I mean, this Johnson intervention of yours is an idealistic-humanitarian intervention and all that sort of rot, what? For the good of mankind, isn't that so, old chap? Now don't be angry, you know; but you American chaps are so touchy; what I mean, you hate criticism and all that sort of thing; but really, old fellow, you won't mind this, will you now, what?"

"Don't mind me," I begged.

"What I mean," he continued firmly, "you pretend to be idealists, you know, but you don't come to us with clean hands. You say that whisky is poison, and then you turn around and perform your good deeds for all humanity by sending this poison out of your country and into other countries, and by taking payment and profit on it. What I mean, if it wrecks every home it enters, you should pour it down the drain and not send it to us, as you do, old chap. What? What I mean, how can you expect us to enthuse over prohibition if it works that way with you?"

"Do I understand you to say," I asked, "that the Anti-Saloon League is sending bad whisky to England?"

"Oh, my dear chap; no, no!" he said. "No, no! What I mean, America sends it, and also sends Johnson, what? It won't do, old fellow; really, you know, it won't wash, what I mean."

Now it was no use to carry this conversation to greater lengths. Some months ago there were shipments of very bad American whisky to England. These shipments were stopped in a very short time. Yet great numbers of educated Englishmen have somehow succeeded in twisting this fact firmly into their heads, and constantly use it as an argument as to why England should scorn and spurn the prohibition movement. It does no good to shriek and tear out handfuls of hair, for the Englishman at once becomes very superior and remarks: "What I mean, you know, you Americans do so resent a little criticism."

Thinking Englishmen Impressed

The Scotch temperance leaders say that English workmen are so sodden with beer that the country will never vote itself dry. The temperance people in the Strength of Britain Movement say that if England depends on local option to go dry it will be a fifty-year task. Pussyfoot Johnson, who is a good prohibition dopester, predicts a dry England by 1930.

And here is what two big Englishmen say. Lord Leverhulme, a millionaire soap manufacturer, says:

"One of the results of prohibition is that America is now saving £400,000,000 a year through prohibition. England owes America about £2,000,000,000, and if we were to save on our drink bill at the rate America is doing we should pay off our debt in five years. Now the lender of money is saving millions, and we are spending it. This policy is the reverse of what it should be. England's position is very much like that of a young man with a heavy mortgage on his home. He should cut down all unnecessary waste and concentrate upon production, with no waste.

"While I should prefer that alcohol should be obtainable, and that through strength of will rather than by strength of law it should not be consumed, I believe the policy of going dry in America means that in the world's race America has thrown away a heavy weight, and we, who are already behind in the race, are adding to our weight."

Sir James Hope Simpson, director and general manager of the Bank of Liverpool, and Martin's, Ltd., has recently returned to England from a visit to America. He was amazed by the benefits which prohibition had brought.

"I was impressed above all," he said, "by the enormous industrial advantage which the Americans have already begun to reap from their policy of the prohibition of drink. In my judgment prohibition has made America the most formidable industrial competitor that we have in the world."

The Prime Minister of England has said that if America stays dry for ten years England will have to go dry as well. He knows that his country cannot compete with a more-efficient dry America in the markets of the world. The big business men of England are rapidly waking up to the same fact. It might take the beer worshipers of England fifty years to vote themselves dry. If America stays dry, however, the beer worshipers will never be forced to suffer from an epidemic of writers' cramp from voting on that question; and the New Yorkers who lost money betting that prohibition would never come can recoup their losses by putting their money on Lloyd George's dope sheet for the prohibition sweepstakes.

Grinnell Gloves

"Best for every purpose"

"Le Triomphe"

Dovetex *Gloves make beautiful hands*

The new fashions of 1921 require beautiful gloves. The charm and grace of a well-gloved hand is the finishing touch of the toilet. Every woman wants her hands to appear at their best advantage. She wants them to express her good taste and her knowledge of the newest modes. That is why it is safe always to rely upon Grinnell Gloves for style, quality and appearance.

The illustration shows a fetching combination of "Dovetex" with lace. They are characterized by that minute perfection of detail which characterizes French design. Grinnell "Dovetex" gloves may be had in every style and shade that fashion dictates—long lengths, short lengths, perforated bracelet effects, strap tops, etc.

"Dovetex" gloves inaugurate the latest styles. The artistic beauty made possible by the use of this suèded fabric, which is so soft in texture and velvety in appearance, is instantly appreciated and is recognized as leather's rival. Ask your dealer to show them to you.

MORRISON-RICKER MANUFACTURING COMPANY
(Established 1856)
GRINNELL, IOWA, U. S. A.
200 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Copyright, 1921, by Morrison-Ricker Mfg. Co.

ADAMS
Pure Chewing Gum

MONEY MATTERS

(Continued from Page 10)

Pain always made her irritable, so she didn't bother to be as sympathetic as usual.

"A fortune like Nat's," Diana said, stroking her furs, "is an obligation like royal blood—*noblesse oblige*, you know. One can't do as one wants. I sometimes think it's turned Nat into someone not quite human. Well, I made my choice."

Lily didn't think Diana was being very interesting for her invalid's benefit.

"Oh, well," she said crossly, "if you're satisfied, I suppose it's all right. It's wonderful to understand it like that."

When she descended from her motor Diana had had no intention of passing the limit she had scrupulously maintained in her confidences—but she wasn't getting what she wanted.

She waited an instant, then produced what she knew would exterminate Lily.

"Did I ever tell you about my wedding night?" she asked slowly.

"No," Lily almost whispered.

"Rufe Thayer was just back from France," Diana began. "He'd—we'd quarreled. He bribed his way upstairs at Cousin Caroline's and stopped me on my way down. He begged me not to marry Nat. They were playing the wedding march downstairs. I had to weigh everything in that one instant.

"It isn't fair; you know it isn't. What do girls know about life? All I really thought of were those people waiting downstairs—not of Rufe at all. I left him in the firelight, with his hands full of my jasmine. That was my choice. I have that memory, and he has a handful of withered jasmine, and that's the end for both of us. You're the first person I've ever told it to. I just had to, somehow."

Lily was weak from pain, and she dissolved in tears. Diana withdrew with the mournful elation of a tragedienne after a superb exit.

The morning after Gerty arrived in New York she went to the French Pastry Shop for her coffee and rolls. Rufe Thayer sat finishing his breakfast when she entered.

"Bring your food here," he commanded. "Where have you been? I tried to get hold of you all last week for my party."

"I've been out visiting Di," she told him.

"Is she as glorious as ever?"

"More so, if anything," Gerty said; then, "Why don't you write to her?"

She would have died rather than make that suggestion had she known what Diana had said to Lily. She merely did so because she thought Diana had lost all perspective and needed some contact outside her little group of followers.

"She wouldn't care to hear from me," Rufe answered gloomily.

"Nonsense!" Gerty told him. "Don't be so Héloise and Abelard about it. You've been friends ever since you were in long clothes. Write her a nice funny letter to make her laugh. What was your party?"

"It was a triumph," Rufe informed her, "in the Roman sense. I sold Scribbler's a story for three hundred dollars. My dazzled friends gave me a dinner."

"This is terrible!" Gerty said, ashamed at how pleased she felt. "You've arrived! Don't expect me to be very agreeable about it."

Rufe finished his coffee.

"It's great to have you back," he informed her.

"I am not the rose, but I have lived near the rose," she ventured without asperity.

"Rats!" he retorted. "You're my grand old Gert. Give me your check. I can't wait, but I'll pay for you."

"Ostentation!" she said, handing it over. "You'll be cutting me next."

He waved good-by as he passed the window hurrying down the street.

"If he'd only get over Diana," she said to herself, "and I could see him every day for a month ——"

She didn't finish the sentence; it was all too unimaginable.

Three months later Gerty had a telegram from her sister. It read:

East Friday. Clothes. Stay with me Saint Regent. Reserve rooms. Get something decent to wear. DIANA.

Gerty made an appointment with Rufe for luncheon at the Hasty Snail to surprise him with the news. He had known it a fortnight.

"Do you mean to say she actually answers your letters?" she asked. He nodded.

"You asked me to write her because she's lonely, didn't you?" he said after a pause.

"Indeed, I did not!" Gerty answered, a little alarmed. "Lonely! Not with Lily Lee around! Lily has a vacuum-cleaner brain and a waterproof shoulder. You couldn't be lonely with her for an audience."

"That sounds like a page of captions," he commented.

"I'm doing a spread," Gerty admitted, "for Farm and Hearth. It's called Country Girls Who Have Married Royalty, and is a work of encouragement."

"It's not like you to be flip about Di's unhappiness," he barked back to his subject.

She decided that he was seeking information.

"What in the world makes you think she's unhappy?" she parried.

"Her letters."

"Never believe anything you read between the lines if it rather flatters you," Gerty advised him.

"Oh, it's perfectly plain!" he expostulated. "Why shouldn't she be? Nat's just cooped her up with a lot of servants and left her."

"I have only one request," Gerty told him. "Wait till you see her."

She could count on Rufe not to be such a fool as those women.

"Thank the Lord I haven't broken into that three hundred," he said irrelevantly. "I can get some new dinner clothes."

"The very thought of Diana is expensive," Gerty commented. "I've been trying to find excuses for my wardrobe ever since I got that wire."

Diana arrived the next Friday at two o'clock. It was an icy February day. She was lovely in a squirrel cape and a feather toque which looked like the scarlet chest of a very angry tropical bird. She had bought them in order not to look dowdy when she arrived. Gerty hadn't let Rufe come to the station. She knew Di's entries.

"Hello!" Diana said, kissing her. "That terrible hat! I'm going to have Lizzie take the luggage up, and go and look at the shops."

To Diana the Pennsylvania Station was the ante-cavern to Ali Baba's cave. Her passion for acquisition tolerated no delay. Within half an hour she had bought a hat of the sort which decrees a shopping trip is to be successful. She found the clothes charming. Shop people remembered her name—a new dignity for Diana. They urged her to have things sent on approval. It was all intoxicating.

Rufe's three hundred permitted the orchids waiting for Diana at her hotel. It did not warrant them, as Gerty pointed out. Diana turned on her.

"Don't begrudge me them," she said, little pink spots coming into her cheeks. "I've had enough to bear this winter. Don't be sordid, for heaven's sake!"

"Rufe can't afford them," Gerty reiterated. "He lived on next to nothing until he sold that story."

"Well, he sold it, didn't he?" Diana asked. "He's in now; he won't have any more trouble."

"I wish you wrote the rules of the literary game," Gerty said.

"Where are we going to-night?" Diana asked, brushing aside the unpleasantness with fine superiority.

"Rufe has two tickets for Leggo. I'm going to stay here and write."

"I suppose we'd best be getting dressed."

Gerty approached her suitcase with misgivings.

"Now don't have a fit, Di," she begged. "My bridesmaid dress is perfectly all right for dinner."

"Gerty, I told you to get something."

"I haven't the courage, Di. I priced things and ran."

"We'll go the first thing in the morning."

They dined together hilariously, all three. Rufe wore his new dinner clothes, and admitted it had cost him a pang to rip off the price tag.

"You were a fool to buy them," Gerty said. "If you'd followed my tactics and come in rags Di would have had her tailor whip you up something perfectly presentable."

(Continued on Page 93)

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(Continued from Page 91)

"Great!" Rufe said. "I could have had 'Costumes by Mrs. Nathaniel Haskell' at the bottom of my cards."

Gerty shook her head.

"Ever since that girl has been married," she said, "she's made me feel like the horseleech's daughter crying, 'Give, give!'"

Diana rippled her laugh and called them both absurd.

Gerty was still at work when Diana returned.

"Good play?" she asked.

"Awfully! Heavenly colors! I love the clothes this year. Do you think my hair looks gawky?"

"It's stunning."

"I don't know. They seem to be doing it awfully simple."

She rang for Lizzie.

"What do you think of Rufe?" she asked.

"I think he's a peach. What do you?"

There was a pause.

"I don't know," Diana said at last.

That was not alarming.

Much later, after she was in bed, she raised herself on her elbow.

"I just love the clothes this year!" she declaimed dreamily.

Diana was up betimes next morning, dragging Gerty about the shops, dubitating, getting options, moving on, rushing back to forestall or dissolve them, adjusting—the sort of thing which always achieved Gerty's exhaustion. They went to Rufe Thayer's room for tea.

"Slummy," was Diana's adjective when she talked it over with Gerty later.

It was furnished in a period which dented even scrupulous cleanliness its credit. Gerty's reaction, however, was not like Diana's. Every detail of that room etched itself on her brain with an acid more powerful than mere beauty. She could go to bed at night and reconstruct it all; the photograph of the flying field in France, and the one of Rufe being decorated; the W. B. Hill cartoon of a returned aviator; the walnut desk with its litter of papers; the maroon-velvet smoking coat over the desk chair; the rime sheet pinned above the cherry mantel. It was all disturbingly eloquent of Rufe's gift for vivid experience. Combined with her fatigue, it robbed her of all conversation. She sat near an open window and learned the poem on the rime sheet. It was Vespers, by T. E. Brown.

Oh, blackbird, what a boy you are!
How you do go it!
Blowing your bugle to that one sweet star!
How you do blow it!
And does she hear you, blackbird boy, so far?
Or is it wasted breath?
"Good Lord! She is so bright,
To-night!"
The blackbird saith.

Glancing at Diana, with her petal-textured skin and her sweet, fringed eyelids, Gerty knew what he meant when he pinned it there. Good Lord, she was so bright! So bright in that dingy room!

"And somewhere here," she thought to herself, "he has some old jasmine—oh, damn it!"

"What's the matter, Gert?" Rufe asked. "You're about as sprightly as the plume on a hearse."

"It isn't good for the conversation," she replied, "to find suddenly that you've worn off both legs to the knee."

That evening at dinner she went to the other extreme, and became garrulous. She drew a touching picture of Diana in Hickman's, drawing into consultation all the saleswomen, the owner of the shop, the lessee of the shop, the president of the bank he patronized, his congressman and his United States senators as to the angle of a bit of monkey fur which she finally decided was better left off. Then she became strangely elated in her description of a game she had invented to play in the elevator. It consisted in counting the number of people who waited until just before their floors were reached before telling the boy where to let them out, and was based on the hypothesis that the higher they lived the more ashamed they were.

"I am the worst of them," Gerty said. "But as there's only one floor above us, I can usually exhaust them all. Occasionally, though, some stern old lady sails on up in rigid silence, convinced that I think she lives just midway."

"It is horrid to be so high," Diana said. "But I'm paying fifty dollars a day for the suite, and I think it would be just criminal to pay more when I'm really here to buy clothes."

Gerty said that her remark was intended by way of a reproach. She was accustomed to a room a little below street level, for which she paid twenty-five dollars a month. Diana mustn't think she could be poked in anywhere.

"Have you a fever?" Diana asked.

"Of course I haven't!"

Diana felt her cheek.

"You have!" she announced. "You're going to be sick. Get right into bed!"

Rufe wanted to go and get some whisky he had in his room, but Gerty protested so fiercely that he didn't. She even forced him to start to the theater with Diana before she obeyed her sister.

Next morning Gerty had a furious cold and a fever. The flu epidemic was too recent to sanction imprudence, so she stayed in bed. It was Sunday. Rufe took Diana to the Russian Church, to Claremont for luncheon, to the Metropolitan to see a collection of fans, to the Plaza to tea. They dined at the Saint Regent and sped off to the Palace for vaudeville.

Gerty was dopily glad there was someone to keep Di entertained. She stayed in bed for four more days. They were days of complete relaxation, of a quiet Saharan in comparison with her noisy room, of food when she pleased, Lizzie to brush her hair and bring her books, and all the sleep she'd been missing for months. During those days Diana appeared occasionally and her purchases almost hourly. The room filled over and over with lovely colored fabrics and gay hats and soft furs. They stayed a day or so, then crowded into closets and drawers to make room for new.

While she lay there Gerty discovered a curious fact. Diana had completely forgotten that she had ever been poor, and was a little dubious as to the actual existence of poverty in the world. She had come to believe that since childhood she had been surfeited with possessions; that while such things meant little to her, Nat was rather mean to set limitations on her allowance. It would have been so much simpler to have sent bills to him than to abide by his rule of a definite allowance and instant payment for everything.

There was a glaring reason for Diana's feeling on that score. Even her allowance was exhaustible, and by the end of Gerty's four days it was gasping for breath. By Thursday Diana announced that she would have to go home the following Tuesday and economize until her next quarter came due.

"And," she ended her lament, "I don't know why I buy such clothes. There's no one in Cincinnati who'll appreciate them."

It was the noble lament of the artist whose only real mentor is an inner voice.

Rufe was Diana's escort during the lighter moments of those four days. He arranged them with the conscientious purpose of exhibiting as many facets of New York as possible.

Every night after the theater they danced at a different place with a different set. Diana had invitations from others, but she refused them; Gerty imagined, because it was more convenient to command Rufe than be tied to the definite hours of more formal acquaintances.

When Gerty was about again she used to dine with them, then be taken home to go to bed early. It was at those dinners that she felt for the first time since she had been included in Rufe's parties for Di that she had become that unfortunate fruit—the gooseberry. She tried to tell herself that it was because she had been ill and was supersensitive, but the impression persisted. Some vague worry began to keep her awake. Worry about what? Diana wasn't a fool.

Diana was to leave at six o'clock on Wednesday evening. Tuesday night when she came in she didn't slip into bed as noiselessly as usual. She waited until Lizzie had gone, then came and sat beside her sister.

"It's coming," Gerty said to herself, not knowing what.

"Awake?" Diana asked.

"Half."

"I've got something to tell you. Rufe and I are going to be married."

"Going to be what?" Gerty screamed, sitting bolt upright.

"Hush! Lizzie would just love to hear this."

"Don't expect me to take it calmly. You're joking, Di!"

"I'm going to get a divorce as soon as it can be arranged. I'll have to go to Reno or

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some awful place, I suppose; but I can't go through another year like this."

"You're perfectly insane!"

"Why?"

"Do you happen to know how much Rufe makes a year—at the outside?"

"Do you think that kind of consideration should make me stay with a man I don't love?"

"But, Di, you can't be poor!"

"Oh, stop talking money to me! I hate it! I hate it!" Diana said with a gesture like Lady Macbeth's in laying aside her crown. "Can't you see that it means nothing to me?"

Gerty, lying awake, puzzling it out, decided that Diana thought Nat would give her money. There was even an awful possibility that he might. Whether he would or not, the idea must be stamped out.

When Diana awoke next morning Gerty turned from the dressing table with a question:

"What are you going to live on?"

Diana spent a moment getting her wits together.

"None of your business," was the glittering result of their collection.

"I just wanted to point out that the courts don't award alimony for being the worst wife in the world."

"I'm not counting on alimony," she returned—she wasn't—definitely. "And," she concluded, "I think it's just low of you to keep harping on that. We haven't discussed such things. Rufe hates them as much as I do."

"I don't see any reason for having a fit. I just asked you a simple question."

"You just asked it to be nasty. I'm giving up everything in the world for Rufe. I should think you'd at least respect that."

"I wish I thought you knew it. You think Rufe will wait on you hand and foot until he makes enough to hire someone else to do it. You think the clothes you've bought will last until he makes money to get you more. You've stayed with Nat just long enough to get a trousseau to marry Rufe."

Diana got out of bed and fixed her sister with relentless eyes. "If you say one word more," she announced, "you can get out and I'll never speak to you again! Do you hear? Never, and I mean it!"

Gerty knew that it was true.

There was an electric pause while Diana put on a *peignoir* and rang for Lizzie.

"You're to help Lizzie pack," she announced. "Order breakfast first, and have them make out my bill. Rufe is coming to tea. I don't want you to say one word to him, and I want you to promise not to argue with him after I've gone."

"Do you?" Gerty inquired rebelliously.

Diana went to her tub.

Gerty felt that she mustn't be weak, but after a tyranny of twenty-three years instant insurrection was difficult. She ordered breakfast; that, at least, could do no harm. During the meal Diana talked sedulously of impersonal things.

When it was done she said, "I'm going out. I won't be back until tea time."

She then left, and Gerty, who had postponed her battle until after breakfast, found herself without an opponent.

Gerty packed Diana's clothes all morning and kept thinking something hopeless about, "If there were only some happiness in it for someone; but Di suits Nat, and she'll kill Rufe, and it's the end of me."

She was resolved that she would fight the situation if she found the means or the courage; but after a morning's search she had to admit that she had discovered neither. The two great devotions of her life provided poor ammunition for her campaign. If she could get hold of Nat she felt she might accomplish something; but Nat was in Canada, and Diana left at six o'clock. After Diana reached Cincinnati it would be too late. Gerty remembered Lily Lee's technic as a distributor of gossip, and shuddered.

Diana appeared at four-fifteen, radiant and unperturbed.

"I've spent my last penny," she announced. "When Lizzie and I get back I'll have just enough to tip the porter."

Gerty judged correctly that she hadn't given the matter of Rufe one moment's consideration. Her ruling passion had claimed her utterly.

"I'll buy tea then," Gerty offered.

"I had it put on the bill this morning when I paid it," Diana explained. "I guess I won't change. I think this suit's all right to travel in, don't you?"

Gerty did, and the telephone rang announcing Rufe. Diana issued a command:

"You go out just as soon as you've had tea."

Gerty despised herself for feeling certain that she would.

The bell rang and Lizzie admitted Rufe. He carried a great bundle from which protruded a wire handle.

"Something for you to carry home, Lizzie," he said. Then thrusting his head through the door—"Hello! I've got a present for you, Di. Something to remind you of me."

"I hope it's a macaw," Diana said. "I always adored them—and you are a flamingo, you know."

"It's not," he answered, came in and put the bundle on the center table.

Diana tore off the wrappings. It was a cage, and inside sat a Brazilian monkey about eighteen inches tall, with sad, deep-set eyes and a long, coiling tail.

"What a darling!" Diana said. "Will he bite or anything?"

Gerty wished Rufe knew, as she did, that Diana wasn't pleased. She herself couldn't resist the little creature, and bent over the cage trying to scratch his head.

"Of course he won't," she said, "but he's awfully timid."

He had put his tiny arms over his head and buried his face in the straw, like a shy child hiding in its mother's lap.

"What's his name?" Diana asked, glad to have Gerty distracted.

Rufe wondered whether Gerty had been told the news. He rather hoped she hadn't.

"I think he's called Sebastian," he informed Diana. "He is an old, old pirate. He has seen 'towns burned, and murder done, and great kings turned to a little, bitter mold.' That's what has depressed him."

"I don't imagine it was the burning or the murder," Gerty remarked to the monkey. "I guess it was because the kings turned to a little bitter mold instead of nice rotten bananas. Wasn't it, Sebastian?"

"In any case he's a melancholy creature like me," Rufe said, "and a ridiculous one. I hope he'll amuse you."

Tea arrived and Diana poured it. Gerty realized that so far she had been distracted from her offensive; looked once again for courage to say something to Rufe; again discovered none, and began wondering whether she'd best leave as Diana's ukase had directed.

"Let's let Sebastian out," she suggested.

Rufe was enthusiastic. They closed the doors of the room and opened Sebastian's cage. He hid in the straw, all but two bright eyes and a furry forehead. It was only after they had pretended to ignore him that he emerged with a caution which indicated that he thought the action surreptitious.

Gerty got an apple she had in her room and held it so quietly that Sebastian at last took it gingerly and scurried to the fireplace, where he sat in a corner holding the bright fruit and looking like a detail from some old Dutch picture.

"Well, Gerty," Diana said, carefully casual, "I think you'd best start if you're going to take back that hat for me."

Her tone left no doubt as to her meaning.

"Why not let Lizzie take it back?" Gerty temporized.

"She's packing her own things, and she's awfully tired."

It was Gerty's last instant of opportunity. She made a desperate effort.

"Di's told me, Rufe," she said. "I think it's rotten of both of you."

"Gerty!" Di cried.

"Do you?" Rufe asked, glad it was coming out after all.

"I do! It's a rotten thing to do to Nat."

"Nat knew I was in love with Di when I was in France, didn't he?" Rufe inquired with spurious calm.

"You weren't married, or even engaged."

"Has he treated her so well that his rights ought to be respected?"

"He certainly has!"

"He has not!" Rufe returned with what was meant to be the accent of finality. Before Gerty could reply he rose and called, "Here, Sebastian!"

There may have been some trace of the violence Rufe felt toward Nat in his tone; possibly his gesture was too abrupt. In either case, Sebastian flung him a terrified glance, stood poised on three paws, then with one bound disappeared up the chimney, apple and all.

"Catch him!" Diana screamed.

(Continued on Page 97)

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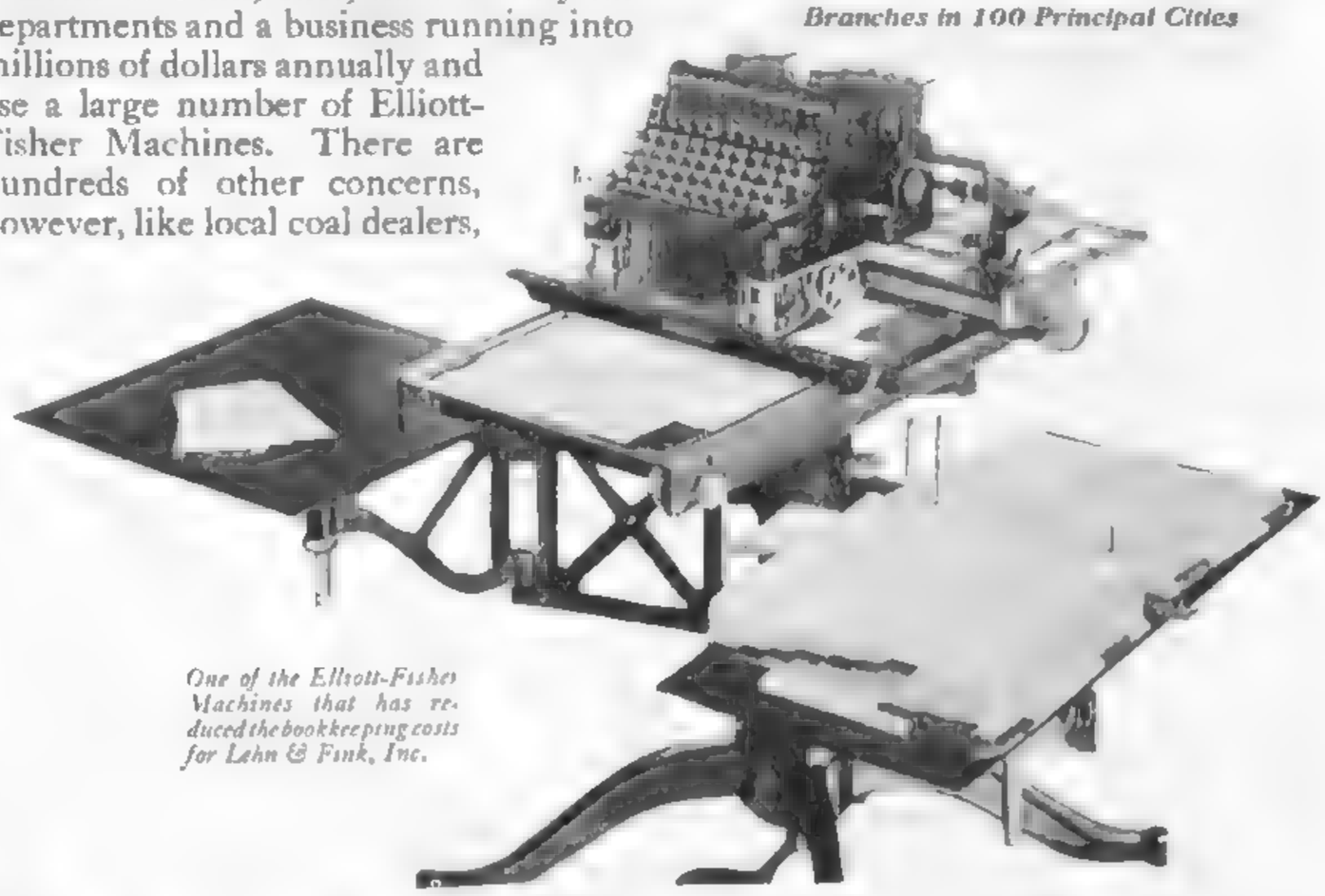

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The unquenchable desire, the undefeatable will of man for better things, lives and acts. Change rides over stagnation. The sun of service is awakening the world.

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(Continued from Page 94)

Rufe dived for the fireplace, lit a match and peered up the chimney. He was rewarded by seeing Sebastian, who had paused on a ledge about eight feet up, scramble out of sight.

"See him?" Gerty asked.

"He's gone on up."

"He'll freeze if he gets out in the air. We'll have to catch him on the roof right away. Come on."

"Have either of you a flash light?" Rufe asked.

"I have," Diana said. She ran and got it.

"I'll stay here," she announced as she handed it over. "Hurry!"

"Hold him if he comes back," Rufe admonished her. Then he and Gerty rushed down the hall, found a red light indicating the stairway, raced up two flights, found themselves in the hotel laundry, demanded the way to the roof of a flurry of amazed washerwomen, were shown up a short flight and emerged in an orchard of chimneys high above the city. It was already dusk. The streets below were alive with lights like fireflies, only more stolid or more purposeful.

"Have you any idea which is our chimney?" Gerty demanded.

"I'll find it," Rufe promised. "Go and get something to stuff in the top so that the little devil won't freeze."

Gerty made her way back to the laundry. The washerwomen crowded about her, as interested as though someone had fainted. She begged a basket of soiled towels and started back.

"Wait, dearie," one of the women called to her. "Sure, I'm comin' with you."

There was a great titter of applause from the rest. The speaker snatched up a black knitted strip and wadded it about herself, caught one handle of the basket and led the way up the stair.

"I'm Mrs. Curran," she introduced herself. "I ain't took a moment off since Mrs. Mazzarro fell down that day and broke her hip. It was me took her home. Awful pain she was in! They took three inches of bone out of her leg. I sat with her when they cut. It was a grand sight. I been in the hospital twice myself."

They emerged. Rufe hadn't located their chimney yet. They went with him along the rows, peering down while he flashed on the light. Gerty sighted Sebastian first. He sat on a ledge just out of reach and clutched his apple to his heart.

"Here, Sebastian!" Gerty begged him. "Come to your aunt. It's too cold for you there."

Sebastian gave a look of exhausted caution, apparently realized that the distance was too great for snatching, and blinked, but did not stir. Rufe put his head in the opening.

"Past!" he hissed. "Scat! Get out of here!"

They flashed the light again. Sebastian was gone.

"Di'll catch him," Rufe concluded. "I never expected to go monkey hunting in New York in February, did you?"

"Isn't it a circus?"

"Perfectly rare!"

"Did you see him, Mrs. Curran?" Gerty asked her adherent.

"He's the breathin' image of me own father," Mrs. Curran enunciated with awful distinctness, "and him dead this twenty years. I'll not sleep the black of your finger nail this night, the sight give me such a turn."

They stuffed the chimney with the towels, Mrs. Curran saying, "Get in the house, dearie, before you get the ammonia. It's that way I lost my own aunt, and many another's gone the same road. She was one of them fat women. When the doctor see her chest he said she had no chance, there was too much room for it to work in."

"It's a terrible sickness," Gerty agreed.

"There's none worse," Mrs. Curran said, "but there's many as bad. There's gallstones. I had a cousin had gallstones so she'd writhe. She never could bring herself to be cut. 'Oh, the anguish!' she'd say to me."

Gerty was glad they had reached the laundry. Rufe's presence, combined with Mrs. Curran's passion for anatomy, was somewhat alarming. They dropped her and returned to Diana.

"Catch him?" Rufe asked as he opened the door.

Diana was on her knees before the fireplace.

"There hasn't been a sign of him," she answered.

Rufe knelt beside her and thrust the flash light up.

"He's on a lower ledge," he announced. "He looks sadder than ever. His is a beauty into which the soul has entered. Put him beside one of those white Greek goddesses ——"

"Don't be funny, Rufe," Diana begged. "Get him out. I've got to go down to my train in less than an hour. What an awful afternoon!"

"I'll get him," Rufe promised, and took off his coat and waistcoat. He went up the chimney as far as its size permitted, reached for the ledge and found nothing there but soot. He reappeared looking like an end man ten minutes before curtain rise.

"If you can't get him out," Diana said, "we'll have to leave him. I hate to, but I can't stay over. See if Lizzie's had my trunk taken down, will you, Gerty?"

Gerty had often said that Di regarded any train as lost for which she didn't have to wait in the station half an hour. She had never missed one. She had a loyalty toward a Pullman reservation which had something of the sacramental in its character. It was urging her downstairs.

"If you've got almost an hour," Rufe said, "that's time enough to smoke him out. Go up to the roof, Gert. He may try to push out the towels and escape that way."

Gerty took Diana's squirrel cape, left Rufe beginning a smudge, and acquired Mrs. Curran, who reassumed her shawl and pinned on a hat which sat her head like a bird forced by convention to sit on a very uncomfortable thorn during a serenade.

"Wasn't the lady able to hold him?" Mrs. Curran asked. "Ain't they slippery, though, them sad-lookin' ones? You should have seen my old man of a Saturday night before the Bright's took him. There's an ailment for you, dearie. Do you know how it takes a body?"

She summarized its advantages with the zest of a connoisseur.

As hardly a wisp of smoke filtered through the towels, Gerty judged that it must be unendurable in the chimney, and expected Rufe to appear at any moment.

Downstairs Rufe was lighting his fifth twisted newspaper and holding it up the chimney.

"You'd best protest, Di," he advised over his shoulder. "They may put it in your bill if I burn down the hotel. I'm safe with the pitiful immunity of poverty."

"I do protest," Diana said. "We'll have to leave him up there. My train goes in twenty minutes."

There was a fusillade of raps on the door, and Diana opened it, expecting Gerty. Instead infuriated authority burst upon them—in a morning coat.

"What business haf you to make that fire?" it demanded.

Herr Herman Roeder of the Saint Regent staff had submitted to being a Swiss for four years of hostility to Teutonic names and Prussian Guard exteriors. His humiliations had not taught him charity. A coward when in the minority, he was a bully when he felt himself supported. At the moment he represented a righteously outraged management.

"That's not a fire," Rufe informed him, turning the face of a coal heaver. "It's a smudge. I'm trying to get a monkey out of your chimney."

"You haf let a monkey up the chimney?" Herr Roeder gasped, astonishment rendering his rage almost speechless.

"Leave him there, Rufe," Diana said with superb hauteur. "I've given up my rooms. They can return him when he gets out."

Rufe rose from the hearth.

"We do not allow rooms to be given up in such conditions," Herr Roeder announced. "Could we rent a rooms where a monkey may come from the chimney and murder our guests?"

"All right then," Rufe responded, "I'll get him out."

He knelt again and began to light another paper.

"But I haf said stop!" Herr Roeder screamed, making a rush at him.

Rufe rose and eyed him.

"Don't touch me, Fritz," he said simply.

There was a breathless moment, then Herr Roeder deigned an explanation.

"You make smoke in three other rooms," he said. "The chimney has flues. The other guests telephone there is a fire. They are wild."

Explanation is the stingy half brother of apology. It was a triumph for Rufe.

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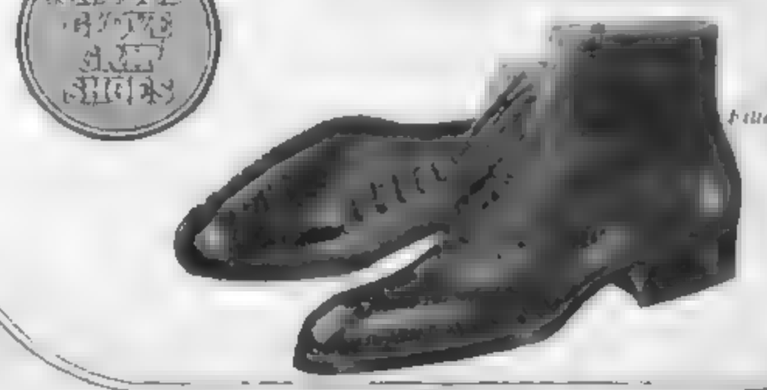

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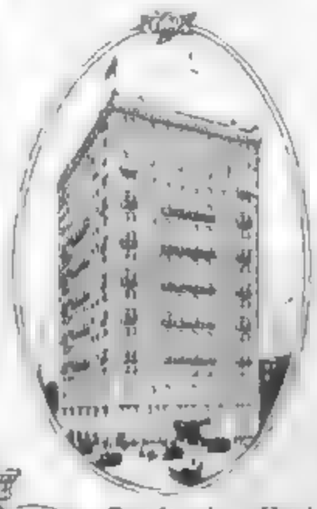
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"Why didn't you say so in the first place?" he inquired, rubbing the outer layer of soot from his hands.

Herr Roeder saw his splendid opportunity for self-assertion evaporating.

"You are Mr. Haskell?" he asked.

"No; I was calling when the monkey ran up the chimney."

Herr Roeder turned to Diana.

"Why you have a monkey here?" he questioned her. "Pets is not allowed."

"Leave this room!" Diana commanded. "It's no pleasure for me to have a monkey up the chimney, I assure you, and I'm not accustomed to impertinence."

Herr Roeder fixed his gaze on Rufe.

"This man iss visiting you here?" he asked with condemnatory inflection.

Diana blushed.

"Mr. Thayer," she explained, "is calling on my sister."

Herr Roeder withdrew in triumph.

"I'll have Lizzie cancel my reservation," Diana said icily. "She can go West with the luggage." She rang the bell.

"For God's sake, Di, what's the matter?" Rufe stopped her.

"Why did you let that man be so impertinent?"

"You have to be conscious of about two million behind you to sass a man in a morning coat."

Diana was not in the mood for persiflage.

"Do you?" she said.

Rufe made for the outer door, soot, shirt sleeves and wild hair forgotten. Something in his stride alarmed Diana.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"I'm going downstairs and spank that little Hun before the whole lobby."

She knew he meant it. It made her gasp—not with displeasure. She caught his arm.

"You're going to do nothing of the sort!" she informed him. "Why, Rufe, you're insane!"

By that time he was horribly ashamed of the passion he'd been in.

"You see what you can do to me," he said.

"Go and wash your face," she directed.

While he was doing so she gave directions to Lizzie. When he came back it seemed best to both to ignore the incident.

"I'd better go and get Gert," he suggested. "Have dinner with me to-night at the Hasty Snail?"

"Oh, no place grubby, Rufe," she pleaded; "not after this afternoon."

"All right," he agreed; "we'll dine in beauty. Shall I ask Gerty?"

"She'll have to stay here and catch that monkey. I've sent Lizzie on."

"I can't be very annoyed at Sebastian," he confessed. "He's given me another dinner with you."

At that moment she almost agreed with him.

"Gerty must be frozen stiff," he said remorsefully, and went to get her.

He found her listening to Mrs. Curran's account of the last agonies of a baby sister who had died when Mrs. Curran was ten.

"Not a sign of Sebastian," Gerty announced.

"We had to stop our smudge," he told her. "Order of the management. An agent from the Wilhelmstrasse came in and insulted us."

"But where is Sebastian?"

"There are three flues from the chimney. It means that he may get out into any one of four rooms."

"What are we going to do?"

"Hunger will get him out," Rufe said.

They started in.

"And speaking of hunger," he went on, "can you lend me ten dollars? I'm taking Di to dinner, and she doesn't want to go down to the Square, where I'm trusted."

"Do you think ten will be enough?"

"If you must know the truth, I didn't think you'd have any more."

"Here's twelve," she said. "You'd best order a good egg dish. Eggs are so wholesome."

"Thanks awfully, Gert."

"I have a check coming from the Argus to-morrow."

"I wish I had. I've got to get to work."

"You won't while Di's around," Gerty prophesied. "I never yet heard a serenade sung with a worm in the mouth."

They had reached the laundry. Mrs. Curran signaled her departure by drawing Gerty aside.

"I hope you don't never have no children," she said, eying Rufe. "My sister's had nine, and what she's gone through! I just puts them things out of my mind."

Gerty said she wasn't married.

"The Lord forgive my old tongue!" Mrs. Curran exclaimed in real embarrassment. "Sure, I'd never have said it had I known."

Gerty found her a dollar toward the bottom of her purse, then she and Rufe went on.

He left her at Diana's floor with a message for Diana that he'd be back at eight.

"Haven't you caught that idiotic creature?" was her sister's greeting.

Gerty had to admit failure.

"I'll have to ask Nat for money," Di moaned. "He just hates me to overdraw."

"You won't be overdrawing long, Di," Gerty reminded her.

Diana went into the bathroom and slammed the door.

Gerty had dinner in their drawing-room. She first considered taking a sandwich at the dairy lunch across the street, an institution supported handsomely by the economies of the hotel's guests, then changed her mind. She ordered a magnificent dinner, ate it in lonely splendor, added a generous tip to her bill, signed it, descended to the street and walked until she found a telegraph office. She didn't dare wire from the hotel lest Diana should in some way discover that she had. The telegram went to Nat. It read:

"Come at once. We need you. Amusing predicament. Diana doesn't think you should be disturbed. Don't tell her I wired.

"GERTY."

She sent it as a straight message, and it took her last penny, then she walked back ebulliently.

When she opened the door of the suite, however, her heart dropped to stomach level. On the mulberry couch sat a familiar figure under a hat like an uneasy bird. It was Mrs. Curran, and in her arms she held Sebastian.

"I brought him back to you, dearie," she said; "but don't mind your pretty manners with thankin' me. He's all right but for a little wheeze to his lungs like Aunt Biddy's when she come home that time I was tellin' you of. A spoon of whisky and he'd be right again."

"Where was he?" Gerty asked from the wreck of her plan.

"On the roof," Mrs. Curran responded. "I went up to give one last look, and there he sat under the towels he'd pushed out, like a lamb in its nest."

"Do you want him?" Gerty asked, realizing that Diana might be back at any moment and she must act quickly.

"Sure, dearie, I've no place to keep him in. It was for you I brought him down."

"I'll get some whisky," Gerty said.

Rufe had brought her his the morning after she was taken ill. She got the bottle and administered two teaspoonfuls while Sebastian struggled like a fiend.

Mrs. Curran must be got rid of before further action was possible.

"I haven't a penny to give you, Mrs. Curran," Gerty told her, "and my sister's out, so I can't borrow from her."

"Will she be long?" Mrs. Curran inquired placidly.

"I'm afraid so," Gerty fibbed, adding frantically, "Would you like the rest of the whisky instead?"

There was almost half a bottle of it. Mrs. Curran passed her hand across her eyes as though she were dazed, then rose and clasped the flask to her bosom.

"May the blessed saints bless and preserve you!" she intoned. "May they guard you from every disease of the liver and kidneys! May they shield you from them things you catch from going out with too few clothes, and them I talked to you about this afternoon. May the good Lord forgive me! May you never feel the need of this, and may more be given you in abundance!"

She was in a kind of mystic rapture. There was no use trying to be polite.

"I'm awfully grateful," Gerty said, "but there's something I have to do, and I'll have to ask you ——"

Mrs. Curran didn't hear.

"There's been no such gift since Michael give the leper his water from the holy spring," she said, then resumed her litany from the materia medica.

Sebastian hopped to the table and began eating the remains of an artichoke hungrily if unsteadily.

Gerty took Mrs. Curran's arm, called "So good of you, thank you so much. I appreciate it tremendously," in a voice which drowned Mrs. Curran's chant, propelled her to the door, shouted good-by

(Continued on Page 101)

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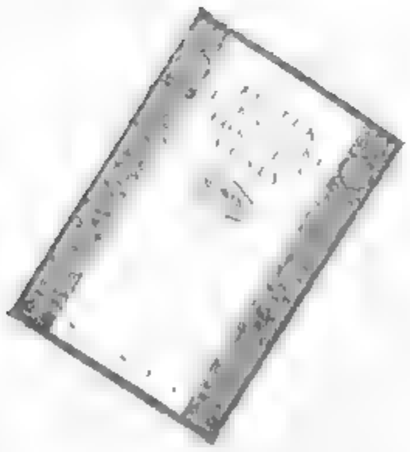

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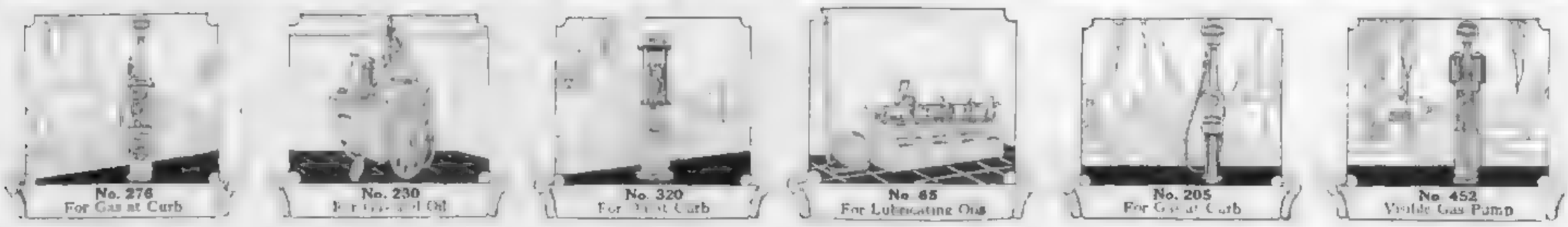

(Continued from Page 98)

and closed it on her benedictions. She then concentrated on Sebastian. He was still at the artichoke. She approached him gently, caught him in both hands, carried him to the fireplace and thrust him up the chimney.

"Go up, you bad little thing!" she admonished him. "Shoo—go up!"

Sebastian slipped from her grasp, flew to the table and began nibbling another leaf of the artichoke.

"Shoo!" Gerty commanded. "Scat!" Sebastian leered up warily.

She went to the table and reached for him. He was suddenly on the couch, still clutching a bit of artichoke like a worried traveler dashing from a buffet.

She pretended she had no interest in him, walked nonchalantly in his direction, then snatched. Before the snatch was complete he had cleared the couch, caught a portière and scrambled up it. At the top he hung and gibbered insults. He was so much faster than she!

Glancing at the clock she saw Diana was already late. It gave her the ingenuity of desperation.

She put forth a cautious hand and took a plate.

Sebastian was still on the curtain rod, teetering up and down with outraged nerves.

"Yow!" she screamed.

He jumped and she let fly the plate. It grazed his head and shattered against the wall like a bomb. He gave one terrified Slavic cry and leaped to the very center of the room.

"Yow!" Gerty yelled again, springing at him.

In his panic flight he overturned a chair. Gerty cracked her knee against it and hurtled down. One of its thin legs snapped beneath her. As she fell she was aware that Sebastian had reached the fireplace, and by some method, too complicated for a bound and too swift for a scrabble, had projected himself up it to safety. It was such a relief she could almost ignore her knee. She balanced the chair on its broken leg in a corner and was picking up the pieces of plate when Diana opened the door.

"Have a good time?" Gerty inquired.

Diana considered the matter.

"I don't know why I did, but I did," she said at last. "It does something to me to be with him."

Then she noticed what Gerty was doing.

"You haven't broken a plate?" she wailed.

The fact needed no confirmation.

"I've thought of something, though," Gerty said brightly. "You can probably get quite a lot for your pearls."

"To waste paying fifty dollars a day for these rooms?" Diana demanded fiercely.

"I was just trying to be helpful," Gerty apologized.

"Well, don't suggest anything more," her sister requested. "You just make me nervous."

Diana then went to bed and tossed. After what seemed like half the night, Gerty remonstrated with her.

"Do lie still, Di. I feel as though I were in the room with a pair of horses."

"I just hate it," Diana announced.

"What?"

"Being poor. Poor people can't afford any emotions."

Gerty drifted off very pleasantly after that, in spite of Diana's restlessness and her knee.

They breakfasted at the dairy lunch. Gerty insisted on that measure of economy. Diana looked up and down the street to assure herself she wasn't seen by anyone she knew before she slipped in, and when they had found inconspicuous places she sat over her food as though she were cold.

Gerty was amused that the thick china so poisoned the good food to Di's taste. She approached it with all the relish a heroine of old-fashioned melodrama was supposed to exhibit on being plied with strong drink.

Back in their rooms it was Diana who suggested putting bananas and milk in the fireplace to lure Sebastian. Gerty's usual resourcefulness seemed to have failed her completely. They read the papers with a dry-fingered Sunday feeling until Rufe arrived at eleven. He entered with another great bundle under his arm, and an air of pride.

"I have solved our problem," he boasted, "by the mere application of my mentality. We shall have Sebastian in half an hour."

"Thank heaven!" Diana said.

"This was my method," Rufe went on. "First, I asked, what keeps Sebastian up the chimney? Answer: Fear. Second, what is stronger than fear?" He glanced at Gerty.

"Hunger," she hazarded.

"Correct," he admitted, "but inadequate because of the apple. Ladies and gentlemen, the answer I gave myself and confidently expected from you is—love."

He pulled the paper from the package. It had covered a second cage in which sat a second monkey.

"She is the Phryne of her kennels," he explained. "I borrowed her. She will draw him as the well-known lodestar draws its load."

"We'll just have two of them up the chimney," Diana predicted.

"She's chained," Rufe assured her. "Come, Phryne!"

He carried her to the fireplace and fastened her chain to an andiron.

"Now all we have to do," he told them, "is sit quietly and wait."

He then got a chair and sat down on it before Gerty noticed that it was the one she'd broken the night before. It collapsed with a sound which threw Phryne into a *crise de nerfs*. They tranquilized her, and Rufe sat beside Diana on the couch. The idea was to preserve quiet, but Gerty and Rufe drifted into conversation.

"Did you know," Gerty began it, "that The Four Hundred pays twenty-five cents apiece for epigrams?"

"Do you mean those gems like 'When a woman uses a fan the devil sneezes,' and 'All married men tell their wives they love them, but they would find out that they lied anyway'?"

"Exactly," Gerty answered. "It seems exorbitant, but it includes the luxury tax. And they pay fifteen for phrases describing a play which excites country people—like yokelwoggler. I doubled my income last month by writing four."

It was the kind of conversation Gerty usually avoided when Diana was about, for it made her feel left out. To-day, however, it stretched itself into a discussion of how much Bill Hettrick got from McGlue's for his series of special articles, and the new financial policy of Grolier's.

The only sort of business discussion Diana didn't detest was one thrilling from the magnitude of the sums mentioned. She was very bored. She changed her position more often than she usually did, and once got up and left the room to telephone downstairs an inquiry as to the trains for Cincinnati. When she got back they were discussing the salability of an essay on some ten-minute sonnets they had written years before.

"The monkey's not coming out, Rufe," she interrupted them.

It was true. Phryne sat in melancholy neglect, while Sebastian, in some far flue, tortured by instinct, concentrated on the memory of that flying plate and held out valiantly against temptation and danger. Gerty shook her head sadly.

"It appears that nothing is stronger than fear," she said; "at least when provided with an apple."

"Don't, Gerty," Rufe begged. "That was my last illusion. It dies hard."

"I wish you two didn't think this was so funny," Diana told them.

"If I knew a more effective attitude I'd take it in a minute, Di," Rufe assured her.

Diana didn't know how to reply to that remark, so it irritated her. Gerty's "For heaven's sake, where's your sense of humor?" was not soothing.

Diana looked at them both, and she said what she thought, because she knew it would hurt.

"It's my husband who has to pay for it"—her accent was on the pronoun. "Possibly that's why it doesn't strike me as so amusing."

"That's rather nasty," Gerty returned. "You must remember that we're giving up our work to be with you in this time of trial."

"Your work!" Diana sniffed.

"Besides, Nat's not going to pay for it," Rufe said quietly.

"Who is?"

"I am, as soon as I get the money."

Diana didn't utter the humph she was about to, because the telephone rang.

"Yes," she said over the wire, "I got it. Is that all? Thank you."

She hung up the receiver.

"What was it?" Gerty asked.

"A telegram from Nat. He gets in about two and is going to join us here."

"What in the dickens are we going to do?" Rufe demanded.

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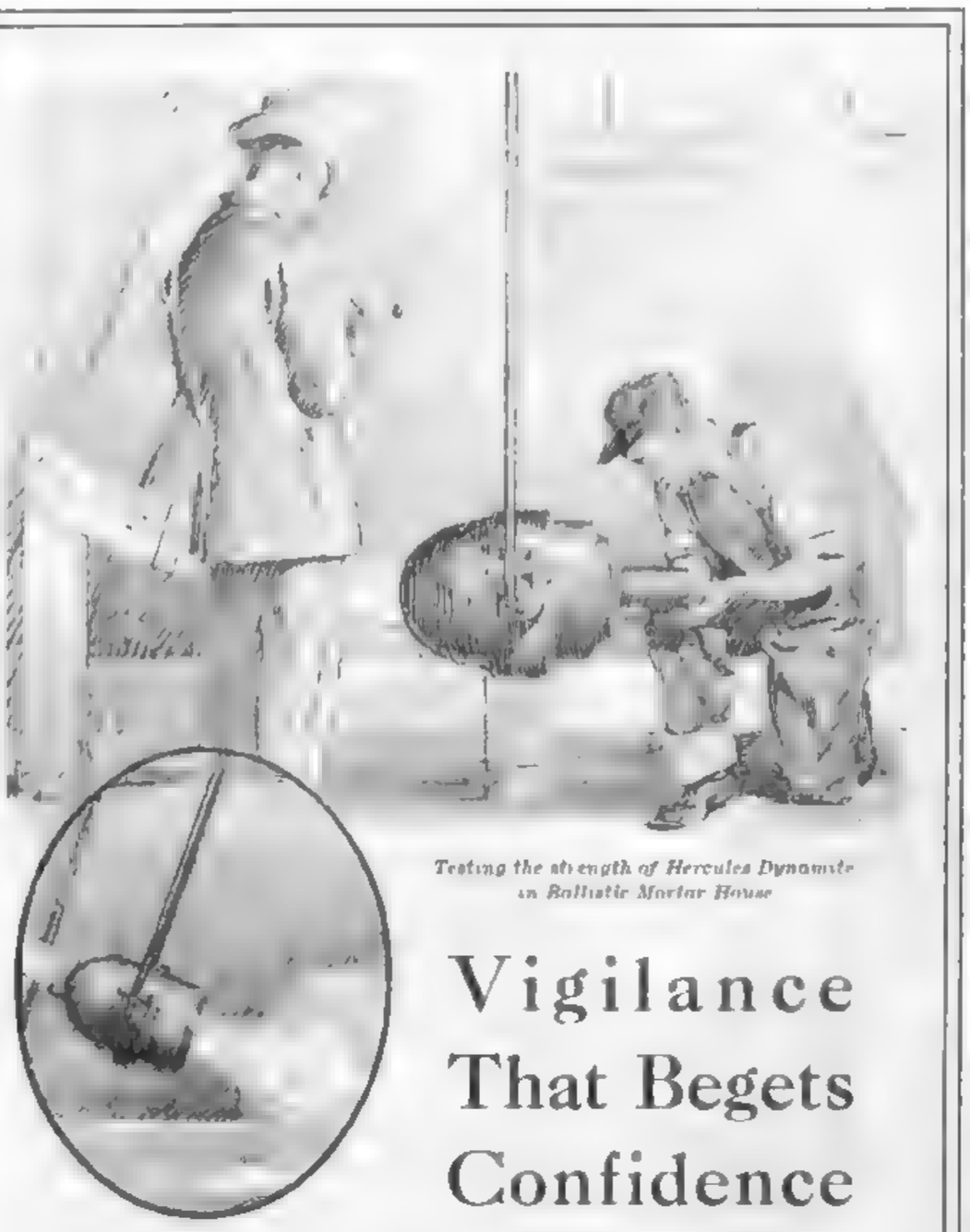

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"Nothing," Diana answered succinctly. "I'll be very glad to see Nat. He'll get the monkey out of that chimney in ten minutes. He's efficient. I wish he'd been here all along."

That speech was the conclusion from long, long thoughts and some rather short emotions, principally irritation that Rufe and Gerty could think of anything but her when it was she who was losing everything, she who was giving up one of the most glittering positions west of the Alleghanies. It was the tombstone Diana set above her aberration. After she had delivered it, Diana rose and faced them.

"I'm going over to Villon's," she announced. "They have a chinchilla coat in the window that must be reduced at this time of year. I'm going to see what price they'll make me on it. Good-by, Rufe. I won't see you again."

After she had closed the door Rufe unchained Phryne from the andiron.

"Well, Phryne," he said, "we'll have to go down the hill as futile as a king in a nursery rime. Why do they make nursery rimes so sad, Gert? I should think they at least needn't be, but look at them. Look at Margery Daw, who sold her bed and everything else, God help her, for someone who didn't care a tinker's dam! That's all Mother Goose cared. And Bobby Shafto sailed away, and you know he never came back—Bobby Shaftos never do, but why make a rime about it? Then there was that ghastly expedition to Banbury Cross, to see the old woman ride a cock horse. Nothing to be very gay about, for she was stark mad, with rings on her fingers and bells on her toes—babbling about things that happened years before—the rime admits that."

He put Phryne in her cage, closed it and held out his hand.

"Good-by, Gert," he said.

For the second time that day Gerty summoned her courage.

"If we don't talk it out, Rufe," she told him, "we'll never be friends again."

"I don't know anything to say," he answered.

"You won't believe it, but it's best."

"Oh, I believe it!" he answered, flinging back his head. "It's always for the best when everything shining and adventurous and worth the winning drops out of life. That's wisdom. She's right. I couldn't have got her what she ought to have. What right had I to want her? What good am I, always chasing idiot butterflies away from the path that leads somewhere? I wish to the devil the war wasn't over, so one could go and get decently killed!"

Gerty jumped up in a transport of fury.

"You fool!" she bit out. "Don't dare say such a thing! Di's no more worth getting bitter about than that monkey! Shining and adventurous! What would she have done to you? She'd have allowed you about as much adventure as a hardware dealer."

"Well, for the love of Pete!" Rufe gasped.

"Worth the winning?" Gerty quoted. "What's she doing now? Smothering her grief in chinchilla! And the worst of it is, she was as much in love with you as she had it in her to be. Do you know what was wrong with Di? She was afraid she'd lose her things. She had a glimpse of what it would be like to be poor again, and she hadn't the courage to be. She ran like a little yellow cur. But you couldn't see that. You're a fool—a fool! Go away! Get out of here!"

With these words Gerty burst into immeasurable tears.

"Gerty," Rufe begged, "cut it out, please! This isn't like you! Don't cry like that!"

"I should think you'd at least have the sense to scold me," she told him, "but you haven't. Go away!"

"And leave you like this?"

"Well, I can't see that you're doing much good."

"Just the same, I stick!" he said.

She wadded her handkerchief into first one eye and then the other. That got rid of most of the tears.

"Nat will be here at any minute!" she warned him.

It had some effect, but he wasn't routed.

"Will you tell me what's the matter with you?" he demanded.

"Hysterics," she said. Then, since she was beginning to be ashamed, "If you don't know what that is, look it up in the dictionary."

"I wish there was something I could do for you."

"I'm all right. If you want to, you can call for me about nine o'clock to-night and take me down to the Square."

"Nine o'clock?"

She nodded.

"You don't have to see Di. Just call up from downstairs."

He left, taking Phryne, the despised.

Nat arrived about an hour later. Diana hadn't returned. It gave Gerty the opportunity she needed.

"What's the matter?" he asked, very apparently agitated.

"I'm going to give you the hint you asked for," she informed him. "For heaven's sake put business out of your mind for a week or two and concentrate on Di—she's used to being petted!"

"What's the matter with her?" he demanded. Had it been anyone but Nat, pallor would have accompanied the tone.

"Nothing yet," Gerty assured him. "Only find some business in a place she'd like to go. You must own a coconut grove in Palm Beach or something at Ormond. Take her down and see about it."

"Is she mad at me?"

"No, but I wanted to warn you before she begins to feel abused. It's bad for her to be left alone."

"Was that why you wired me?"

"The real reason. Are you annoyed?"

"Good God, no! She's the real item, Gert. You know that."

"Incidentally we've lost a monkey up the chimney, and Di's worried to death because they won't let her give up these rooms and she'll have to overdraw her allowance to pay for them."

"That's just like Di," he commented, and it was a quality he so truly appreciated that there was almost a break in his voice.

Just then the door opened and Diana entered.

"Hello, Dianer!" Nat said.

"Well, for heaven's sake!" she exclaimed. "I had no idea it was time for you to arrive. I've just been over at Villon's looking at the most marvelous chinchilla coat."

"Buy it?"

Diana shook her head.

"I don't think it was so very expensive, though, for what it was," she commented as though she were arguing out the point with herself.

"How much?"

"Three thousand."

"Sounds as though it were worth spending our money on. Aren't you going to kiss me?"

"Of course I am, silly." She went and brushed his lips like an anemone blown to one side.

"I've had an awful time," she said, putting her forefinger against his waistcoat. Then she told her troubles. Nat listened and grew angry.

"Wait a minute," he commanded, even before she'd finished. "I guess you need someone to take care of you."

He went to the telephone, began by announcing that he wished to interview the clerk who had talked to Mrs. Nathaniel Haskell in Room 1611 the day before, ordered that the hotel electrician be sent at once and that a chimney sweep be procured. He then crotched the receiver.

"I think that chimney sweeps were abolished at the time of water babies," Gerty ventured.

"I'll bet you," Nat offered. He knew what he was talking about.

There was a belligerent thump on the door, and Herr Roeder entered, prepared to annihilate. Five minutes later he crawled out beaten. There was nothing either subtle or sensational about Nat's rhetoric. He dealt in truths too simple to be palatable. He didn't swear, but he gave the impression of almost obscene language by simply telling Herr Roeder exactly what he thought of him as it crossed his mind. His tongue was a bludgeon, the only weapon which could have had any effect on Herr Roeder, who retired to the office branded with ineradicable respect for Mr. Nathaniel Haskell, of Cincinnati, Ohio, his wife, his wife's sister, his maidservant and all that was his.

When the electrician arrived Nat had him thrust a bulb up every fireplace in the chimney; then the chimney sweep, an immaculate youngster, began operations. In ten minutes Sebastian had dropped from his stronghold and sought trembling refuge beneath the couch. Nat blocked up the fireplace opening.

"You corner him from that side," he commanded his sister-in-law.

(Concluded on Page 105)

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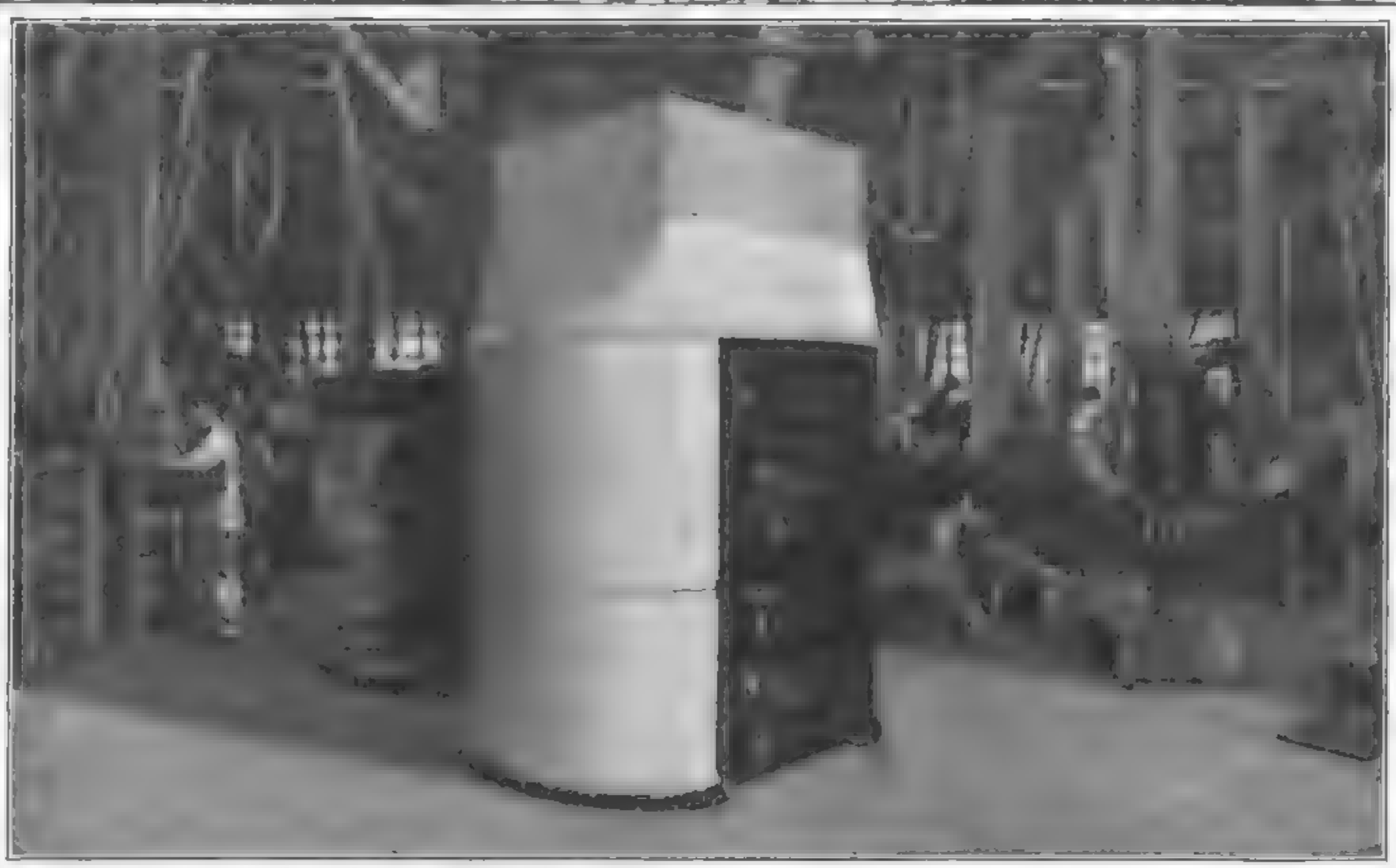

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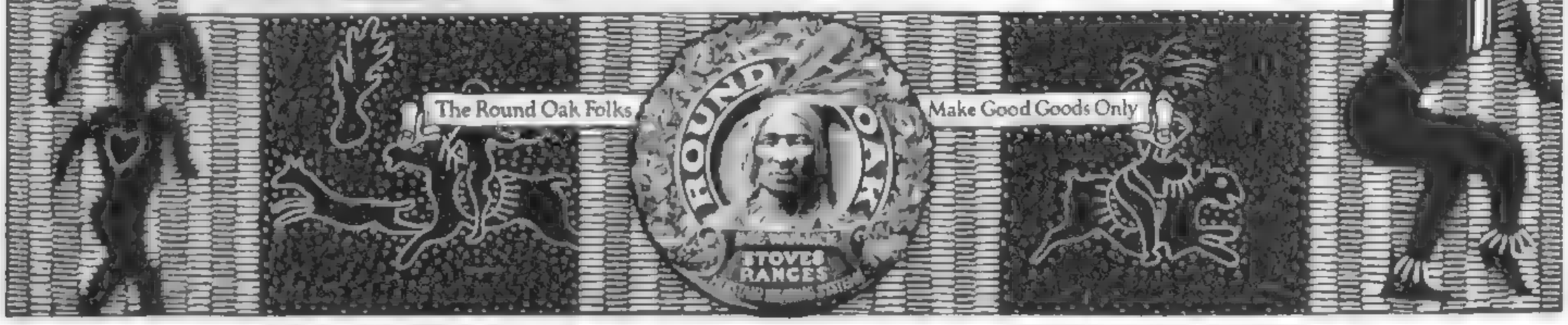


(Concluded from Page 102)

Gerty stole toward the couch, Nat working closer from the front.

Like a flash Sebastian slipped between them, flew up the portière, whose strategic value he had learned the night before, caught a near-by picture, swung out on it and made the mantel

"Now!" Nat cried, and he and Gerty rushed their victim.

In that last moment hate robbed Sebastian of the sense of his more imminent danger. He seized a porcelain vase, spat forth a fierce cry and hurled it at Gerty's head. She ducked it, and Nat overcame Sebastian as he struggled to follow it with the clock, which was heavy and rococo and might have proved fatal.

"Does he belong to you, Di?" Nat questioned, shutting him in his cage

"Want him, Gerty?" Diana asked crisply.

"Indeed, I do!" Gerty answered, and proceeded to make friends with him.

When Rufe telephoned from the lobby Gerty descended, carrying Sebastian in a swaddled cage.

"I've had a present," she explained.

Rufe took her burden.

"Bus?" he asked.

"Can you afford it?" Gerty inquired.

"Just about," he announced.

"I can quite as well walk."

"We'll ride," he said. "I thought you said that Money Matters was the motto of the Bradley Sisters."

"It does. Money stifles me. I think a real income would put me in my grave"

They pushed through revolving doors into the street.

"As far as I can find out," Rufe informed her, "you're the one suitable companion for me in New York."

They walked west, against the wind.

"Say, miss," someone called. Gerty felt a tug at her elbow.

It was Mrs. Curran.

"I was goin' home," she panted, "and I see you and run after you. I been sorry ever since I said I wouldn't take him. Last night I dreamed of my old man. It's a reproach for what I done."

"I'm sorry," Gerty told her, "but you've lost your chance. Money wouldn't buy him now."

She expected Mrs. Curran to be distressed. She wasn't, however.

"I was took last night," she explained in a sepulchral whisper, "with pains in through here. It was what you gave me saved me, dearie. But it ain't been understood -- not understood at all."

Mrs. Curran's self-ministrations had apparently continued until quite recently.

"God bless you, dearie," she ended "You're married now, ain't you?—and it's all right. I got to go on. I got to visit the sick. It's a beautiful work. I love a bed of pain."

She blew away, babbling still.

"You offered her Sebastian," Rufe accused her.

Gerty braced herself

"Yes," she acknowledged. "She found him when you and Di were at dinner. When she wouldn't take him I chased him up the chimney"

"I think you might have minded your own business," he said. "Diana was old enough to take care of herself."

He closed his lips very tight and didn't look at her. Perhaps it was because she'd gone through such a tempestuous day, but Gerty was suddenly furious again.

"I know Diana was!" she snapped. "Give me that bag and that cage!"

"Why?"

"I won't have anyone carry my luggage in that spirit."

He turned to protest, and suddenly they both laughed. They laughed until they were helpless.

"I suppose you mean I needed protection," he said, "when I've spent this afternoon getting you a job."

"Do you know someone who needs a professional spitfire?" she asked

"Dick Thompson's father has given him The Trumpet for an experiment. He asked me to be on the staff. I got him to say he'd take you on too."

"Why, Rufe, how darling of you!"

"We'll get next to nothing."

"I think it will be a circus, anyway."

He couldn't be taking Diana so seriously now or he'd never have forgiven her like that. And once she had said if that were so and she could see him every day for a month—this opened a long vista of every days.

"Do you suppose Sebastian's warm enough?" she asked, and bent to see that the cage was properly covered, only she really did it to hide the light in her eyes.

As she did so she smelled wood smoke on Rufe's sleeve

"You've had a fire," she said.

"In my room," he told her, "this afternoon."

"He burned that jasmine," she thought with a bound of the heart.

He hadn't. It had been sent to a tailor in his uniform months before, and lost.

Nevertheless that smell of wood smoke made the corner of the windy avenue where they stood and waited as warm as comfort for Gerty.

CAN AMERICA TRADE WITH THE SOVIETS?

(Continued from Page 11)

conditions is inseparably bound up with the recognition of the soviet régime."

If the Soviet Government is to be the sole seller to the foreign countries, if it is to be the monopolist of all trade operations, its title to the goods which it sells must be acknowledged. And there is only one way in which that title can be universally and legally acknowledged, and that is by means of official recognition of the Soviet Government as the government of Russia, possessing the right to decide on the manner in which trade operations are to be carried on. The emphasis which the soviet leaders place upon the political aspects of the trade negotiations may be seen plainly from the wording of the following order sent by Lenine at the beginning of September to Rykov, as the president of the Supreme Council of National Economy, and to Lezhava, as the head of the Department of Foreign Trade:

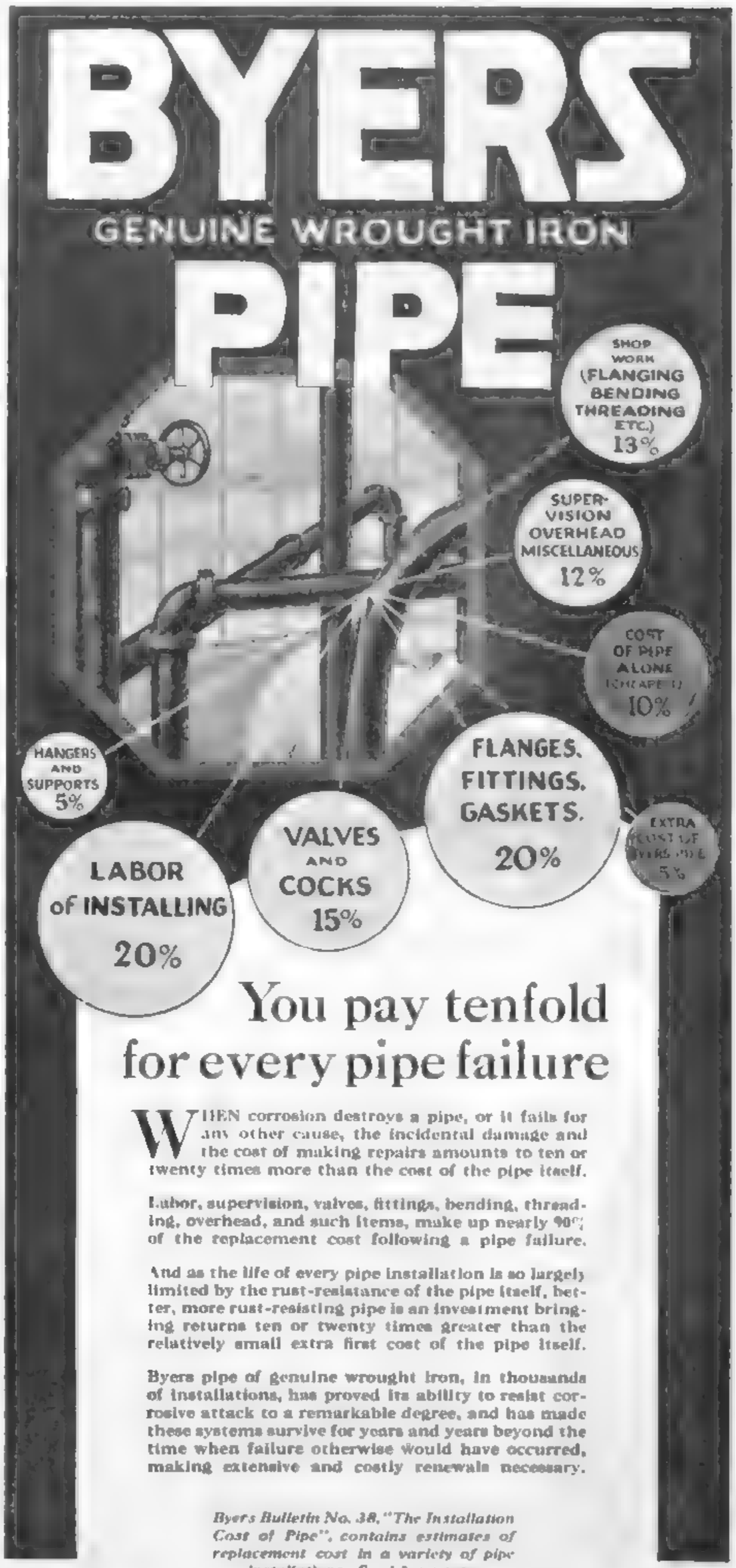
"The contracts for the export of timber signed by our London Trade Delegation have very great political and economic significance, actually breaking the blockade. It is therefore necessary to pay the strictest attention to the carrying out of these orders in absolute conformity with the terms of the contracts. I request you to give immediately all necessary orders for this and to institute effective control over their execution."

It is clear that as far as the soviet régime is concerned, the agitation for trade relations is primarily a method of obtaining official recognition. And recognition would give the soviet régime the prestige and the possible temporary stability which it needs in order to make it a more powerful base for a world revolution than it is to-day.

So much for the political side of the matter. The second important consideration involved in the establishment of trade relations with Soviet Russia on an extensive scale is economic in its character. In many regards it is more fundamental than the first. What does Soviet Russia actually have for export? Has she anything to sell, anything with which to pay for her purchases abroad?

The answer to these questions can be given in the light of two factors—Russia's past export experience, and her present economic situation, particularly with regard to those phases of her economic life which served as sources of export goods.

Turning again to the figures of foreign trade for 1913, we find that the normal export trade of Russia consisted of two main groups of goods—foodstuffs, principally grain; and raw and half-finished products, particularly timber, seed, flax and hemp, and mineral products. Of the total value of Russia's exports in 1913—1,520,135,000 rubles—over one-half, or 839,853,000 rubles, represented the first group, and 561,027,000 rubles represented the second group. Since the beginning of the war the exports in either of these groups never reached even a small part of these amounts. Are there any accumulations of these products available for export now? On September 18, 1920, The Economic Life devoted its whole issue to the questions of foreign trade, presenting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the various aspects of the problem from the viewpoint of the Soviet Government. The analysis of the present-day economic situation in Soviet Russia with regard to the sources of export goods which we shall now make is based on the data published in this special issue of The Economic Life, supplemented by information from earlier and later issues of the same official publication.

With regard to the possibility of exporting foodstuffs, it is quite obvious from the reports on the food situation in Soviet Russia which have been coming in all the time that Soviet Russia not only does not have any food products to export but does not produce sufficient amounts of foodstuffs to satisfy her own needs.

In discussing the question of grain export S. Liberman, a member of the Krassin delegation to England, says in the special issue of The Economic Life: "In view of the present-day condition of our rural economy, the exportation of grain, which was the basis of our export before the war, now sinks temporarily into the background."

When we turn to the actual statistics of the food situation we find ample grounds for considering that even this statement is too optimistic; the possibility of the exportation of grain does not "sink into the background"; it does not exist. According to the last report made by the Commissar of Food Supplies, Briukhanov, published in The Economic Life of September 28–29, 1920, the amount of grain which the Soviet Government needs, in order to provide the starvation minimum of subsistence for the population of the cities and the non-grain-producing provinces of Central Russia, is about 400,000,000 poods a year. During the year 1919–20 the government was able to obtain from the peasants only a little over half of this amount. Considerable amounts of grain were smuggled into the cities by speculators and sold at exorbitant prices.

If it were not for this clandestine trade large numbers of the city population would have starved to death. The government was not only unable to gather any grain for export but was actually unable to feed its own population.

The plan for the year 1920–21 calls for a delivery to the governmental food-supply agencies of 454,000,000 poods of grain—that is, of an amount barely sufficient to provide the starvation minimum of food for the population that needs it. Of this amount, 224,500,000 poods are expected from the provinces of European Russia; last year the amount expected was 327,000,000 poods, but the amount actually gathered was so much less that the government decreased by 30 per cent the amount expected. The rest of the grain for the present year is expected from Siberia and the Caucasus, which were last year in the hands of the anti-soviet forces. It is calculated that in these two territories there are stocks of grain remaining over from the preceding years; the amount for Siberia is calculated at 100,000,000 poods, and the amount for the Caucasus at about three-quarters of that figure. Both these amounts are included in the 230,000,000 poods of grain which the government expects to receive from these two territories.

The Scarcity of Grain

The actual deliveries of grain during the first three months of the year 1920–21, according to the statement made in The Economic Life of November 7, 1920, by A. Svidersky, of the Commissariat of Food Supplies, were 72,000,000 poods. This figure plainly indicates that the deliveries for the whole year will be very considerably under the amount expected. It is interesting that the amount of grain obtained during these three months in European Russia was 38,000,000 poods, or very nearly the same amount as was obtained during the corresponding period of the preceding year. This fact is partly blamed on the drought that occurred in many parts of European Russia last summer, but such an explanation does not satisfy the author of the statement we are quoting, who says, "Our success in obtaining grain is no greater this year than it was last year, although this year we devoted ten times as much effort to the matter as we did last year."

The situation with regard to other kinds of foodstuffs is still worse. Thus the whole first group of exports, the most important source of Russia's export trade, has ceased to exist for the time being. Is there anything that can compensate for it?

Next to foodstuffs, the most important place in the scale of export products was occupied by timber. To-day the soviet economists lay a very great emphasis on the possibilities of timber trade.

The amount of timber exported from Russia before the war was 1,000,000 standards annually. The amount available for export at the present time, representing the results of almost a year's preparations for foreign trade, is less than one-fifth of the amount normally exported. It is not in timber, therefore, that compensation should be sought for the loss to Russia's export trade, due to her inability to export any foodstuffs.

Next to timber in value in the second group of exports is flax, but it was exported in 1913 to the value of only 87,000,000 rubles. The Soviet Government has in its possession some stocks of flax, available for export, but these stocks are not nearly so large as a normal year's export. The area planted to flax has decreased to less than half of what it was before, and the flax crop has shrunk still more, so that the amount of flax available for export is very small, and its value still less, relatively, from the point of view of the total export budget. As for seed, the general agricultural situation makes imperative the importation of seed rather than making possible its exportation.

Finally we have the mineral products as a source of export. Before the war the value of all the exported mineral products constituted but 6 per cent of the total amount of exports. The soviet economists believe that in the future these products will play a more important part in the export program of Russia.

Petroleum and its Products

Of greatest importance in this group are petroleum and its products. In 1913 the value of petroleum products exported from Russia was 50,000,000 rubles—that is, over half of the total value of the exported mineral products. During that year the yield of all Russia's oil fields was 561,000,000 poods of petroleum. After the revolution the output decreased considerably. All through the civil war the oil fields were in the hands of the anti-soviet forces, and it was not until the summer of 1920 that these fields became available to Soviet Russia. A plan of operations was worked out for these fields which called for an output of 196,000,000 poods during the seven-month period between June 1, 1920, and January 1, 1921; this figure was on the basis of about 60 per cent of the normal output. However, during the very first months of the soviet operation of the oil fields the yield of oil decreased so rapidly that the estimate was hastily revised downward. The new estimate, covering the year from November 1, 1920, to November 1, 1921, calls for a yield of but 203,000,000 poods, on the basis of less than 40 per cent of the normal output.

In 1913, with the total output of the oil fields 561,000,000 poods, Russia exported 58,000,000 poods of petroleum and its products. With the total yield less than 40 per cent of the normal, surely it would be difficult to expect greater exports than this. It is true that there are stocks of petroleum now in existence. On August 1, 1920, these stocks amounted to 309,000,000 poods. It was estimated that by the end of the navigation period—petroleum is moved by water from the Caucasus—the stocks would be 204,000,000 poods. On the basis of these two estimates A. Lomov, a noted soviet economist, calculates, in an article in The Economic Life, September 18, 1920, that during the current year the oil resources of Soviet Russia would be 303,000,000 poods; the rest of the amount available is expected to leak out or become lost in other ways. Of the remaining amount, he considers one-third available for export.

This figure would leave Soviet Russia herself on a very scant petroleum ration, surely insufficient for the country's needs; for this reason it appears as a rather exaggerated estimate. Moreover, the condition of transportation renders this estimate scarcely possible. Most of the Russian oil is found near the Caspian Sea, particularly around the city of Baku. It is carried by water to the port of Astrakhan, at the mouth of the Volga; thence north up the Volga. From different river ports it is reshipped by rail, wherever necessary. The condition of the Russian railway system, as well as of the river fleet, is such that they

(Continued on Page 109)

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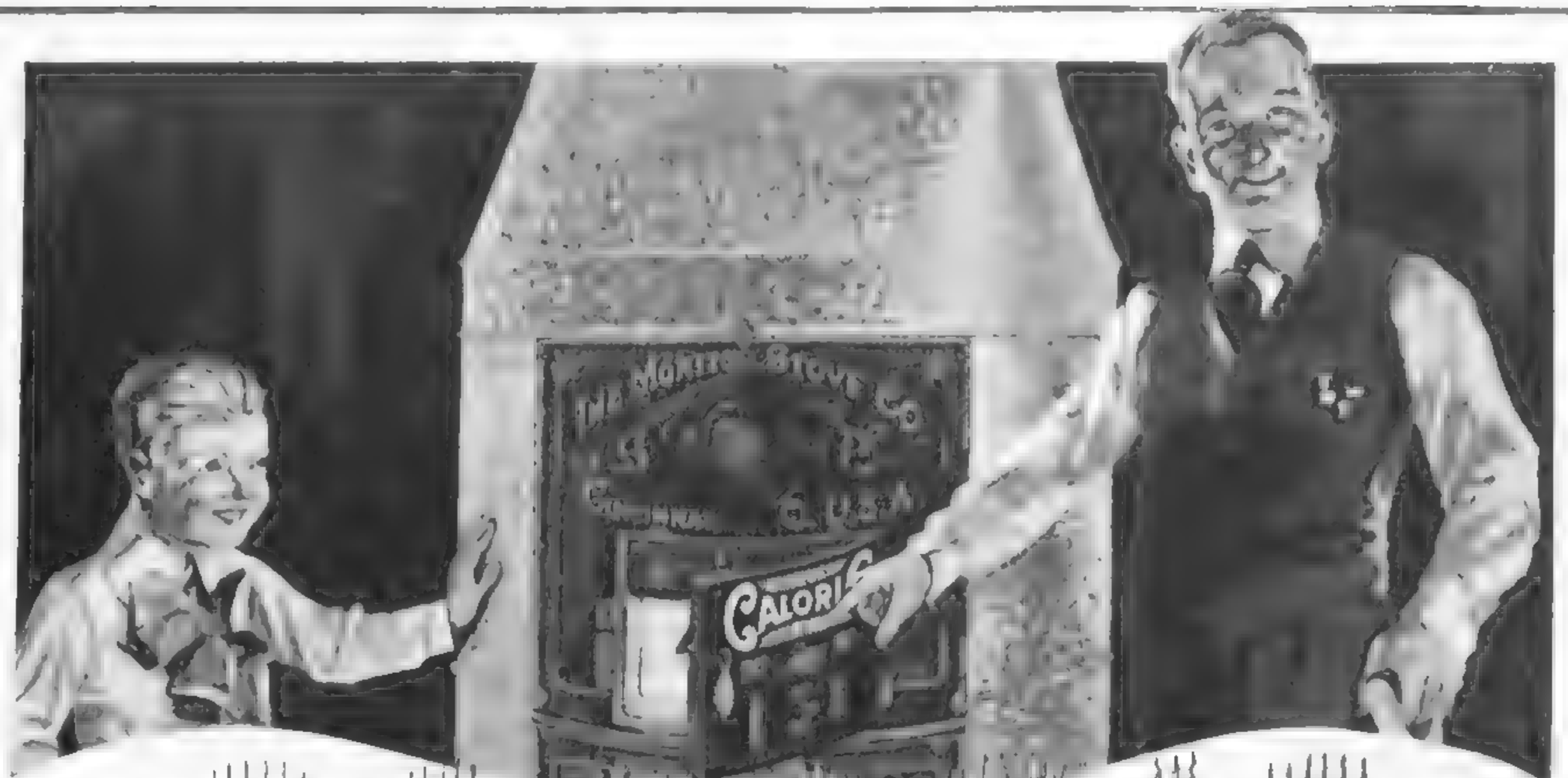

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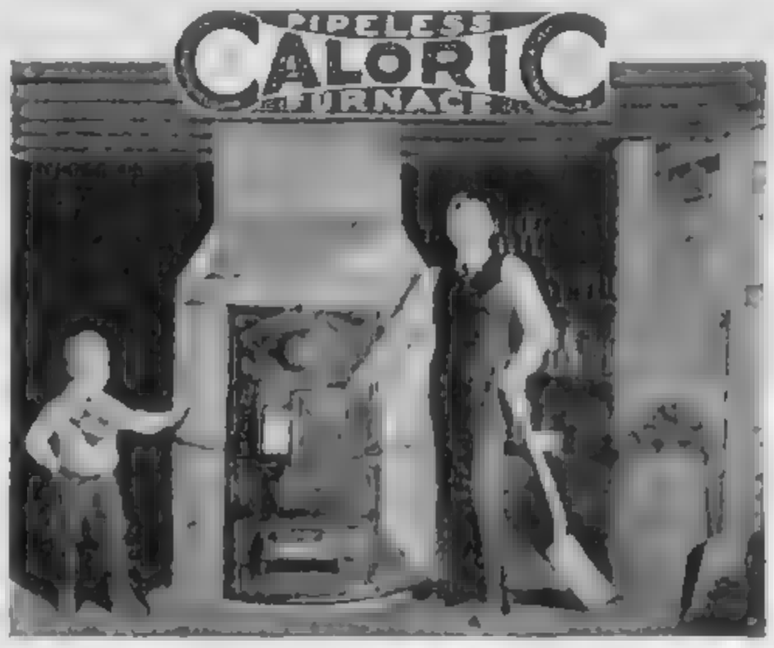

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DEALERS
Some choice territories still open. Write or wire.

LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF WARM-AIR FURNACES IN THE WORLD

© M C 1921

(Continued from Page 108)

are not able to transport even the oil which Russia absolutely needs for her industries.

Besides shipping by rail to the ports of the Black Sea, Russia used to export oil through the Black Sea port of Batum, which was connected with Baku by means of an oil-carrying pipe. But the capacity of this pipe never was very great. Besides, Batum is in the republic of Georgia, which still manages to repel the encroachments of the soviet forces and remains in a state of hostility to the soviet régime. Thus, even if the figures for the output of oil and the manufacture of petroleum products are correct, that is by no means proof that large amounts of those stocks of oil are available for exportation. Even if available, this oil has a value that is but a very small percentage of the total export budget.

This, then, is the internal situation of Soviet Russia so far as the possibilities of export are concerned. Both from the point of view of gold and confiscated jewelry—which are difficult to dispose of abroad and do not represent any great value for national trade—and from that of Russia's basic products, the foundation for Soviet Russia's export trade is so slim as to be practically negligible—in absolute figures as well as by comparison with Russia's normal export budget.

Production at a Standstill

Before we leave this phase of our subject it would be interesting to examine Soviet Russia's actual experience in foreign trade during the year 1920. This trade began in the middle of April, when peace with the Baltic states made the ports of the Baltic Sea accessible to Russian trade. Most of the export and import operations of the Soviet Government have been carried on through the Esthonian port of Reval, and the first comprehensive report concerning these operations appeared in The Economic Life of July 17, 1920. This report covers the period from the middle of April to July first.

According to this report, during the period in question: "All kinds of goods were coming into Soviet Russia like a stream: beginning with agricultural machinery and other things necessary for the reconstruction of Russia's disorganized economic life, and ending with articles of the widest consumption."

These goods were partly Scandinavian in origin, and partly German and Austrian. There were also goods of American and British make, purchased by the soviet agents from Swedish, Danish and German merchants.

The actual amounts brought in during this period were as follows: 62 carloads of seed for vegetables; 827 carloads of potatoes for planting; 375 carloads of agricultural machinery and parts; 141 carloads of paper, in rolls and otherwise; 3 carloads of medicines and pharmaceutical supplies; and 26 carloads of tanning extracts, tools, manufactured goods of all descriptions. The total number of carloads imported into Soviet Russia during the two and a half months in question was 1434.

The latest report on foreign trade available at this writing covers the period up to October twentieth; it is published in The Economic Life for November seventh. During that period the total amount of imports into Soviet Russia through all the accessible ports was 2,086,599 poods, while the total exports for the same period were 191,100 poods. Both of those figures are like drops in a bucket compared with the figures for Russia's normal import-export trade, particularly the second figure, which is the really significant one in the situation.

To say that the reason why Russia finds herself to-day unable to export anything is that she has ceased producing would be to repeat what has now become a truism; it is now universally known and just as universally admitted by the soviet leaders that communism has been introduced in Russia at the expense of the productive capacity of the country, besides a number of other items of expense, such as three years of civil war, the loss of millions of lives, the utter demoralization of whole generations, and so on. There is no need, therefore, for discussing in this connection the question of production from the point of view of its disorganization; but it is very important to examine this question from the point of view of the methods which the Soviet Government considers or applies for the overcoming of this disorganization.

The method to which the Soviet Government gives special attention for the purpose of stimulating production is that of enforced discipline. Through the system of militarization as applied to labor—which means the establishment for labor and management of conditions in which all breaches of discipline would be summarily and severely punished—the Soviet Government hopes to compel the human factor in production to give a better accounting of itself than heretofore. Besides, by the introduction of such ultracapitalistic devices as premiums for higher productivity, piecework, extra pay for overtime, and of a scale of wages and a system of distribution of food supplies that would give skilled labor greater preference over other forms of labor than in any capitalistic countries, the soviet régime hopes to be able to get more work out of those who operate the means of production. But all these methods, which began to be applied at the beginning of 1920, have so far given very poor results. The following report of an inspection in two mills in Petrograd, published in the official Krasnaya Gazeta for September 10, 1920, illustrates this:

"At the Nobel factory the list at the office indicated 457 workmen and 116 employees. The number reported present on the day of the inspection was 263 workmen and 83 employees. The inspectors did not stop at the office, but went to the shops and found the following situation: In the machine shop only 24 out of 43 listed as having reported for work were actually in their places; in the forge room 5 were at work instead of 14 who reported in the morning; in the molding shop there were 16 instead of 69, etc. The repair shop gave the record: Instead of 41 men who were listed as having reported in the morning there were but 2 men, wandering about the shop in a weary fashion. All the transmission belts were running, but there was no work being done because the gears had been removed from all the lathes.

"At the Old Lessier mill no inspection was possible because, although it was during working hours, all the workers were at a meeting called for the purpose of discussing the question of pay for overtime. Similarly, at the Petrograd Car Foundry no inspection was possible because, although all the machinery was running, there were only four men present."

Communism an Admitted Failure

With these facts before them there is no wonder that the soviet leaders place very little reliance on the possibility of their reorganizing production with their own powers. For this and other reasons they are willing to compromise with their communistic principles to a sufficient extent to permit business men and capitalists from other countries to come to Soviet Russia and take a hand at the reorganization of the country's economic life. This is the meaning of the concessions of which the world has heard so much of late.

Under normal conditions a "concession" means that an individual or a group receives the right to operate an enterprise, usually in another country, for its own profit, paying the country which grants the concession a stipulated share of the profit. Under present conditions in Soviet Russia the term "concession" requires a special definition in conformity with the general economic and political situation.

The soviet expert on foreign trade whose views on the methods of trade intercourse between Soviet Russia and the capitalistic countries were quoted earlier in this article considers that there are two possibilities in the granting of concessions. The first is that the concession should cover an enterprise or a branch of industry located in a part of Russia which is at present uninhabited or very sparsely populated. In such a territory as, for example, the northern part of European Russia, which is so rich in timber, the concessionaries would be permitted to work the natural wealth found there, but would be required to do all the necessary work to introduce the technical equipment which would open up the territory inaccessible until then to economic exploitation. Besides this, they would be required to colonize the territory—that is, bring people from abroad to settle in the territory and supply the man power for the operation of the enterprises that would be established.

The manner in which the soviet leaders visualize such an arrangement is as follows:

"We would then have a foreign dominion on the Russian territory, a geographically

LOUIS K. LIGGETT, president, United Drug Co., writes for March SYSTEM

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CAN business be *increased* in periods when "people simply won't buy"? The United Drug Company has done it. For 18 years, each month's sales but one have been larger than the month before. Hardly a matter of luck or monopoly; here's a concern doing practically a general merchandise business with watchful competitors at every turn.

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TRY this delicious confection and you will agree with the thousands who reorder them that they are the outstanding confection of the South. Well do these unique bits of dainty goodness merit their nation-wide popularity.

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delimited 'state within a state'; for the right of utilizing the natural wealth of this territory the capitalists would have to pay us the stipulated amount of goods, while after the lapse of the fixed period of time the whole equipment would become the property of the Russian state."

This first possibility in the line of concessions contemplates the employment by the concessionaries of nothing but imported labor. The second possibility is concerned with a case in which Russian labor would have to be employed by the concessionaries. Here the soviet leaders anticipate a number of difficulties, which the expert whose views we are presenting states in the following amazingly frank manner:

"There is no doubt that the foreign capitalists would be able to feed and clothe the workmen whom they would be exploiting in a much better manner than would Soviet Russia. And this might easily lead the workmen to believe that their condition is better not because they are employed by a highly profitable foreign enterprise, but because they are working for capitalists."

Concessions Full of Jokers

It is believed, however, that this difficulty might be overcome, although it is recognized that it would require very great efforts on the part of the soviet régime to convince the workmen of Russia that they must continue to bear sacrifices for the cause of communism.

From this theoretical statement of the question of concessions it is clear that the soviet régime is willing to permit foreign capitalists to engage in the exploitation either of those resources which would not otherwise be worked at all, or in the working of the phases of industry which may provide goods for export. And, in fact, all the questions so far discussed have been concerned with either mining or timber opportunities, particularly the latter.

The conditions on which timber concessions were offered to the British by the Krassin delegation may be summarized as follows:

The British concessionaries are offered tracts of timberland in the Russian North, in a territory which is practically uninhabited and has no means of communication. They are required to colonize this territory, build the necessary means of transportation, study and work the underground wealth of the territory. The Soviet Government reserves the right at any time before the termination of the time limit of the concession to revoke it, making payment to the concessionaries.

If the output of the operations of the concession consists of products which are necessary for consumption in Soviet Russia itself, all such products must be delivered to the Soviet Government as the monopolist buyer. The price is set by the government on the basis of cost, with the addition of profit to the concessionaries. If the output consists of products for export, the concessionaries have a right of free exportation of such products; the Soviet Government's share must then consist either of a part of the sum received by the concessionaries for their exports or of a part of the actual products. This share is determined by a number of considerations, particularly by the amount of invested capital, the relation between the capital stock and the operating capital, the distance from markets and the means of communication, and so on. In the case when the products belonging to the Soviet Government are exported by the concessionaries the government reserves the right to fix a minimum price which must be guaranteed to it.

The Soviet Government thus reserves for itself the right of most intimate control of the operation of the concession enterprises. But it proposes to go even further than this. In order to be able to judge the value of the products the Soviet Government has the right to establish its own enterprises side by side with those established by the concessionaries, and the latter are required to supply the machinery and the technical equipment needed for such soviet enterprises. This is also one of the methods by which the Soviet Government intends to prevent the possibility of monopolization of any branch of industry by the concessionaries. It aims to create conditions in which "the bulk of the output of any branch of industry would be produced by the state, which would also reserve the right to purchase from the concessionaries the rest of the products at market prices." Since what is known as market prices would really be prices fixed by the Soviet Government, the whole concession would really be under the complete control and domination of the Soviet Government.

Of course the concessionaries are required to fulfill all the requirements of the Russian labor code; any deviations from the code must be specially authorized by the Supreme Council of National Economy and the Commissariat of Labor. Even in the matter of feeding their employees the concessionaries must conform to the standards existing elsewhere in Soviet Russia.

It is most significant that so far no concessions have been taken up either in Great Britain or in other countries. And there is doubt that the reason for this lies less in the unwillingness on the part of adventurous business men to assume the risks involved than in the conditions offered by the soviet régime. The importation of not only machinery and technical equipment but also of man power, or the utilization of Russian labor on conditions prescribed by the soviet régime—that is, the conditions which since the introduction of the soviet régime have rendered Russian labor the least productive in the world—are certainly insurmountable obstacles. But even if these obstacles could be surmounted in some way or other, it would be years before the concessions would be able to produce anything for export. And this fact alone renders the emphasis which is so often placed on the question of concessions in connection with Russia's export trade utterly false.

Concessions or no concessions, the two basic facts in the Russian foreign-trade situation to-day are as follows: Under the communist régime Russia goes through a process of constantly decreasing production; and this makes her export possibilities nil and the exchange of goods with the rest of the world next to impossible.

In these conditions the question of Russian-American trade is doubly difficult. There is no doubt that America has much to sell to Russia, and there is also no doubt that of necessity the United States will to a large extent take the place of Germany as the chief source of Russia's import of manufactured goods. But at the same time there is scarcely an article of Russia's export, when it is reestablished, that is needed in the United States; certainly not foodstuffs, or timber, or minerals. The only way to sell to Russia directly is on credit, and even the soviets themselves do not expect it.

Much Communism But No Goods

The establishment of trade relations between the United States and Russia is a problem of great complexity, for it involves at least three factors: Russia's capacity for selling articles of export to the countries of Europe that need them; America's capacity for selling to Russia manufactured goods; and the capacity of the countries of Western Europe for making payment for the Russian raw materials in the form in which Russia can use it to pay America for goods purchased here. Since the first of these factors does not exist, the whole question becomes one of purely theoretical consideration at the present time and a problem for the future—for the time when a régime will be established in Russia which will not be willing to sacrifice the well-being of the Russian people to the chimera of a world revolution and which will give up the Soviet Government's policy of strangling all economic activity for the purpose of attempting to establish communism.

To-day there is but one thing that Soviet Russia has for export in abundant quantities. In reporting the work of the Caucasus oil fields an official statement published recently in The Economic Life notes the steady monthly decrease of production, the figure for September, 1920, being scarcely 40 per cent of the figure for January of the same year. The statement explains that this is due to the fact that as soon as the soviet régime was established there and the soviet system of food distribution was introduced the workmen began to flee from the oil fields and the output fell off proportionately. The statement, however, ends as follows: "But we have succeeded in establishing communist principles."

This is the essence of Russia's experience under communism. She has an abundance of communistic principles, but no production and no commodities. The communistic principles are the only things Soviet Russia has for export. Are they wanted in the United States?

Velie Four-Passenger Speedster

This model well illustrates the reasons for Velie leadership in distinctive body design. There is an irresistible appeal in the snappy spirit of its long, low, racy lines. Withal it has the dignity and exclusiveness which make it representative of the Authoritative Style.

The wheel base is 122 inches. The deep upholstery seats the passengers well down in the body. Low top (Victoria or touring type), high cowl, and diminished windshield emphasize the speedster character. A new Velie Seven-Passenger Touring Model, big and roomy, is now available on this same long chassis.

The Velie motor, burning low-grade fuel perfectly and adding miles per gallon, insures power for every desire or emergency.

Two sizes of chassis, eight new 1921 Velie models. Five and Seven-Passenger Touring Cars, Sedans, Coupés, Speedsters and Roadsters. The Velie Bond protects you against price decrease—but not against increase. Today's price is your gain. See your nearest Velie dealer. Catalog will be sent for the asking.

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There Was a Man Named Lincoln

So that we shall remember the kind of man he was, the Lincoln Memorial stands in Washington.

So that our children's children may never forget how much *this* America is *his*—grown, developed, and glorified—this monument will endure for generations.

Simple, strong, essentially *true* (as truth is expressed in architecture), it typifies the man whose memory it perpetuates.

Among the materials chosen for this lasting memorial were 17,000 pounds of "Armco" Ingot Iron to frame the skylights. By holding off the rust that destroys, this iron will add its share to the many years that the memorial will say to the world, "There was a man named Lincoln."

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL CO., Box 334, Middletown, Ohio

ARMCO TRADE MARK INGOT IRON

Resists Rust

ARMCO

ITALY'S SOBER SECOND THOUGHT

(Continued from Page 26)

ways, rather than to risk the arrival to power of a Socialist Party pledged to the supremacy of the proletariat.

The Socialist Party has undoubtedly received a check to the parliamentary ambitions fostered by the more moderate of its leaders, but it is not yet by any means disposed of. In fact, with the diminution of their chance of attaining governmental power through electoral action, the violent extremists who preach red war as the sole means of realizing the dictatorship of the proletariat can and do pose once more as the only men who can lead to triumph. Defeated though it has been in the municipal elections, the power of the Socialist Party is a very real power, and it must not be underrated. The orders given by that party to the Italian workman, no matter what his industry, are unhesitatingly obeyed—and they are the only orders which are so obeyed.

The Railway Men's Syndicate is virtually master of the railways. No station master dare dismiss, scarcely even reprove, the humblest of his employees, no matter for what cause, under pain of a strike. It is notorious that he dares to give orders to his subordinates only with diffidence. In that famous two-hour stoppage as a demonstration of sympathy for soviet Russia on October fourteenth, which was obeyed so implicitly in every branch of Italian industrial and communal life, the Railway Men's Syndicate coolly sent a copy of its strike orders "for your information" to the government railway administration, as though it were itself a superior body.

The thefts on the Italian state railways are a flagrant and international scandal that has moved at least one foreign government to open protest; but none of the thieves is ever caught, and no attempt is apparently made to catch them. It would be impossible to punish them under present conditions. A strike, supported by the whole socialist organization, would enforce their release. And the case of the railways is typical of almost every department of industry. Over all broods the tyranny of the socialist *Fehmgericht*, savagely sectional and antinational, and responsible only to those occult sources whence it derives its funds.

A disquieting feature is the ever-increasing readiness of the socialist organizations, since their discomfiture at the elections, to employ bomb and revolver in their hostility to those middle classes which look askance at their communist paradise. After a long succession of sanguinary incidents, followed by judicial perquisitions which revealed how completely the socialists were armed, the government has just introduced a bill penalizing the possession of weapons by any person not a member of the state forces. It was high time, and it is to be hoped the measure will be enforced. The significant symptom about these affrays is that they are almost never due to trade disputes, but practically invariably are the outcome of the passionate hatred of the reds for any patriotic manifestation of the national life.

A Bomb-Throwing Deputy

To take a recent and typical example—on November fourth, the anniversary of the victory of Venetia, there was a great patriotic festival in Rome, where the flags of the regiments that had taken part in the war were paraded before the King. In all the great cities of Italy a few days later there were patriotic demonstrations to welcome the troops returning with their colors. In the north of Italy the socialists, of course, seized this occasion to organize counter demonstrations, where the revolutionary flag was flourished in opposition to the tricolor, with—in many places—the resultant trouble that was to be anticipated. At Verona, in the midst of the demonstration, a socialist member of the Chamber of Deputies was accidentally blown to pieces by a bomb he was about to hurl into the passing troops. It might be expected that such a dastardly attempt would receive, even from the socialists, the condemnation it merited. Far from it, the socialist organization of the province of Verona immediately declared a general strike in sympathy for his death! The communal life of the district was at once paralyzed. Not only the street cars but the railroad trains stopped wherever they might happen to be—except in the case of one or two whose infuriated passengers climbed on the locomotive and compelled the engineer, with a revolver at his head, to proceed.

An even worse example of the violence to which the extremists are so ready to resort occurred at Bologna on Sunday, November twenty-first. This picturesquely medieval city, with its large industrial population, has for many months past been one of the storm centers of North Italy. Nowhere else perhaps are the socialists proportionately so strong, and at the recent elections this was one of the few places where they secured a majority. Conflicts between the socialists and the antisocialist *fascisti*—of whom more anon—have been only too frequent in its thirteenth-century squares and arcaded streets. On this particular Sunday the new municipal council met for its first session in the Gothic Palazzo Comunale which overlooks the central square. The Piazza was filled with rival mobs, socialists and *fascisti*, defying each other, with much singing of patriotic and revolutionary songs and waving of national and revolutionary flags in opposition to each other; but the socialists and their minority opponents in the council chamber had arrived at an amicable and workable understanding for the conduct of public business.

Comrades of the War

The session had not been long in progress when, in response to clamorous demands from their supporters outside, some of the socialist councilors went to the balcony and hung out soviet flags from the building The rival passions which filled the square immediately leaped to a new pitch of intensity, and a minute or two later some socialist supporters in the building began to throw bombs and fire with revolvers into the crowd of *fascisti*. Immediately upon this a socialist mob burst into the council chamber and opened fire upon the minority representatives. One, in the act of delivering a conciliatory discourse, was shot dead, and others were desperately wounded. Meanwhile in the square outside the *fascisti*, also armed, had drawn their weapons, and a pitched battle broke out between the two mobs in which bombs and revolvers were freely used. Eight were killed upon the spot and more than seventy wounded.

Who are these *fascisti* who in all the great cities of the north are constantly coming into armed conflict with the socialists? They are the members of *Fasci di Combattimenti*—Leagues of Combatants Comrades of the War—and they are to-day a factor in the internal politics of Italy which cannot be ignored. Disliked and feared almost as much by the government as they are hated and feared by the socialists, they at any rate, in the welter of parties shrieking sectional and often destructive battle cries, have if not a constructive policy at least a constructive ideal They stand for patriotism and for a united Italy. Composed in the great majority of young men who react with perhaps an excessive zeal against the apathy of the politicians and the fanatic internationalism of the reds, their organization extends throughout the length and breadth of Italy.

They are in a minority, it is true; but they are a minority highly conscious of their aspirations and energetic in defending them. They are, in fact, the spiritual descendants of that minority of patriotic young Italians which in the days of Mazzini and Garibaldi made Italy. Their fathers created a nation, and they are determined that not easily shall she be destroyed. These are the young men whose enthusiasm took fire from the passionate eloquence of D'Annunzio in the fateful days of 1915 and who communicated their impulse to the masses. For them, almost alone in Italy, the memory of the war is a proud memory, the completion of the task of the *risorgimento*. Outside Italy their national aspirations certainly err on the side of extravagance; inside Italy they form an automatic check to the disruptive tendency of the communist socialism with which the industrial masses are permeated. They are almost as completely armed as the socialists themselves.

Warmth, Wear and Comfort
In Iron Clad No. 212

THIS attractive sock is made of fine, soft, pure worsted and mercerized yarns. It is warm and comfortable for winter and spring.

Its unusually good-looking appearance results from a special Iron Clad weave, in which two standard colors are combined in a distinctive way.

Iron Clad No. 212 combines Olive and Brown. Iron Clad No. 212B uses Blue and Grey, while Iron Clad No. 212G produces an attractive effect with two shades of Grey.

With its warmth and attractiveness the sock combines Iron Clad durability, which, of course, means that it wears much longer than most socks do.

The price of this sock is forty cents per pair (east of the Rockies)

If you find no Iron Clad dealer near you, order direct from us, stating size and color and enclosing remittance. Your order will receive prompt attention and be sent you postage paid

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So writes Ellwood De Wees of Ohio, who has for several years spent an hour or so a day of his spare time caring for new and renewal orders for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* in his neighborhood. He's a busy business man who puts in an active eight-hour day in his office, but he still finds time for money-making the Curtis way.

"The Extra Money Has Also Been of Great Assistance"

So Mr. De Wees' letter continues. And well it may. In his spare time he has earned many a welcome extra dollar that has helped to buy greater comfort and greater happiness. In a single month we have paid him seventy-five such extra dollars. *Of course* they have "been of great assistance."

Mr. De Wees is just one of hundreds of men and women who have found in this easy, pleasant work the answer to that puzzling question that bothers most of us: *How can I earn more money?* Would you like extra money each week—lots of it—for a few minutes of your time daily? Why not have it? Others, without experience, are making

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MAIL THE COUPON TODAY IF YOU WANT MORE MONEY

From the first D'Annunzio has been their inspiration and their pattern. On him, in their eyes, the mantle not only of Mazzini but of Garibaldi has fallen. For D'Annunzio, be it remembered, is not only the poet-orator, he is also a soldier—an infantryman, a cavalryman, an aviator. He held no safe staff job in the war. He fought, lost an eye and received the highest decoration for bravery that Italy can bestow. Until, at least, the surprisingly firm attitude of Signor Giolitti's government in the negotiations with the Jugo-Slavs, by practically securing Fiume for Italy, had to a large extent stultified any continuation of D'Annunzio's bellicose heroics on the Dalmatian border, the poet-adventurer was assured of their enthusiastic and unanimous support

What is their leader going to do now? That is a question which cannot be so lightly dismissed as newspaper correspondents telegraphing from Rome would have the world believe.

Will the present parliamentary government, profiting by the wave of antibolshevism which showed itself in the elections of November, succeed in maintaining itself? At the present time it looks like it, but Italian public opinion is easily stampeded in any direction.

Will, on the other hand, the violent extremists, who won at least a nominal victory in the metallurgical conflict and who are apparently determined to exacerbate class hostility by continual bloodshed in the north, succeed in rousing the industrial masses to the red revolution which they preach? Their opportunity will arise if the syndicalist control promised to the workers is not put into operation in the near future. Would they even then succeed in imposing a soviet communism upon the country? I do not know—no one knows—but I do not think so. Quite apart from the strength of the present government, it would be in consequence of a strange and inexplicable apathy on the part of D'Annunzio and the *fascisti* if the red republic should triumph without a fight.

One thing is undeniable: In the two months following the red occupation of the factories Italy as a whole has moved, in swift reaction, away from revolution. But the situation is not yet settled. There is a great exodus of emigrants to America, both North and South, and even—to a limited extent—to France. Willing workers among the industrial classes are tired of the continual interference of soviet agitators with their livelihood. They only ask to be allowed to earn their bread in peace, and if they cannot do it in Italy they are eager to do it elsewhere. The managements of the great Italian manufactories are disheartened and fearful for the future, and many have permanently closed down. The proletariat has conquered for itself the promise at least of a control of industries which are menaced with a cessation of existence. The socialists are preaching the completion of a revolution already begun. There was a movement, now ended, among the peasants for the forcible occupation of the lands for which they craved. The state is threatened with bankruptcy unless the fall in the lira can be arrested and production resumed. There is still, shadowlike in the background, the menace of a military dictatorship—another eighteenth Brumaire—putting a sudden end to all the chatter of the demagogues.

Yet there is no reason why Italy should commit suicide. With a more modern system of agriculture, a more enlightened land policy, she could be self-supporting as far as bread and meat are concerned. She has a wonderfully developed technical industry, which only needs relief from agitation to be once more a great financial asset. In Sicily and elsewhere there are great deposits of oil and minerals which have never yet been tapped. She possesses resources in hydro-electric power, only partially exploited but already immense, which in a few years could make her practically independent of coal.

She wants only a firm and resolute government, maintaining liberty but rigorously repressing anarchistic license, determined to rid the country of the innumerable bureaucratic parasites which sap its life and clog its machinery, and by a stern economy in state expenditure to lay the foundations for the reestablishment of a national credit heavily mortgaged during the war and lavishly squandered since.

The most reassuring symptom is that all over Italy the better educated classes, startled into political activity as never before by the specter of revolution which came so affrightingly close last September, are now making their influence felt in the government of the country. If they can remain united and can infuse life into the old Liberal-Democratic Parties, the menaces both of red revolution on the one hand, and of a D'Annunzian military dictatorship on the other, may recede definitely into the limbo of possibilities never realized, and Italy may pursue a course of peaceful development which will, in a few years, automatically solve most of her troubles. The present winter is the critical period, and an improvement in the Italian exchange would be not only of the greatest present benefit to Italy but the surest augury of the future.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Austin. The next will appear in an early issue.

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